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JOHN A. SEAVERN





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THE ANNALS  
OF THE  
WARWICKSHIRE HUNT  
From 1795 to 1895

*Under the Management of*

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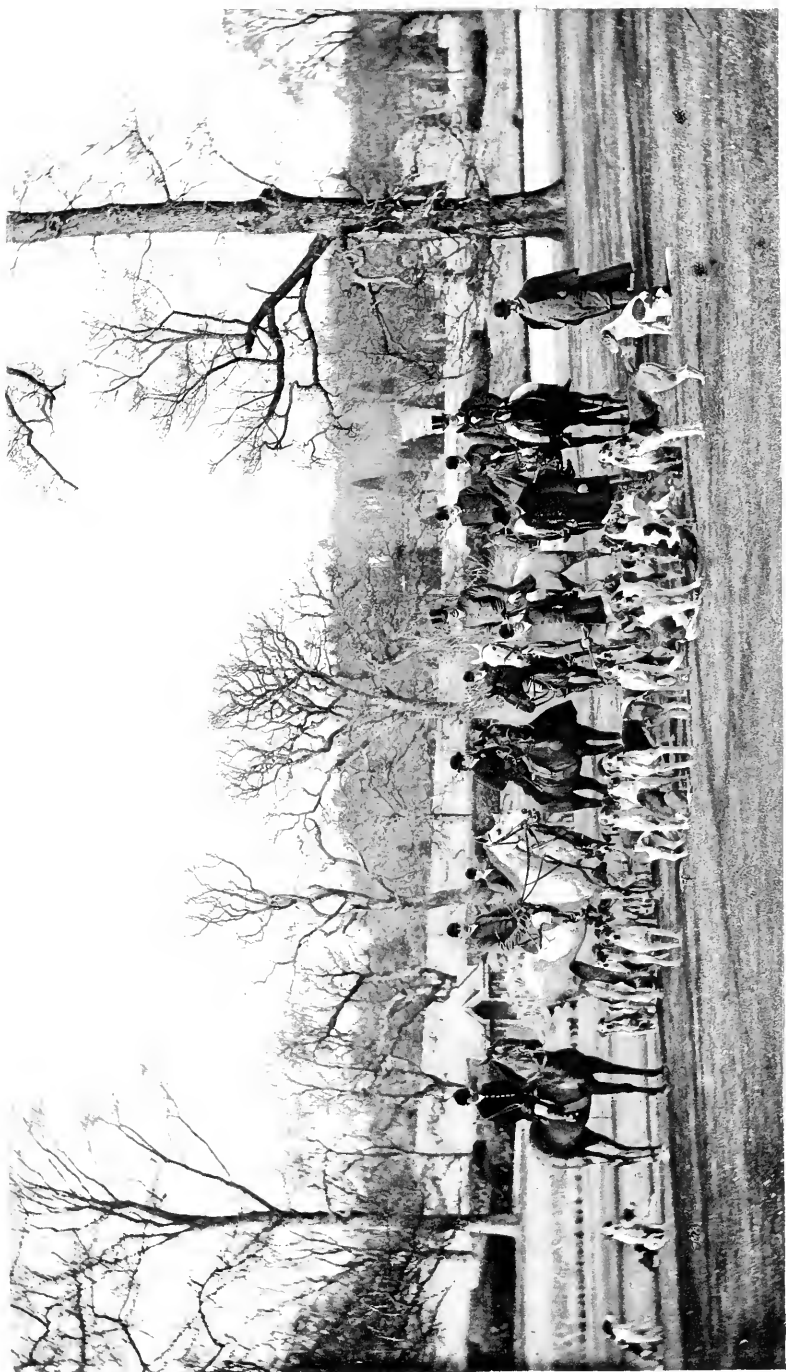
AND LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

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“A braver choice of dauntless spirits never  
Dash'd after hound.”









**The Warwickshire Hounds at Walton Hall.**

**From a photograph**

**by**

**Mr. R. O. Milne, in 1896.**



NNALS  
OF THE  
ARWICKSHIRE      UNT  
1795—1895

*FROM AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS*

BY

AND THE

*ILLUSTRATED*

VOLUME II.

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“ And now appear, dim and distant, but brightening and nearing fast, many a right good fellow, and many a right good horse. I know three out of four of them, their private histories, and the private histories of their horses, and could tell you many a good story of them, but shall not, being an English gentleman, and not an American *littérateur*. They may not all be very clever or very learned, or very anything except gallant men ; but they are all good enough company for me, or anyone ; and each has his own *spécialité*, for which I like him,”—CHARLES KINGSLEY, “ My Winter Garden.”

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"A long way after Horace."—Lib. III., Carm. xiv.

Go, Thomas, ring the dressing bell;  
Here, take my key, in cobwebbed cell,  
If you look carefully and well,  
You'll find some '47.

And see that Jane, the parlour maid,  
In cap and apron neat arrayed,  
Has coiled in time her burnished braid,  
And laid the table even.

Outside the storm may rage and ire;  
We'll gather round the cheerful fire,  
And toast—lord, baronet, and squire—  
The Master of the Warwickshire,  
*For seasons twice eleven.*

REG. WYVERNE.

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“Sic me servavit Apollo.”—*Hor.*, Lib. I., Sat. ix.

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The antique Persians taught three useful things—  
 To draw the bow, to ride, to speak the truth.  
 This was the mode of Cyrus, best of kings—  
 A mode adopted since by modern youth.  
 Bows have they, generally with two strings:  
 Horses they ride without remorse or ruth:  
 At speaking truth perhaps they are less clever,  
 But draw the long bow better now than ever.

*Byron, Don Juan, Canto XVI.*





## ERRATA.

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PAGE 4.—*For* Frog Hill Osiers *read* Frog Hall Osiers.

PAGES 14, 42, 54, 263.—*For* Leamington Coppice *read* Lemington Coppice.

PAGES 30, 31.—*For* Mr. Randal Plunket *read* Mr. Randal Plunkett.

PAGE 94.—In footnote, *for* from Sawstidge *read* from Sawbridge.

PAGES 96, 160.—*For* Mr. Lort Philips *read* Mr. Lort Phillips.

PAGE 124.—*For* Mr. J. M. K. Elliot *read* Mr. J. M. K. Elliott.

PAGE 151.—*For* Mr. R. N. Phillips *read* Mr. R. N. Philips; *for* C. Hylton Joliffe *read* C. Hylton Jolliffe.

PAGE 163.—*For* Frozen Close *read* Furzen Close.

PAGE 172.—In footnote, *for* C. H. Joliffe *read* C. H. Jolliffe.

PAGE 183.—*For* Ailstone *read* Ailston.

PAGE 184.—*For* Mr. Dovill *read* Mr. Dovell; *for* Mr. Hatfield *read* Mr. Hatfield Harter; *for* J. Boore ( huntsman, &c.) *read* J. Boore (first whip and kennel huntsman).

PAGES 222, 224.—*For* Mr. Cookson *read* Mr. F. S. Cookson.

PAGE 242.—*For* Lady Gwendoline Little *read* Lady Gwendolen Little.

PAGE 253.—*For* Mr. J. S. Cookson *read* Mr. F. S. Cookson.

PAGE 285.—*For* Miss Ansell *read* Messrs. Ansell.





COMPTON VERNEY.

The dusky night rides down the sky,  
And ushers in the morn,  
The hounds all rise in joyous cry,  
The huntsman winds his horn.

The stately homes of England,  
How beautiful they stand!—*Mrs. Hemans.*

## THE ANNALS OF THE WARWICKSHIRE HUNT

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### CHAPTER XV.

LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE—HIS HUNTING DIARY—HIS  
IMPROVEMENT OF THE PACK—OXHILL GORSE—THE  
GOLDEN CROSS GORSE—JACK BOORE—SEVEN SEASONS OF  
GOOD SPORT—THE LATE MARQUIS OF HERTFORD—BYE  
DAY AT DORSINGTON.

At the end of the season Mr. Lucy resigned the mastership, and was succeeded by Lord Willoughby de Broke. Now commenced a new and brilliant era in the annals of the Warwickshire Hunt. There were, no doubt, some who had found no fault with the slackness of the management during the latter part of Mr. Lucy's mastership, but there were others to whom every detail of a day's hunting was of keen interest. The entire

hunting community soon appreciated the quick change for the better which was soon brought about by such a thoroughly ardent sportsman as Lord Willoughby de Broke, and we shall describe how the change became more remarkable as time went on, until we shall arrive at a long period, the history of which the writers of these annals may indeed feel proud to relate as a unique record of "what hunting should be." The more we have related in these pages of the late Lord Willoughby de Broke, the more we believe our readers have seen what a truly great sportsman he was, and what splendid things he did for hunting in Warwickshire. His son, born as he was during his first mastership, was born and bred to the sport. He had well followed his father's example, and he had now succeeded, just at an opportune time, to the great and real ambition of his life.

Lord Willoughby de Broke, like his father, was a lover of sport of a varied kind from his earliest days. When at Eton he had taken to hunting, and could ride well,\* and afterwards when at Oxford he became a straight and determined rider to hounds, and he rode in the last Oxford and Cambridge steeplechase, which was run for many years to come. It is remarkable that when it again took place it was a point-to-point race, held under his own auspices at Kington, and we shall describe it hereafter. He has also been a successful cricketer, and was a prominent member of the I Z. eleven in many matches, both here and in Ireland. He was a keen fisherman, and was attracted at one time to the fjords and rivers of Norway. He was in former years fond of shooting, and was a first-class shot, particularly at driven partridges, the most difficult kind of shooting. He has ridden occasionally in steeplechases, point-to-point races, and on the flat, but it is when riding to hounds, and hunting them himself, that he has been seen to the best advantage. Riding to them with boldness

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\* When we were at school at Mr. Hunter's, at what is now Diana Lodge, Kington, we had to ride from Compton Verney every morning and back at night on our ponies. There could be no better training for a boy than this to teach him how to ride, as we did not waste much time on the road, especially when coming home.—W. R. V.

**Lord Willoughby de Broke.**  
**From a photograph**  
**by**  
**Graham, of Leamington.**









and judgment, he was always with them, and it is not too much to say that he became one of the best, if not the best, amateur huntsman in England. To such a pitch of perfection did he bring the pack of hounds, that people often came long distances from other countries to see what he and his hounds could do. As years went on, they made for themselves a famous name. The Peterborough Hound Show became a meeting of the first importance, like the Derby or the Liverpool, and at this show the Warwickshire hounds, for many years in succession, took all the best prizes.

To Lord Willoughby de Broke it came by nature to think that there is no other sport except hunting—the sport which gives the greatest pleasure to the largest number—and with enthusiastic devotion he gave up everything else for what he thought the noblest sport and science. At the same time, he never neglected the call for duty, and has regularly attended meetings, either in defence of the Church or in support of the Conservative cause; his speeches were always telling, and he had a peculiar pungent style of his own which amused and pleased his audience. He has often been known to attend a meeting even after a hard day out hunting. Lord Willoughby's determination to show sport caused him at once to receive the warmest support on every side, and particularly from the farmers. By degrees, as the number of the pack was increased, a very large number of hound puppies were walked—at one time as many as eighty couple—for several seasons. It was soon found that a day with the Warwickshire hounds meant hunting, and nothing else but hunting from the time of throwing off until as late as it was possible to see. Lord Willoughby retained Charles Orvis as huntsman, with W. Shepherd as first, and Jack Boore as second whip. His men were splendidly mounted, and the turn out was as smart as possible.

At a meeting at Wellesbourne, when Lord Willoughby was elected as master, he agreed to hunt the country four

days a week, with a subscription of 2200*l.*, of which he returned 500*l.* to the Hunt Committee for the expenses of the covert fund, and he frequently hunted on a bye day. This was a most liberal undertaking, in consideration of the enormous sum which he spent annually upon the future hunting of the country.

In 1867 Lord Willoughby de Broke married Geraldine, eldest daughter of Mr. Smith Barry, of Marbury Hall, Cheshire, and of Fota Island, County Cork. She was ardently attached to the pack and to everything connected with hunting. She was a splendid horsewoman, and to see her ride to hounds through a run came as near to perfection as anything we ever saw in any country; she had beautiful hands on a horse and such a perfect understanding with him, that all horses seemed to carry her in the same way. It will be seen that she was one of the few who got to the end of the finest runs. Her gracious and winning manner soon made her a favourite with all who knew her.

#### SEASON 1876-77.

From the Rev. W. S. Miller's diary :

*November 6th.*—Met for the opening day at Chadshunt. Men smart in their new clothes and well mounted. A good number at the meet, and not so many blanks from death and other causes as last year. Not much sport. Rode Mamikin.

*November 10th, Hanwell.*—Rode the Major. Found in Chamberlain's Gorse, and had a short ring, and killed just outside the gorse. Found another, and went a capital line across the railway, canal, and river, where we were much hindered, close up to Norris Gorse at Chacombe, and on to Warkworth, and lost. Found again by the keeper's house at Wroxton, ran through Claydon Hill, on towards Swalecliffe, and killed in a turnip field.

*November 18th.*—A bye day at the kennels. Rode the Major. Found in Frog Hill Osiers, ran back fast to the Oaks and Holt, and again through the Oaks, by Hardwick to Oxhill Mill, and lost. Found the same fox again the next Friday, November 24th, at Kineton Oaks, and lost him at the same place.

*December 1st, Railway Grange.*—Rode Mannikin. Drew the coverts blank the first time since they were made.

This strong gorse of Mr. Miller's caused the foxes to hang so much to the hills, that he afterwards allowed Lord Willoughby to have it cut down.

*December 12th, Wolford.*—Rode Mannikin. Found immediately in the wood, and ran nicely, perfectly straight, to ground in a drain where the Cherington Road joins the Shipston and Oxford Road. Went back to the wood, where I missed them on going away, and could not find them.

This was a rare occurrence with Mr. Miller.

*December 22nd, Shuckburgh.*—Rode Middleton. Found in the hill, and ran nicely towards Napton, to the canal, which we skirted to the far end of Napton Village, then turned short, and crossed the canal a second time, ran back to the hill, and killed. Found in Calcut, hunted very slowly to the hill, and lost. Found at the end of the hill, went away towards Catesby, bending round towards the hill, but, being headed, he went straight to Staverton, and we killed in a hovel. The first fifteen minutes very good.

It will be seen by the entry of 1876 that Lord Willoughby bought a valuable draft of hounds at Mr. Muster's sale, and thus commenced the great improvement of the pack, into which, year by year from this time, the best blood in England was introduced. Within eleven years time the standard of the height of the dog pack was reduced so that they stood only one inch or two higher than the bitches, and in 1887 and 1888 both packs were so well sorted in colour that they were entirely black and white and tan, and a beautiful sight indeed to see at the meet. The following were the kennels from which the best strain of blood was brought into the pack: the Blankney, the Brocklesby, the Belvoir, the Grafton, and the Quorn. The best judges, who had witnessed their performance in the field, and saw them afterwards take the best prizes for many years in succession at the annual hound show at Peterborough, considered that they had been brought to absolute perfection, so completely had the pack been reformed by Lord Willoughby de Broke. There is no doubt that a great deal of the success which Lord Willoughby has met with arose, not only from his judgment in the selection of sires, and his intimate knowledge of the points and working qualities in a hound, but from the great popularity which attended the institution of the Annual Puppy Show, with the luncheon in the grounds of Kineton House, which enabled him to send such a large number of puppies out to quarters. Hope springs eternal in the human heart, and every puppy-walker hoped, year

by year, not only to win one of the cups, but to hear that his favourite had been successful at Peterborough.

Rev. William S. Miller's diary (*continued*):

*January 5th, 1877, Radway Grange.*—Rode Middleton. In the afternoon found in Shemington Irons, ran by Upton Gardens, sunk the hill under Sun Rising, made a loop by Chamber's Farm, then down towards Pillerton; turned to the right across Brixhill Farm, leaving Kineton Holt on the left, across Spencer's Farm, and killed in King's Leas. A nice hunting run, particularly the latter part.

*January 11th, Compton.*—Rode Mannikin. Found in Bishop's Gorse, and ran a ring by Chesterton Wood, village, and windmill, to Harbury and Itchington Holt, and on back to the gorse, and killed.

*January 26th, Farnborough.*—Rode the Major. Found in Bawcutt's, and ran fast and well through Gaydon Coppice, by Chadshunt and Lighthorne, to the end of Chesterton Wood. Here I fancy we changed foxes, for we never ran afterwards nearly so well. We went on by Checkley's Brake to Harbury Heath and Itchington Lime Works, to Deppers Bridge, where he beat us. A rare good thing. Major gave me a rattling fall near Chadshunt, and Susan Verney rode over us without damage done.

*February 16th, Shuckburgh.*—Rode the Major. Did not get away from the hill all the morning. Found a fox at Ladbroke; ran nicely back to Shuckburgh, and lost.

I remember well hunting on a very foggy, dark morning at Admington, when I rode a dun coloured horse. I jumped a fence with rather a drop, on the landing side of which was a sheep net (the only one I ever saw in Warwickshire). This at once threw the horse down, and he lay for some little time on my leg, and did not get up until I had hit him several times with my whip. In the meantime, as I was lying under him, I heard the sound of another horse being ridden fast at the fence. Luckily, he saw my horse in time, and did not jump, but I saw his rider, Miss Susan Verney, looking down at me from above through her eyeglass, and I called out to her, thinking that perhaps she might not see me through the fog, and might put her horse again at the fence, supposing that he had refused for nothing.—C. M.

Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary begins from this season :

*August 31st, 1876.*—Meet. Bowshot at 4.30 for the first day's cub-hunting. It was a capital cub-hunting season. The hounds were out on twenty days, and killed forty-two foxes and ran forty to ground.

*November 6th, Chadshunt.*—First day of open hunting. Found several foxes, but very bad ones; had a lot of ringing about with a very bad scent.

*November 17th, Traitor's Ford.*—First fox went to ground in main earth in two fields. Found in Compton Wyniates, ran a ring for two hours and killed. Found in Spencer's, ran fast to Compton Wyniates, where there was a long check; on hitting it off we ran slowly over a good country, and lost near Pillerton Gorse.

## WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1876.

## LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
Beauty .....	Norman (72) .....	Brazen (71)
Cambrie } .....	Mariner (71) .....	Crafty (71)
Conqueror } .....		
Caspian } .....		
Crier } .....	Norman (72) .....	Cowslip (73)
Costly } .....		
Charmer } .....		
Captious } .....		
Clarion* .....	Belvoir Cardinal .....	Mr. Muster's Redrose
Collier* .....	Mr. Muster's Comus .....	His Festive
Gainer } .....		
Granby } .....	Governor (69) .....	Nosegay (70)
Guardian } .....		
Governor } .....		
Nervous .....	Norman (72) .....	Streamlet (71)
Nelson .....	Mariner (71) .....	Ledbury Cloudy
Nimrod } .....	Norman (72) .....	Gadfly (74)
Noble } .....		
Songstress .....	Lord Hastings' Sportsman .....	Tinsel (70)
Rainbow* .....	Mr. Muster's Forager .....	His Rosy
Skylark* } .....		
Sprightly* } .....	Belvoir Warrior .....	Mr. Muster's Singwell
Sunbeam* } .....		
Shiner* } .....		
Sportsman } .....	Lord Hastings' Sportsman .....	Wanton (73)
Singwell } .....		
Seamstress } .....		
Saladin } .....	Clasher (70) .....	Stewardess (71)
Silvia } .....		
Wonderful* .....	Mr. Muster's Furrier .....	His Welcome

\* Bought by Lord Willoughby de Broke at the sale of Mr. Muster's hounds in 1876. Rainbow was a very hard runner and good drawer. Mr. Muster's Rosy was by Brocklesby Royal, and his Forager by Belvoir Rallywood.

*November 18th, The Kennels.*—A lot of foxes at the Holt, Oak Fields and Gorse, but they would not go away. Were holloed on to a fox from Frog Hall Osiers, and ran him very pretty by Kinton Village, Oak Fields, to the Holt, where we stayed some time; away, and ran nearly to Pillerton Gorse, where the fox was chased by a cur, and we lost him.

*December 7th, Shuckburgh.*—Killed two dodging brutes in the garden. Ran from Caldecott a pretty ring by Leamington Hastings, nearly to Debdale, and back again. Found again at Shuckburgh Hill when nearly dark.

*December 17th, Wolford Village.*—Away directly from Wolford Wood, and ran rather a pretty twenty minutes towards Todenham, turning to the right, and running to ground in a drain near Weston Lodge. Back to the wood, away again in the direction of Barton Village, and turned short back, and ran by Todenham and Shipston, nearly to Blackwell Bushes; back again by the Golden Cross nearly to Todenham, and the old line again by Shipston, and finally lost, after running three hours, close to Tredington.

*December 18th, Charlecote Park.*—Found in Hampton Wood, ran through Sherborne Hill to Claverdon, and through Gannoway to Snitterfield Bushes, close to Bearley, back through one of the coverts, and killed in the open. One hour and a half. Found at Hampton Gorse, ran through Sherborne Hill, and on to the Sewage Farm, where the hounds divided; on to Warwick Park into the open earth. Thirty minutes without a check.

*January 4th, 1877, Lower Shuckburgh.*—Got away on bad terms with a fox from Shuckburgh, and hunted him nearly to Bramston Covert. Ran from Ladbroke a ring nearly as far as Napton, back to the covert, out the other side, and by Watergall, over both railways, up to Burton Hills; one hour and ten minutes very pretty. We then got to slow hunting, and were run out of scent between Farnborough and Wormleighton. Good sort of run.

*January 27th, Farnborough.*—No scent at all in the morning. Ran about Burton Hills and Farnborough. Got away close to a fox from Bawcutt's, ran him without a check as far as Lighthorne Village, thirty minutes; by Gaydon Coppice, across the Warwick Road to Chadshunt Coppice. Got a holloa by Chesterton Wood, but hounds hit the heel line, and lost a little time; hunted line from there by Harbury Village, Blue Lias Lime Works, nearly to Ladbroke Village, and stopped the hounds, owing to darkness, close to Num's Bushes.

*February 2nd, The Kennels.*—Found in Kineton Gorse, away directly towards Kineton, back through the Oak Fields and Holt, by Radway, up to Miller's Gorse, where we got up to him and ran without a check by White's Bushes, leaving Page's to the left, over the Farnborough Brook, by Angel's Piece, and came to a check close to Chamberlain's Gorse, ten miles from where we found. The fox was headed back, and we never crossed his line again. Rode Bacchus and Bravo.

*February 23rd, Shutford.*—Ran from Shutford Spinneys nearly to Claydon Hill, and lost. Ran from Chamberlain's down to the Great Western Railway, where the fox turned short back, and we hunted him a complete ring round the covert, and stopped the hounds on a very cold scent close to Banbury.

*March 29th, Billesley Hall.*—Ran from Aston Grove, through Withycombe, out at the bottom towards Alcester, turned rather to the right, and crossed the river Alne at the railway, pointing for Spersal Park, but turned short to the right; here the fox ran the road for over two miles, the hounds fairly racing along the centre of it. He turned out of it just before getting to Wooton Wawen and crossed and recrossed the river, went close by Wooton Hall and straight up to Austy Wood; about forty-five minutes, without a

check. There were two lines in Austy Wood and all the earths open, and we did no more good.

Hunted altogether 131 days. Killed eighty-five foxes. No blank days, and hunted four days in every week, between September 4th and April 14th, with an occasional bye day. Were not stopped by frost one single day.

*September 3rd, 1877.*—First day's cubhunting at Chesterton Wood.

Were out thirty-nine day's cubhunting and killed thirty-eight foxes, and ran seven to ground. The first fortnight was good weather, but after that we had foggy mornings, and hot sun when the fog cleared; also ground as hard as iron, so much so that nearly all the neighbouring packs stopped hunting. Notwithstanding this, our large entry of twenty couples entered remarkably well, some of them, by the commencement of regular hunting, doing the work of old hounds, and all doing something.

### SEASON 1877-78.

*November 5th, Chadshunt.*—First day of open hunting. Found in a tree close to Chadshunt Coppice, and after running several times round it, and being often headed, the fox got away, and went to ground in two fields. Got away directly from Baweutt's Covert, and ran very prettily for thirty-five minutes towards Hodnell; turned to the right near the railway, and crossed the railway again, and ran into the fox in the open close to Watergall. Found there, and had a long hunting run through Ladbroke, and round by Napton, towards Priors Marston, and back to Ladbroke, where we stopped the hounds. Good day. Rode Ryper and Bravo; Lady Willoughby, Dynamite.

Amongst the ladies who rode straight and well to hounds it is remarkable that there were four who all belonged to the same family, and who could hold their own in any part of the Warwickshire country; they were the daughters of the late Lord Willoughby de Broke, and their names will afterwards be mentioned as having taken a leading part in some brilliant runs—namely, the Hon. Margaret Verney, afterwards Mrs. Jervoise Smith; the Hon. Alice Verney, afterwards Mrs. Tritton; the Hon. Susan Verney, afterwards Mrs. Godman; and the Hon. Mabel Verney. Of Miss Mabel Verney especial mention must be made, as I never remember seeing any other lady ride to hounds who, on account of her strength and nerve, had such command of a horse. She could make the most of any horse, no matter how difficult he was to ride.—C. M.

From Sir C. Mordaunt's diary:

In June and July I caught 120 salmon in the river Ramma, in Norway, weighing 1262lb. I had a very long run down the river from the Foss Pool with a salmon, and never saw him for an hour. I thought I had got

on a monster, but when landed he turned out to be a fish of only 24lb. hooked through the *tail fin*. This will be my last visit to this delightful country, after having been there during seventeen summers.

### From Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary :

*December 17th, Long Itchington.*—A fox got out of a hedge close to Debdale as we were going to draw it, and went into the covert; the hounds got up to him in the covert, and got away in view of him. He pointed first for Birdingbury Hall, but soon turned to the left and crossed the road, and ran over the railway by Marton Station, across the front of Eathorpe House, through Waverley and Cnbbington Woods to Chantrey Heath, where the first check occurred; forty-five minutes without a check up to there; ran from there slowly, and marked him to ground under a large oak tree in Stoneleigh Deer Park. Fifty minutes altogether. Came home, as we were a long way off and miles out of our country. Rode Dynamite and Zingaro.

*December 20th, Idlicote House.*—Found at Hell Brake, went away directly, ran very fast towards Spencer's Gorse, turned to the left at the road, and ran by Whatcote, leaving Halford to the left, to Ettington, and on to Knaven Hill, the first twenty minutes very pretty. A fox from Spencer's Gorse slipped away before we got there, and we ran at a good hunting pace to Compton Wyniates, turned back from Broomhill Gorse, left Winderton to the right, and ran to Brailes Hill and on towards Weston House with a fresh fox, and stopped the pack at dark, after running more than an hour and a half in the open. Rode Bouncer and Bluelight.

*December 21st, Wroxton Village.*—Chopped a fox in the gardens. Found at Chamberlain's, and ran at a rare pace along the brook side, by Angel's Piece, nearly to Mollington, turned to the left, over the brook, and up to the corner of White's Bushes; here the fox turned again to the left, recrossed the road, sank the hill, recrossed the brook, and went to ground in the middle of a large grass field about half-way between Angel's Piece and Chamberlain's Gorse, after a very fast run of fifty minutes without a check or touching a covert. Away from Page's, the fox set his head straight for Idlicote, a ten-mile point, which hounds did in fifty minutes, again without the slightest check or touching a covert. They went by White's Bushes, across the Vale by Upton, and sunk the hill above Tysoe, went close to Tysoe Village, and at a racing pace over the fine grass Vale to Idlicote, where we had to stop the pack owing to darkness. This made the finest day's sport I ever witnessed in this or any other hunt. Rode Bacchus and Charlier. Lady Willoughby rode Bendigo.

The following account, written by the Hon. E. C. Leigh, of the day's sport of December 21st was published in *Bell's Life* :

The meet was at Wroxton Abbey, and turned out to be a day long to be remembered. A large field were there, and all were pleased to see Mr. North (ex-master of both the Warwickshire and the Biester) out again in his old country. The coverts at Wroxton soon afforded a fox; but foxes are apt to be headed at Christmas time by too eager pedestrians in the Banbury neighbourhood, so he was soon killed in the garden at Wroxton Abbey. Chamberlain's Gorse was in the next draw, called after that famous



old sportsman, who, I am happy to say, saw the find in his gig.\* Away goes a real good fox at once. In the bottom runs a brook, wide and treacherous; a select few have it in their stride, and those few alone saw the run, for hounds raced over the valley (all grass) nearly to Farnborough, then, turning once more over the water, they left Mollington on the right, and pointed for White's Bushes, the pace up to this point being very fast. Skirting the side of the hill, they ran in the direction of Wroxton, but the fox was too pressed to make his points, so once more he tried the valley, and found a friendly drain open about a mile from the covert they found him in. Forty-five minutes was the time, and as good a run as men need wish to ride to; the fences big, yet fair, the line mostly grass. The only drawback was that it was not straight. Let me not do injustice by omitting the names of any who saw it, but I heard (it was but hearsay, as I was not in it myself) that the following comprised the lot: Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke (who rode beautifully throughout on a horse called Dynamite, who had never carried a lady before),† Sir C. Mordaunt, Mr. Jenkins, of Upton House (well known formerly under the soubriquet of Mr. Merton); Mr. Elbridge, of the Bicester Hunt; Mr. Merry, hunting from Banbury; and Mr. Knott, who fell in with them after the hounds had been going fifteen minutes. I heard also that a lad—I believe a nephew of Mr. Chamberlain's—went wonderfully. Some went home, amongst them, I am sorry to say, Lady Willoughby, but many remained to see a fox found that afforded a run which will be an historic one in the annals of the Warwickshire Hunt. About two miles from Farnborough there is a wild sporting covert called Page's Gorse, and from that covert, about 3 p.m., one of the grandest foxes I ever saw went away at once. Up the hill we went at a tremendous pace, then over the Banbury Road, and within a field of White's Bushes. Dipping again into the valley, two or three ugly fences and a small boggy brook materially thinned the field; then on to Upton House, and without a check along the brow of Edge Hill. Here those who lived with them thought they would have got a pull, and if the run had finished then, all would have said what a good one it had been; but it was not so to be, and Orvis, the huntsman, shouts to the noble master, "My Lord, the hounds are away in the Vale!" And such a vale! Many old sportsmen will remember the rich valley that runs below the Edge Hills, stretching away to Kineton, Gaydon, Oxhill, and Pillerton, with its flat grass fields, its stiff blackthorn fences, and its wide, deep ditches. Over that Vale did the bitch pack fly, and at the risk of our necks down the side of Edge Hill did we, the few remaining, pursue them. Over that Vale for nearly four miles did that bitch pack fly, but for the last two miles I

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\* Alas! the glories of Chamberlain's gorse are departed. Squire Chamberlain, too, is dead. His historic old mansion at Adderbury has been bought by Mr. Larnach, a good sportsman, however. This house was formerly the residence of the celebrated Rochester. We used frequently to run from Angel's Piece to Chamberlain's, and *vice versa*, but we seldom do now. This line was the one chosen by the late Captain Benyon for the first point-to-point race in Warwickshire. This shows how good it is.—W. R. V.

† Bendigo was the name of the horse. See Lord W.'s diary. It is true he had never carried a lady. He was bought from Mr. Spencer Lucy, and afterwards sold to Mr. Tritton, of Bodicote. He was a little, strong, bold jumping horse. I have reason to remember him, for he jumped me off near Great Tew, and broke the muscles of my shoulder, and it lost me the good run of November 21st, 1878, the start of which I witnessed with Mr. Walter Marshall, who was also *hors de combat*, from a dogcart.—W. R. V.

could not tell how they flew, for 15st. began to tell, and the feelings and property of Charlie Symonds, of Oxford, who mounted me upon this day, had to be considered. Availing myself of a line of convenient

## WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1877.

LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

NAMES.	SIRE.	DAMS.
Ambrose *	Brocklesby Ambrose .....	Their Garnish
Bender *	Brocklesby Brutus .....	Their Actress
Chaser	Chaser (68) .....	Cheerful (74)
Clinker	Clasher (70) .....	Bashful (74)
Dowager	Duke of Grafton's Drummer	Tinsel (70)
Faction *	Brocklesby Flamer .....	Their Virgin
Fairplay *	Belvoir Fallible .....	Brocklesby Glory
Gainer * }	Brocklesby Gimerack .....	Their Ardent
Granby * }		
General *	Brocklesby Glider .....	Their Novice
Glory }	Brocklesby Rocket .....	Gadfly (74)
Gossamer }		
Harmless *	Brocklesby Brutus .....	Their Hebe
Hasty *	Brocklesby Alfred .....	Their Hasty
Lavish *	Brocklesby Gambler .....	Their Lawless
Merryman }	Mariner (71) .....	Brazen (71)
Music }		
Rakish }	Ruler (73) .....	Cowslip (73)
Rally }		
Redwing }	Brocklesby Flamer .....	Their Rosy
Ruby }		
Rapid *	Lord Coventry's Rambler ..	Charity (70)
Ransom }		
Regent }	Mr. Chaplin's Rifleman .....	His Careful
Rival }		
Rosy }	Belvoir Rockwood .....	Stewardess
Ruin }		
Rocket +	Belvoir Saffron .....	Artful (70)
Rummager	Mr. Chaplin's Sportsman .....	His Blossom
Saffron }	Duke of Grafton's Silence	Crafty (71)
Senator }		
Silence }	Mr. Chaplin's Sportsman ..	His Primrose
Sailor +		
Siren ..	Brocklesby Blazer .....	Their Vixen
Struggler +	Brocklesby Woodman .....	Their Vanquish
Vanguard * }		
Virtue * }	Mr. Chaplin's Woldsman ..	His Prudence
Vixen * }		
Vicious *		
Woldsman + }		
Woodbine + }		

Those marked thus (\*) were a draft from the Brocklesby. Those marked thus (+) were a draft from Mr. Chaplin.

gates, I managed to get to Idlicote, and a lucky turn of hounds enabled me to see who were in at the finish, *i.e.*, Lord Willoughby, Sir C. Mordaunt,

Mr. John Mordaunt, Mr. George Norris, Mr. Bacchus and a friend of his, a gentleman whom I did not know, from the well known Banbury side, and Mr. Merry, who rode a horse, a first-rate grey, in both runs. Captain Taylor, R.H.A., went well also, but could not manage to get to the end. Orvis, the huntsman, was well with his hounds all the day—St. Thomas's day, the shortest in the year—and darkness alone saved this gallant fox's life. The distance travelled from Page's Gorse to Idlicote is at the least, on the Ordnance map, nine miles from point to point, and the flying ladies did that point in fifty minutes. One episode before I conclude. Night had closed in when the noble master, riding back with his hounds to Kineton, saw a well-known figure on a tired grey. Who could it be? Why, the quondam master, Billy North, who had galloped many a mile after us, and with the pluck of an old one, struggled on to see the end of one of the finest runs his old hunt can boast of.

AN OLD ZINGARO.

### From Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary :

*January 1st, 1878, Wolford Village.*—Away directly from Wolford Wood, and ran to Weston Heath, Whichford Wood, leaving which we got on terms with the fox, but the scent was too bad to press him. We continued ringing about, at one time getting nearly to Wark Gorse, and at another within a mile of Wiggington Heath, and were nearly getting back to Wolford Wood again. At last the hounds got up to the fox, and ran into him in Weston Park, after running from eleven o'clock till three.

*January 4th, Lower Shuckburgh.*—Found at Caldecott Spinney, and away directly very fast in the direction of Leicester's Piece; turned to the right after going about a mile and a half, and ran pretty straight to Sawbridge, where the fox crossed the river, and immediately recrossed it and pointed for Fleeknoe. The hounds came to the first check close to the canal, just under Fleeknoe Village, after a good thirty minutes. They hit off the scent to the right, and went on at a good hunting pace along the canal side as far as Shuckburgh Hill, where the fox went to ground in a rabbit hole, and was dug out and killed. Got away at a great pace with the second fox, but got on to a stale line at the first check; hunted slowly by Radbourne and Priors Hardwick to Boddington. Rode Bounder and Zingaro.

*January 7th, Upton House.*—Found a fox in a patch of gorse near Shennington Irous, and ran to Shennington and back. Found at Miller's, and the fox sunk the hill at once and pointed for Burton Dassett, turned again to the right, went up the hill and down the Vale the other side, leaving Hornton to the right, and kept on pretty straight nearly to Claydon Hill, the hounds all the time going a fair pace. In about a mile from Claydon we turned to the right, and ran, leaving Balsecott on the left, going right by Meddam's Gorse and Ratley, to Miller's Gorse again, right through it, and at a great pace to Kineton Holt. Skirting that covert and the gorse, the hounds again pointed for Knowle End, and ran into their fox as he was trying to re-enter the covert in the middle of the Banbury Road, after running two hours and twenty minutes, a great deal of it at a good pace. Rode Dynamite and Charlier.

At this time Mr. Chandos Pole used to hunt occasionally with the Warwickshire Hounds. He was a

conspicuous figure, partly because he always wore a green frock coat with brass buttons, and partly on account of his great weight, which precluded him from riding to hounds, although he was very fond of the sport. He rode 27st., and was the heaviest man we ever saw out hunting. On one occasion a young guardsman, towards the end of a hard day at Shuckburgh, noticing Mr. Pole's flask, which he carried on his saddle, and which was about the size of a quart bottle, asked him if he might have a drink out of it. Mr. Pole replied, "Certainly, but I do not recommend it." "Never mind," said the guardsman, "I am so thirsty, I shall be only too glad to have it." And he at once finished all that was left inside it. Mr. Pole then said, "*That is my gout medicine, and the sooner you get home the better.*"—C. M.

Every country came alike to Mr. Pole. I remember standing on a Dartmoor hill, talking to Mr. Trist, the well-known South Devon yeoman, and he pointed out some of the worst ground on the moor, in the direction of Peter's Cross, and said that Mr. Pole rode perfectly straight over it, and declared it to be splendid going, as good as Leicestershire. "Says I to him, 'Do you know where you've been Mr. Pole? Why, you've been among the bogs!'" His son, the present master of the Cattistock, is a very hard man, and in spite of his weight very difficult to beat. When hunting at Brocklesby he took a fence and landed clean upon someone who was riding up the other side of it and knocked horse and man completely over. General Marshall said he was very glad of it, as it demonstrated what he had always maintained, "the great superiority of heavy over light cavalry."—W. R. V.

*January 8th, Weston House.*—Found at Whichford Wood, and away directly, and ran at a good pace by Rollwright, and, leaving Salford Osiers on the right, as far as Clipping Norton. Here we viewed the fox just before the pack, and they ran him very fast through Over Norton Park and Heythrop Park, where we changed foxes, to Great Tew, where we doubtless changed again, and got on a ringing fox, who kept us dodging about till nearly half-past three, when hounds marked him to ground in a large rabbit-hole, after running for four hours.

*January 15th, Wolford Village.*—Found at Wolford, ran through Leamington Coppice towards Todenham, and on arriving there we turned very

short to the right, and pointed for Weston, crossed the road between the lodge and Mitford Bridge, left the house on the right, and went straight up Brailes Hill. Up to this time the pace had been very fair, and most of the horses were beat. Scent seemed to fail on the top of the hill, and we thought that the fox went to ground, but could not exactly mark him. Rode King Koffee and Bilio.\*

*January 21st, Welcome House.*—Found at Snitterfield Bushes, ran very well round by Grove Park, and checked on the Sewage Farm. While the huntsman was casting, the water was turned on and the fox was washed out of the drain, and ran into the town of Warwick, after a good hour and twenty minutes in the open. A seven-mile point. Rode Ryper and Blackdose.

*January 22nd, Weston House.*—Found the second fox at Greenhill Gorse, and ran at a great pace up to Jenny Swift, where the fox was headed more than once; got away at last close to him, sunk the hill, and ran across the Vale nearly to Idlicote, turned to the right as if for Compton Wynyates, bore slightly to the left, and ran into him in a grass field close to Oxhill Village after a run of one hour and a half. A seven-mile point. Rode Bowler and Bilio.

*January 24th, Lower Shuckburgh.*—Found at Caldecott Spinney, ran towards the hill, but turned to the left under the village, and pointed for Grandborough: after going two fields the fox was headed by some people coursing, and went for Broadwell, near which village we gave him up. Got away from the hill at Shuckburgh as if for Badby, but turned to the left immediately, and crossed the turnpike road, and went straight for Flecknoe; turned to the right under Flecknoe Village, and went over the brook nearly to Staverton Village. Here we bore to the left, and went straight to Welton Place. About a mile before we got there the fox was viewed in front of the pack, and must have lain down in a ditch. Anyhow, we changed on to a stale line, and did no more good. Good run up to Welton; fifty-five minutes all over grass, and a seven-mile point. The Empress of Austria was out, and was much pleased. Rode Zingaro and King Koffee. (See Map, p. 301, Vol. I., run printed in blue ink.)

## SHUCKBURGH HILL, JANUARY, 1878.

(*All rights reserved.*)

You must order your best to be saddled to-day—  
In the prime of condition to gallop and stay,  
Your favourite flyer, your best bit of blood,  
The "pearl of your casket," the gem of your stud;  
For the glass has gone up, and the Warwickshire will  
Have a regular screamer from Shuckburgh Hill.

From every direction they're gathering fast,  
Till the cream of the country's assembled at last.  
Bad luck to the "nesh" one, who sits o'er the fire,

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\* King Koffee was a good horse. I had several rides on him. He afterwards carried Orvis. Bilio was a beautiful grey horse by the Cardinal (I named him). He was afterwards bought by Mr. Edward Tritton. I rode King Koffee once at a low place in the Grandborough double, and as I could not hold him very well, I told Mr. M—— all the way down the field that it was my place, but he would not, or could not, pull off, and we collided in the far ditch.—W. R. V.

Nor comes out to-day to compete for his shire ;  
 Success to the sportsman, who, fearless of ill,  
 Has come to ride straight from old Shuckburgh Hill !

Why tarries the Squire of Charlecote\* at home ?  
 From Alveston or Wellesbourne no one has come  
 We miss Holland-Corbett,† and what can repay  
 Sir Charles‡ for the loss of his gallop to-day ?  
 While stout Pritchard-Rayner§ we're sparing but ill  
 To show us the way from old Shuckburgh Hill.

Oh ! mind you the day when past Kilsby we ran,  
 And the Squire of Thorpe|| was the first in the van,  
 Who now, on a pony, can only pursue ;  
 Of the chase that he loves, take a vanishing view.  
 Bad luck to that terrible place near the mill !  
 He may ne'er ride again from old Shuckburgh Hill.

In vain for some Warwickshire ladies we look :  
 In vain for the face of fair Lady de Broke ;  
 Though Love has been painted, all booted and spurred,  
 'Tis too far for the flight of a " sweet little Bird ! "  
 And a diff'rent emotion shall make the heart thrill  
 Where the Braunston rolls flooded past Shuckburgh Hill.

" The bright star of Europe "¶ her kingdom has left,  
 And Austria mourns of its Empress bereft.  
 Firm seat in the saddle : light hands on the reins,  
 As e'er guided steed over Hungary's plains :  
 She has come—with her beauty, grace, courage, and skill—  
 To ride, with our hounds, from old Shuckburgh Hill.

The Captain\*\* rides up—as her escort and knight—  
 To guide her, in safety from morning till night ;  
 And those who chose for her have chosen aright.

\* The late H. Spencer Lucy, Esq., master of the Warwickshire hounds before Lord Willoughby de Broke ; a thorough sportsman and first-rate companion.

† Corbet Holland-Corbett, Esq., of Admington Hall ; a brilliant horseman.

‡ Sir Charles Mordaunt, Bart., a staunch supporter of the Warwickshire hounds.

§ Captain Pritchard Rayner. No better pilot, when hounds ran fast and the country was stiff, ever rode to hounds.

|| William Tankerville Chamberlayne, Esq., of Stoney Thorpe, near Southam ; a quick, bold rider over any country. He broke his thigh near Braunston over some posts and rails, and again, near Southam Mill, in a deep ditch.

¶ Her Imperial Highness the Empress of Austria.

\*\* Captain Middleton (" Bay "). He was killed by a fall from his horse " Nightline " when riding in the Midland Sportsmen's Race at Kineton in 1892. The field where he died was called " The Graveyard Field." A mound, and a tree planted on it, marks the place where many of the dead were buried after the battle of Edge Hill.

No braver, no better, no quicker to hounds,  
 Ever crossed the wide pastures—the far stretching “grounds”—  
 That reach from the confines of Melton until  
 They rise to the summit of Shuckburgh Hill.

We shall ne’er see him more. In the saddle he died,  
 As he lived, of the hunting field pleasure and pride.  
 On the weird plain of Edge Hill he rode his last race ;  
 To the field of the graveyard he leapt his last place !  
 And the white mist of sorrow rose silent and still,  
 All along the fair valley to Shuckburgh Hill.

Who is this that rides down, all importance and hurry ?  
 From his figure and face, I should say ’tis George Currey.\*  
 “The Empress is comin’!” He passes the word.  
 With varying emotion each bosom is stirred.  
 But all that the Master says—speaking to “Will”—  
 Is “Bid Orvis† draw Calcott—then Shuckburgh Hill.”

In the spinney, a regular traveller’s found.  
 But the crush and the crowd dash our hopes to the ground.  
 So the words “For the Hill!” and we’ll find, never fear!  
 There’s a whimper, a challenge, a chorus, a cheer ;  
 ’Tis a Lombard Street bank to a pawnbroker’s till,  
 That a fox is afoot on old Shuckburgh Hill.

I would travel the ocean, and half the world over  
 To hear Orvis’s cheer when he’s drawing a cover.  
 The oaks and the ashes are ringing again,  
 And the larch cannot muffle the silver refrain ;  
 In my dreams I oft hear it reverberate still,  
 As it wakened the echoes on Shuckburgh Hill.

His “Huic! huic! huic! huic!” how it rings all round.  
 See how keen the young entry all fly to the sound !  
 If Clasher‡ were here—the old sire of the pack—  
 He’d be proud of his pupils, tan, lemon, and black ;  
 Though pensioned in kennel, the deep scars show still  
 How he once faced the brambles on Shuckburgh Hill.

\* The late George Currey, a well-known second-horse man of Lord Willoughby’s.

† Charles Orvis, afterwards huntsman to the Holderness, the East Sussex, and the Badsworth.

‡ Clasher, entered 1870, by Nestor—Careless ; Careless by Castor—Rapid ; Nestor by Nimrod—Racket ; Racket by Stormer—Rakish ; Stormer by Old Saffron. His old face was scored like a tattooed New Zealander.

Hark ! Stand still for a moment ! Again ! I'll be sworn  
That was the note of Lord Willoughby's horn.\*  
From the depths of the cover, 'tis heard by each hound ;  
And, through the dense thicket, towards it they bound.  
Jack has lifted his cap, and his view-holloa shrill,  
Lets us know he's away from old Shuckburgh Hill.

At the heart-stirring sound, ringing clear through the air,  
" From her seat on each croup has alighted black Care ;"  
The veriest grumbler has ceased to complain,  
One note of the horn has cured every pain ;  
One rattling view-holloa has banished each ill  
Far away from each bosom on Shuckburgh Hill.

See Rainbow and Ruler break cover the first,  
And Comical's sure to be there in the burst.  
Has Salesman once challenged ? Then reynard must die,  
While Tapster and Tarquin can stoop and can fly ;  
But when the scent's failing then " Ranger boy "† will  
Pick out the cold line from old Shuckburgh Hill.

Our Master his horn has returned to its case,  
And, for a brief moment, dark, stern grows his face,  
As he sees that each Rugby and Leamington man  
Has determined to get the best start that he can.  
His " Do let them settle ! Now please to stand still ! "  
Could be heard at old Radbourne from Shuckburgh Hill.

But the shades of anxiety fade from his brow,  
As they dip to the valley. " Ride over them now,"  
He exclaims, with delight ; as on Zingaro bold—  
Who carries to-day the black, scarlet, and gold—  
He shows how his gallant young five-year-old will  
Top the ledger again from old Shuckburgh Hill.

Mount, Knights of the Arden !‡ The fox is away ;  
And the Pytchley must not boast your conquest to-day.  
Ride, Squires of the Felden !‡ And straight be your course,  
For the honour you go of the Vale of Red Horse ;  
And its fair fame must never be tarnished until  
An earthquake has levelled old Shuckburgh Hill.

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\* Lord Willoughby de Broke, of Compton Verney and Kineton House, master of the Warwickshire hounds since 1876.

† Ranger was by Sir Watkin Wynn's Rubicon—Crafty, by Nestor. Entered 1875.

‡ The two ancient divisions of Warwickshire.



Remember how blithely the old cavalier\*  
 Changed the whip for the sword, and the horn for the spear;  
 How he languished in prison before he'd obey  
 Of Essex the summons—of Cromwell the sway!  
 Though the chase we've resumed for the battle, yet still  
 There are spurs to be won from old Shuckburgh Hill.

With no coward or muff, will we tarry to-day,  
 And the "dancers" shall have scarce a line of my lay.  
 In the first forty acres they're out of the hunt:  
 The bad men are behind, and "A Goodman" in front.†  
 Though he knows every gap—every gateway—yet still  
 He rides straight as an arrow from Shuckburgh Hill.

The oxers will crack, and the binders will fly,  
 As Muntz‡ on brown Lightheart comes thundering by.  
 The crash of his course like the storm on the wind!  
 And "A. Tempest,"§ be sure, will be not far behind!  
 While the Captain takes hold of the helm with a will,  
 To pilot the Empress from Shuckburgh Hill.

If you want from your nerve to take off the sharp edge,  
 Then follow, where cleaves the thin end of "the Wedge!"||  
 For where this young sportsman is taking his line,  
 The bullfinches open and close with no sign.  
 And there's no time to tarry—and call for a "Bill"—  
 To cut down the thick growers near Shuckburgh Hill.

There's no time to falter, and baulk, in my song,  
 For the Rector¶ is coming a cracker along.  
 Strange liberties taking; because he knows well  
 That the untiring blood of the Desert will tell;  
 Though losing his start, yet "be with 'em he will,"  
 Ere they've gone very far from old Shuckburgh Hill.

\* An allusion to the story of how a former Squire of Shuckburgh left his bounds to follow King Charles to the battle of Edge Hill. He afterwards defended the hill against the followers of the Commonwealth; was taken prisoner, and confined for more than two years. His son was made a baronet at the Restoration.

† A Goodman—Mr. "Joe Goodman"—afterwards tenant at Catesby Abbey, now living at Flecknoe.

‡ P. A. Muntz, Esq., M.P., the premier welter weight of England.

§ Major A. Tempest, master of the Blankney. He rode Major Browne's Hall Court in the celebrated finish for the Grand National, when he was beaten a head by Captain H. Coventry on Alcibiade.

|| Mr. Wedge, of Stretton-on-Dunsmoor.

¶ The Rev. W. R. Verney, of Lighthorne Rectory.

The rail of that oxer looks stiff, and looks new,  
 And there may be another beyond it 'tis true :  
 " For you cannot see over, you cannot see through."  
 The ditch on the landing side 's tangled and wide,  
 Yet our Master has cleared the whole lot in his stride ;  
 It would take half the whole—such a yawner to fill—  
 Of the customers hustling down Shuckburgh Hill.

That blackthorn in vain for a gap we deserv,  
 And the stile in the corner looks ugly and high.  
 There's no help for it, though, " You must go if you die ! "  
 With a rap and a scramble, we're over, my friend ;  
 Ain't you thanking your stars you're not end over end ?  
 But still pounding away, like the bones in a mill,  
 With the steam at high pressure from Shuckburgh Hill.

Across the wide pastures of Flecknoe we flew,  
 And none within hail but the good men and true ;  
 We have come for four miles, and with never a pull,  
 Whilst the brook is below us, deep, swollen, and full.  
 With his face all agrin, " Are you goin'," says Will,\*  
 " To ride at the Braunston from Shuckburgh Hill."

" Why, of course ! Does he think that our hearts are of lead,  
 When the beauties are streaming like wildfire ahead ? "  
 And the Empress is over !—so charge it in line !  
 'Tis no twelve-foot imposture, no dread Whissendine !  
 No winter-full torrent, no summer-dried rill,  
 But the bottomless Braunston, near Shuckburgh Hill.

One snatch at her bridle, one fling of her head,  
 And my darling across the wide chasm has sped—  
 Never changing a foot ! 'Tis like flight through the air,  
 To ride o'er a country this gallant old mare.  
 You might carry a bumper, and ne'er a drop spill,  
 As she skims o'er the fences from Shuckburgh Hill.

There's a check for a moment, but Orvis is there,  
 And appears on the scene, as if dropped from the air.  
 One wave of his arm, and the scattering pack  
 Have flown to his summons, with Will at their back ;  
 While Jack's† somewhere hundy—in readiness—till  
 His aid is required from Shuckburgh Hill.

\* William Shepherd, first whip, now huntsman to the Worcestershire.

† Jack Boore, the second whip, afterwards first whip and K. H. to the Warwickshire, now huntsman to the Cheshire Hounds.

He casts them: 'twas "Ranger boy" spoke to the scent,  
 Bad tempered old Larkspur has given assent;  
 'Tis a pound to a crown up the furrow he went.  
 See Rainbow and Ruler have flown to the spot;  
 And a sheet or a blanket would cover the lot.  
 There's a holloa on forward; and hot as a grill  
 Is the pace once again from old Shuckburgh Hill.

Now who has the best of this terrible burst?  
 Which, as Nimrod once said, is "as bad as the first;"  
 The Captain is close alongside of the pack,  
 The Empress is riding three lengths in his track;  
 Unwearied, undaunted she'll follow—until  
 The chase is all over from Shuckburgh Hill.

A Goodman is placed in the front as before;  
 While Muntz, on brown Lightheart, has fencing galore.  
 A. Tempest sweeps on with both fury and speed,  
 See Curteis\* is making bold bids for the lead,  
 While the Master, beginning to count on a kill,  
 Is reckoning the distance from Shuckburgh Hill.

The Rector—with Ruby all covered with foam—  
 Rides faster and farther from parish and home.  
 Brave Jenkins†—be sure—in the front rank is found;  
 And many a thruster is "bolch" on the ground,  
 But the sportsman must fear neither distance nor spill;  
 Who will ride with our hounds, from old Shuckburgh Hill.

Across the old Rugby and Daventry road,  
 The circling crows the poor traveller showed;  
 But, though viewed, the brave fox has the best of the race,  
 And we lose him, at last, near Welton's fair place.  
 If we only but could have left off with a kill,  
 What a day 'twould have been from old Shuckburgh Hill.

You may write up the Belvoir, the Cottesmore, the Quorn!  
 Of Ranksboro' sing: of Tom Firr and his horn;  
 With the Vale of Red Horse I shall satisfied be,  
 And the blood of old Saffron and Clasher for me!  
 Come, I'll give you a toast; which shall make your hearts thrill,  
 As you think of the runs from old Shuckburgh Hill.

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\* Captain (now Colonel) Curteis, Assistant Adjutant-General, Poona, India; a very bold rider to hounds.

† Mr. W. H. P. Jenkins, of Upton House ("Mr. Merton.")

Here's a health to Sir George,\* who has found us the cover !  
 Here's a health to the farmers, whose land we rode over !  
 Here's a health to " the customers," every one !  
 And to all the fair ladies who rode through the run !  
 Come close up, my sportsmen, a bumper toast fill,  
 Here's the Warwickshire Hounds, and old Shuckburgh Hill !

REG. WYVERNE.

Stretton-on-Dunsmoor, Rugby.

March 5th, 1893.

DEAR MR. VERNEY,

I read your verses in *Baily's Magazine* with great pleasure, and think them *excellent*, they have such a thoroughly sporting ring about them. I need hardly add that I feel personally flattered as an " outsider " by being mentioned therein, but are you correct as to the date ?

I have kept a diary of every day's hunting I have had for very many years, and on reference to it for the year 1878, it seems to me that the run you write of from Shuckburgh Hill took place on *January 24th* ! After referring to the earlier gallop from Calcott, my diary (the following written in red ink) reads as follows :

" The hills were next tried, and a good fox they held us, who, after dwelling in the covert sufficiently long to stretch his legs, broke at the far end, taking us down the steep grass hill and through the gorse below ; then on over the Staverton Road, and nearly to Staverton (over the brook), before reaching that wood, however, he bore to the left, and ran within three-quarters of a mile of Braunston Gorse: but deigning to enter no covert, he kept his nose straight, crossing the Daventry and Dunchurch Road as if for Welton (just beyond this road I viewed him), and so on near to Norton, and up to the Daventry Reservoir, when the deserving pack lost the game they richly merited. Never mind ! A good fox saved for another day. Time, a little under an hour. A grand run from find to finish."

We had yesterday from Braunston as fast a twenty minutes as I ever witnessed—too fast for me. A man to live with hounds throughout it, wanted to be mounted on a horse fit to run for the National. I think the present season is, notwithstanding the frost, one of the best I can recall, and although I believe you were less fortunate before the frost than the Atherstone and North Warwickshire, what extraordinary sport Lord Willoughby has been showing almost daily since !

It is a long time to hark back to 1878, but I am sure your stirring lines have made the interval seem less.

Believe me,

Yours truly,

FRANK L. W. WEDGE.

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\* The late Sir George Shuckburgh, Bart., who, though he did not hunt much himself, owing to a wound received in the Crimea, like his father, Sir Francis, always found us a good supply of foxes in his coverts.

From Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary :

*February 15th, Warmington.*—Found at White's Bushes, and ran very smart for fifteen minutes to ground near Arlescote Wood. The hounds got on another line, and hunted it as far as the Round Tower; stopped them. Ran from Knibb's Bushes, through the new covert, down the hill to the left of Northend, and away over the Vale, leaving Bawcutt's Covert on our right, to Chadshunt, through Chadshunt Coppice, and nearly to Kineton; turned to the right, ran by the Windmill, through Brickyard Coppice, down to the new planting at Compton Verney. Gave up here in pouring rain, after a very pretty run of an hour. Rode Bilio and Chardier.

When out hunting on a very cold day during March we thought of the poor ladies at the Drawing Room, which was taking place on the same day.

### THE CHARGE OF THE COURT BRIGADE.\*

BY THE REV. F. C. WILLIAMSON,

*Asst. Curate of Lighthorne, now Vicar of Ashford, Middlesex, a very good sportsman.  
and good clergyman, too.*

#### I.

Half a yard, half a yard,  
Half a yard onward !  
Through the first crush room  
    Pressed the Four Hundred.  
Forward the Fair Brigade !  
On to the throne, they said,  
On to the Presence Room,  
    Crushed the Four Hundred.

#### II.

Forward the Fair Brigade !  
Was there a girl dismayed ?  
E'en though the chaperons knew  
    Someone had blundered.  
Theirs not to make complaint,  
Theirs not to sink or faint,  
Theirs—but words cannot paint  
Half the discomfiture  
    Of the Four Hundred.

#### III.

Crowds on the right of them,  
Crowds on the left of them,  
Crowds all in front of them,  
    Stumbled and blundered !

\* Appeared in *Punch* in 1875.

On through the courtier-lined  
Room, most tremendous grind,  
Into the Presence Room,  
Leaving their friends behind,  
Passed the Four Hundred.

## IV.

Flushed all their faces fair,  
Flashed all their jewels rare,  
Scratched all their shoulders bare,  
Thrusting each other, while  
Outsiders wondered.  
Into the Presence Room,  
Taking their turn they come,  
Some looking very glum,  
O'er trains sore sundered ;  
Kiss hand, and outwards back  
Fagged the Four Hundred.

## V.

Crowds to the right of them,  
Crowds on the left of them,  
Crowds all in front of them,  
Stumbled and blundered !  
Back through more courtier-lined  
Rooms, O, tremendous grind.  
*Debutantes*, thirsty, pined  
For ice or cup o' tea ;  
No sofas horsehair lined,  
Not a chair or settee,  
Poor, dear Four Hundred.

## VI.

Mothers to rage gave vent,  
Husbands for broughams sent,  
While at mismanagement  
Both sorely wondered.  
Not till the sun had set,  
Not till the lamps were lit,  
Home from the Drawing Room  
Got the Four Hundred.

## VII.

Some, I heard, in despair  
Of getting stool or chair,  
Took to the floor, and there  
Sat down and wondered.

Now, my Lord Chamberlain,  
 Take my advice. Again,  
 When there's a Drawing Room,  
 Shut doors, and don't let in  
 More than Two Hundred.

*March 12th, Weston House.*—A fox got up in a plunging near Rollwright Spinney. Ran him fifty-three minutes through Walk Gorse, by Badger's Gorse, and killed in the open close to Swerford, in the Heythrop country. Just as we were killing him a fresh fox got up, and the whole of the pack but four dogs went after him, and could not be stopped for a mile and a half, as the whip's horse was beaten. The four dogs stuck to their fox, and killed him handsome. Very hot day. The first whip killed Burgundy. Rode King Koffee and Bravo.

The annual meeting of subscribers to the hounds and owners of coverts was held at Wellesbourne on Wednesday, March 13th. Proposed by Sir Charles Mordaunt, and seconded by Mr. Everard, "That this meeting record a cordial vote of thanks to Lord Willoughby de Broke for the handsome manner in which he has hunted the country during the past season, and for the sport he has shown." Carried unanimously.

Lord Willoughby agreed to hunt the country four days a week for the ensuing season, the country guaranteeing 2200/. Lord Willoughby allowing 500/. to the committee for expenses, receiving himself any surplus over 2200/.

*March 14th, Ufton Wood.*—Found in the wood, and away directly towards Offchurch, caught sight of him by the canal, and hounds and fox were in the canal together; ran through Offchurch Park, and over the river, where hounds checked, and we could not get to them to put them right. Went on to the woods, ran through Cubbington and Waverley and back again, out again the way we came in, and hunted it nearly to Leamington, where the fox was again viewed, and we were again stopped by the river. At last, after a lot of dodging round Offchurch Park, we got up to him, and killed him in a cart hovel close to Offchurch Bury, running four hours, nearly all the time in the North Warwickshire country. Rode Bomber and Zingaro.

Hunted 123 days, killed 84 foxes, ran 32 to ground; fair scent all through, especially about Christmas. No blank days, but at times had considerable difficulty in finding owing to game preserving and the apathy of Warwickshire sportsmen in the preservation of foxes. Were stopped by dry weather from March 15th till April 1st. Had we hunted that fortnight we should in all probability have had a blank day or two.

On April 2nd, 1878, Charles Orvis was presented with

a silver horn\* and a purse of 230*l.* in recognition of his indefatigable exertions to show sport for eight seasons, during which he had hunted "the Warwickshire hounds." The money was presented in a purple velvet purse, beautifully embroidered by Lady Willoughby de Broke. The presentation was made by Lord Camperdown at a dinner at the White Lion Hotel, Banbury, over which his lordship presided.

In May, 1878, Shepherd left and went as first whip to Sir Bache Cunard, and C. Lowman took his place.

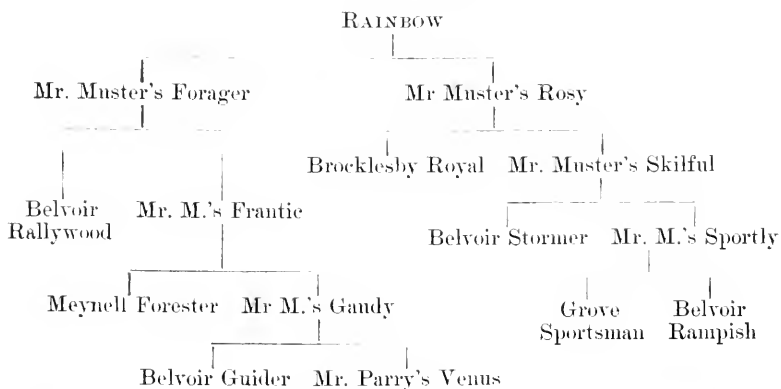
#### SEASON 1878-79.

*August 27th.*—First day of cubhunting at Chesterton Wood at five o'clock. Killed two foxes. Aimwell and Spartan seemed inclined to enter well.

*Cubhunting, 1878.*—Hunted forty-one days; killed thirty-seven foxes; ran ten to ground. Very good scent all through. Ground in good order. Vicious, by the Brocklesby Woodman—their Vanquish, is a very good bitch in her work, and often leads the way in the open. Singwell gives a fox very little rest in a covert. Shiner is a very good dog, as also Rainbow and Salesman.

#### PEDIGREE OF RAINBOW,

Bought as an unentered hound at the sale of Mr. Muster's Hounds in 1876.

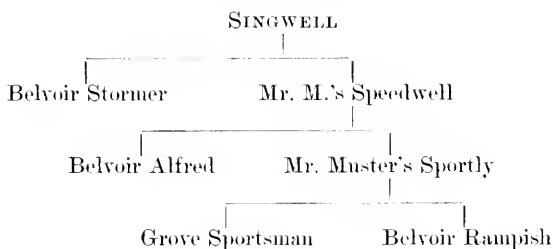


\* I suggested an inscription for the horn from Sir W. Scott's "Ivanhoe," but it was not put on. "I can well of woodcraft, and can wind a horn clear and lustily, and holloa till every oak rings again."—W. R. V.



## PEDIGREE OF SINGWELL.

Dam of Shiner, Sprightly, Sunbeam, Skylark ; purchased at the same time as Rainbow, unentered.



*October 28th, Bowshot.*—Found a second fox at Combroke Covert, ran through the new covert, over the brook nearly to Pillerton, turned to the left, and ran to Herd Hill ; turned again to the left, and ran nearly to Marston ; turned to the right, and ran in front of the kennels, through Little Kinton, over Mr. Hunter's fields, and down to the brook in front of Mr. Malcolm's house. Here we viewed the fox, and the hounds raced him over Brown's big field, and over the brook and the Banbury and Kinton road, and pulled him down two fields from it, in the direction of Owlington, after a good hunting run of an hour and twenty-five minutes. The dogs hunted well. Rainbow and Dexter were ahead nearly all the time. Salesman made a capital hit, and put us right where the fox was headed back near Herd Hill.

*November 4th.—Meet, Charlecote Park.*—Found at Fir Tree Hill, ran at a good hunting pace, leaving Newbold Pacey to the left, through Moreton Wood to Compton, where there were several foxes on foot. Ran one through Lighthorne Rough, and lost near Chesterton Wood. Found at Chesterton, away at once towards Itchington, turned to the right towards Verney's Gorse, turned to the left within a field of it, ran by Gaydon Gorse, over the Gaydon and Kinton road, turned to the left, crossed the Gaydon and Banbury road, and went through Bawcutt's Covert ; thence bore for Knightcote, but turned to the right, and ran over the Burton Hills and down by Perry's Gorse at a good pace along the Vale, leaving Warmington to the right, to Mollington Wood. On they went with the same fox or another, and we eventually stopped them near Cropredy Station, as it was dark and the horses beat. Two hours and twenty minutes, and ten miles from point to point. Pretty well for the first day. Field all over the country. Rode Bounder and Bullfinch.\*

*November 9th, Lower Shuckburgh.*—Got away from the hill quickly, and fairly raced a fox to death in eighteen minutes, over grass. Went over the brook by Catesby, and killed him in the middle of a field between there and Helidon. Got away from Caldecott towards Bunker's Hill, but turned to the right on nearing the Leam, and ran a wide ring under Fleeknoe and Shuckburgh Hill ; thirty-five minutes, without the slightest check or touching a ploughed field. Rode Banshee and Confidence.

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\* Bullfinch was a good horse. You could'nt put him down. Miss Mabel Verney rode him afterwards for several years.—W. R. V.

*November 11th, Lighthorne Village.*—Found at Bishop's Gorse, and away at once, leaving Chadshunt to the right, over the Gaydon and Kineton road, turned to the left over the Gaydon and Banbury road, through Bawcutt's Covert, and up to Burton Hill: thirty minutes, without a check. The hounds ran on through Harbage's Gorse, left Farnborough on the right, and crossed the Great Western Railway just to the right of Claydon. They kept straight on, crossed the canal and brook, and ran to Edgeote, thirteen miles as the crow flies, up to Bishop's Gorse; time, one hour and forty minutes. Here, unfortunately, a tremendous snowstorm came on and saved the fox's life. Out of a very large field only a few saw the finish, and most of these nicked in at the Burton Hills. Only about six rode the line with the hounds. Rode Bounder and Confidence.

Miss Mabel Verney and Mr. Lupton were nearest to the hounds up to Bawcutt's Covert, and the master and Mr. Muntz were next to them.

*November 21st, Pillerton Toll Bar.*—Found at Oxhill Covert, and went away at once, pointing for Compton Wynyates, turned to the right when past Kirby House, and ran at a great pace through the Blackthorn Covert at Idlicote. Leaving Honington to the right, the fox crossed the Stour close to Shipston Cemetery, and ran past that as if he meant to go to the Golden Cross Gorse. He turned to the left again, and was killed in the river Stour close to Todenham. An eight-mile point. Time, one hour and ten minutes; nearly all grass. Only ten were in at the death: the master, the huntsman, the two whips, Lady Willoughby de Broke, the two Miss Verneys, Mr. Corbett Holland, Mr. Sheldon, of Shipston, and Sir Charles Mordaunt. Found again at Spencer's Gorse, and ran through Brailes Village, over Brailes Hill as if for Weston, but turned by Sutton, under Brailes, over the brook, left Traitor's Ford to the right, and pointed straight for Sibford Village. We stopped the pack near Sibford Heath, as it was too dark to jump a fence, after another fine run of one hour and a quarter. Rode Bowman and Belisarius; Lady Willoughby rode Bacchus.

Oxhill Covert had been planted by Sir Charles Mordaunt, and the first run was one of the best ever seen from it.

The renowned Squire Drake was out, mounted on one of Lord Willoughby de Broke's best horses, but he did not ride at a wide ditch near Whatecote, which was bank high with water, and stopped the field with the exception of ten who saw the end of the run. Squire Drake told me afterwards that he saw about seventy people ride up and down the bank of this place for some time, after which they all went home.—C. M.

Mr. Sabin, of Steane (still alive), remembers a run with the Bicester Hounds in old Squire Drake's time (the father

**Photograph of Oxhill Gorse.**

**By**

**Mr. R. O. Milne.**







of the late Squire Drake), when they left off at Warwick Racecourse. The hounds were then at Bucknill, near Bicester. They passed through Banbury on their way

# WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1878.

LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

NAMES.	SIRE.	DAMS.
Affable } Aimwell } Audible }	Quorn Alfred	Columbine (74)
Agnes } Alfred } Alice } Artful }	Quorn Alfred	Cheerful (74)
Blissful * ..	Belvoir Brusher	Their Gaiety
Bravo .....	Visct. Valentia's Bondsman	Countess (74)
Clasher .....	Clasher (70)	Garland (74)
Danger } Dexter } Duchess }	Quorn Duster	Adelaide (75)
Daphne * ..	Belvoir Saffron	Their Dauntless
Darter * ..	Duke of Grafton's Driver	Belvoir Watchful
Ferryman * ..	Belvoir Gambler	Their Furies
Garnish * ..	Belvoir Whynot	Their Garnish
Lioness † ..	Brocklesby Lictor	Their Guilty
Nestor ..	Norman (72)	Skylark (76)
Novelist * ..	Belvoir Whynot	Their Novelist
Phyllis * ..		
Pilgrim * } Pontiff * }	Belvoir Whynot	Their Parody
Rachel } Romsey } Rosabind }	Quorn Rustie	Constant (73)
Regulus ..	Rainbow (76)	Cowslip (73)
Relish } Romeo } Rosemary }	Milton Ransack	Gadfly (74)
Rosebud ..	Lord Coventry's Rambler	Actress (72)
Safety ..	Salesman (74)	Reckless †
Sophy } Stately }	Shiner (76)	Tinsel (70)
Spartan ..	Ruler (73)	Sprightly (76)
Sparkler * ..	Belvoir Woodman	Their Spinster
Wizard * ..	Belvoir Whynot	Their Glory

Those marked thus (\*) were a draft from Belvoir, bought by Lord Willoughby de Broke.

† Bought from Brocklesby.

‡ Bought as a three-year-old at Mr. Muster's sale in 1876. By Belvoir Rallywood—their Dainty.

home as the clock struck midnight, with the lame hounds coupled to the sound ones.—H. C. N.

There were other kennels at Warden. These were situated in what is now a farmhouse. In the old manor house of this village, belonging to the North family, there is a picture of Lord Halifax, who is said to have planted Warden Hill.—H. C. N.

*November 22nd, Broughton Castle.*—Found at Claydon Hill, and ran, leaving Wroxton to the right, at a great pace to Shotteswell Village, leaving Horley on the right, thence through Page's Gorse and Arlescote Wood, and across the valley towards Farnborough. Here we viewed the fox dead beat just before the pack, but unluckily got on to another who got up out of a hedge, and ran him through Mollington Wood, across the Great Western Railway, and after running a short ring killed him in the moat at Mr. Hadland's house at Clattercutt. Found at Angel's Piece and ran to Cropredy Station, turned to the left, and ran a ring through Angel's Piece again, on through Mollington Wood, and across the Vale nearly to Avon Dassett, where the first check took place owing to the fox being headed back. Got on his line again, and ran him back over the Farnborough Brook to Angel's Piece, where we killed. Another fine day's sport. The first run, one hour and a half; the second, one hour. Alfred did a lot of work, and will make a good dog. Rode Beeswax and Bona.

Three weeks' frost until December 30th, and again from the 31st until February 5th.

### THE LEDBURY HUNT.

BY THE HON. RANDAL PLUNKET, M.P.

*January 3rd, 1879.*

#### I.

'Tis a queer sort of day,  
Rather sloppy you'll say,  
And you're balling before and behind;  
But I think 'tis a thaw,  
And at twelve we shall draw,  
And at Maismore we're certain to find.

#### II.

So with this we went Ledbury way,  
A rare old fashioned country they say;  
But they showed us some sport  
Of a new fashioned sort,  
As we hunted the Hartbury day.

#### III.

First, the master appeared  
In a ferry boat, steered  
By the huntsman, in leathers and pink.



The hounds swam beside,  
And around each was tied  
A cork jacket for fear he should sink.

## IV.

'Tis the old fashioned Ledbury way,  
First invented by Noah they say ;  
As that bold Patriarch  
Used to hunt from the Ark,  
So the Ledbury hunt to this day.

## V.

Then the whips were in whiffs,  
The hard riders in skiffs,  
While the heavy weights rowed in a wherry.  
But the master was first,  
In a pretty sharp burst,  
For he rigged up a sail on the ferry.

## VI.

It was thus we went hunting that day,  
The best men of Ledbury say,  
That a flat-bottomed punt  
Is the right thing to hunt,  
If you must go out hunting that day.

## VII.

'Tis the Ledbury cure,  
For all weather 'tis sure,  
Save except in a real ringing frost.  
Bid adieu to your saddle,  
And take to your paddle,  
And learn how that country is crossed.

## VIII.

So the next time you're Ledbury way,  
Do not think of the chesnut or gray ;  
But jump into a punt,  
And you'll see such a hunt,  
As you cannot see every day.

Mr. Randal Plunket was staying with that well known sportsman, Mr. Henry Lloyd Baker, at Hardwicke Court. They went out hunting with that sporting pack, the Ledbury. There had been a very sudden thaw, and heavy rains, and they hunted a good deal in flooded fields, and perhaps

crossed the Severn. On his return Mr. Plunket dashed off the above, which is very characteristic of one, who, with so much talent and amiability, was too early removed from us.

Copy of a characteristic letter from the late A. H. Bartley, the maker of the well known



#### LEADING ARTICLES.

*From*

BARTLEY AND SONS.  
Bootmakers.  
250, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

*January 16th, 1879.*

*To*

The Rev. Hon. W. R. VERNEY,  
Lighthorne Rectory, Warwick.

SIR,

The boots were sent on the 24th of December, directed to the Crown Inn, Leamington, to be called for. I suppose they have been there ever since. I think that my man may have put another pair of spurs in the box; if so, kindly let your servant send them back. I trust that the frost has gone for good, and that you will hear the words "hold hard" for many a day to come.

Your most obedient servant,

A. H. BARTLEY.

From Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary :

*February 7th, 1879. Wroton Abbey.*—Drew all the Wroton coverts blank. Found at Chamberlain's, ran along the side of the brook towards Angel's Piece, turned to the right, and sunk the hill, over the Great Western Railway, and ran a wide ring round Clattercote and Claydon; recrossed the railway near Claydon Crossing, and ran by Farnborough House, through Mollington Wood, and along the brow of the hill, pointing for Chamberlain's again. Here we came to a long check, having run one hour and fifty minutes almost without one. The horses were all beat. Lord Camperdown's horse lay down in a field, and the kennel horses were not much better. To add to

the difficulty, a fresh fox got up almost in view of the pack, and they ran him very fast along the grass by the brook side to Mollington Village. Here they threw up, and the master managed to get to them, and stopped them. They ran remarkably stout and well after their long rest. Rode Beeswax and Bona. Clasher II., Dexter, and Spartan are good dogs in their work, and were at the head of the pack nearly all the time.

*February 17th, Compton Verney.*—Found at Lighthorne Rough, ran by Lighthorne Village at a good hunting pace to Oakley, where we got on a fresh fox, and lost him near Warwick Park. Found at Itchington Holt, ran very fast through Bawcutt's Covert up to Northend. Here the hounds turned short to the left, and went at a good pace over the Vale towards Knightcote, turned again to the left, ran through Itchington Holt, and on by Checkley's Brake to Chesterton Church. Here the first check took place, after a very good ring of forty minutes all over grass. We got on his line again, and hunted it as far as Bishops Itchington, and stopped the hounds in a blinding snowstorm. Rode Boulder and Belisarius; Lady Willoughby rode Bacchus.

At the annual meeting of subscribers to the hounds and owners of coverts, held at Wellesbourne on Wednesday, March 5th, it was proposed by Sir C. Mordaunt, and seconded by H. S. Lucy, Esq.: "That this meeting record a cordial vote of thanks to Lord Willoughby de Broke for the handsome manner in which he has hunted the country during the past season, and for the sport he has shown." Carried unanimously.

Lord Willoughby agreed to hunt the country four days a week during the ensuing season, the country guaranteeing 2200/., Lord Willoughby allowing 525/., to the committee for expenses, receiving himself any surplus over 2200/.

*March 7th, Swalecliffe.*—Found at the sand pit near Wiggington Heath; away directly, ran thirty-five minutes without a check, nearly to Hook Norton Spinney, where the fox turned short down wind instead of going straight on to Whichford Wood, as one might have expected. The huntsman cast forward for the wood, and so a good deal of time was lost. When we got on the line again it was too late to do any good. Found at Wiggington Heath, ran by Broughton, and close to Bloxham, left Claydon Hill on the right, crossed the Banbury road, and ran towards Edge Hills. The fox was headed near Hornton, and we got a view of him, and ran into him close to that village after a good hunting run of one hour and three-quarters. The dog pack hunted well all day. Fairplay made a capital hit, as did Rifler twice. Siren did plenty of work, as did Clasher, Dexter, Shiner, and Rainbow.

*March 8th, Redhill.*—Found in Aston Grove; away directly close to the fox, and raced him for thirty minutes without a check along the grass fields on the bank of the Alne River. He kept close to the river nearly to Alester, and then turned up and went into Oversley Wood. The hounds took a line right through the wood and out the other side. About two fields from the

wood a fox jumped up right amongst the pack, and was killed. Everyone thought it was the hunted fox. All's well that ends well, and one must have good luck as well as bad sometimes. Got away from Oversley towards Broom, but the fox was headed back, and we ran him through the wood and out the other side, and back along the identical line we came in the morning to Withycombe and Aston Grove; and he went to ground in a marl pit, dead beat, just before the hounds. He was no doubt the same fox that we brought to Oversley in the morning. Rode Bullfinch and Black Jack.

*March 21st, The Kennels.*—Found at Kineton Gorse, ran as if for Chads-hunt, turned short back from the Banbury Road, and ran by Kineton Brickyard, through the Oakfields, and to ground in a patch of gorse beyond the Sun Rising; a very good twenty minutes. Old Boniface ran at the head all the way. Found at Miller's Gorse, away directly in the direction of Hornton, but turned to the left before getting there, and swung over the valley and brook, and through White's Bushes, and killed in the open just the other side of it after a very pretty twenty-five minutes. Dog fox. Vixen in Knibb's. Left her. Rode Beeswax and Bona; Lady Willoughby rode Bæchus.

*April 8th, Coughton Court.*—Found at Rough Hill, and away directly towards Coughton Park. The fox was headed, and left it on the left. Ran right through Hanging Well, Aspens Hush, Three Oak Hill, Old Park, over Cook Hill to Weethley Wood, right through that, and away over the open for Round Hill. Left Inkberrow on the right, and ran to Round Hill, got close to the fox, and ran him round the covert and away close to him, raced him about two miles to another very large wood called Grafton Wood. Here there were several fresh foxes, and I stopped the pack, as all the horses were tired, and we were more than thirty miles from home. A wonderful hunting run of three hours. Did not get home till 10 o'clock. Clasher\* did a lot of work. He is rather a slack drawer, but A 1 when a fox is found. Dexter,† Factions, and Singwell did very well. Relish made one very good hit. Rode Bluebell and Beechnut; Lady Willoughby rode Bæchus. Twelve miles from point to point.

Hunted on 107 days; killed sixty-nine foxes; ran twenty-three to ground. Were stopped by frost for the first two months. Last day of hunting on April 15th. No blank days, and good scenting weather whenever we could get out. Very good sport on Fridays.

In October, 1879, I was shooting in Scotland with the Hon. Captain Greville. We were flying a large kite, as nearly as possible the same size as an eagle, over the grouse, when a large osprey swooped down upon it, and so firmly fixed its talons in it that the high wind wound the long tail of the kite, which was weighted with stones, so fast round the osprey that we pulled him to within 20ft. of

\* I think this must be Clasher II. It was a mistake of Orvis naming a second dog Clasher. The old dog was a celebrated one to find a fox, and his head was all scored with the marks of the thorns and briars. See poem, "Shuckburgh Hill."

† We all remember Dexter well, from his colour—lemon pied. He was a rare dog. —W. R. V.

the ground before he broke it. He was so confused that he only slowly ascended to his usual height of many hundred feet ; a sight never to be forgotten.

On another occasion, when deer-stalking, I was under shelter in a cleft of a rocky hillside at the height of 2000 feet, and I saw a large osprey at no great distance, with the greater part of a hare in its talons, drop it several times, and, swooping down again, catch it in mid-air.

At another time I saw a sea eagle on the top of some precipitous rocks facing the valley. The wind was blowing so hard that I crawled up on the other side of him to within fifteen yards of where he was, and was only prevented from getting still nearer to him by a hare which passed me and disturbed him by going at more than its usual pace.—  
C. M.

He was a hunting man, but now he never gets on a horse. Well, it was like this: His wife, soon after the arrival of their first baby, said to him, "I really think, John, now that you are a family man, you should give up hunting, it is so dangerous and expensive." "Couldn't possibly give it up," said he, "I only keep twelve hunters; but I tell you what I'll do. I'll knock off one of them for every child we may have; I'll sell Dragon-fly at once, and start the season with eleven." "That's a bargain," said his wife, and she kept him to it. Poor John! his stud went on decreasing till he hadn't a horse left, and now *he owes three*.

A cavalry swell, with the Grand Military in his eye, looking over a "likely one," said to the Hibernian proprietor, who had been praising up the horse, "Well, he seems to have done pretty well everything; has he ever won the Derby?" To which the H. P. promptly replied: "Begorra, he *has*, sorr. *twice!*"

Continuation of Lord Willoughby's diary:

#### SEASON 1879-80.

A very late and wet season for cubhunting. Harvest did not begin till September 14th. First meet for cubhunting was on September 22nd at Chesterton Wood.

*September 29th, Coughton Park.*—Drew Coughton Park, Billingborough, Hanging Well, Aspens Hush, Three Oak Hill, all blank. Game and game-keepers have denuded this part of the country of foxes. Found one in Weethley Wood, ran to Thornhill and round it for forty-five minutes without a check, and killed.

All the young ones enter well; Charity the best. Relish and Duchess pleased me much. Artifice\* enters well, and will make a good dog. Guardian and Alfred are good dogs. Wonderful is a good dog on a cold scent.

Cubhunting on twenty-six days. Killed twenty-four foxes and ran six to ground. The country seems fairly well off for foxes, except about Ragley, Red Hill, and Idlicote. The harvest was one of the worst ever remembered, and was not finished by November 1st, several fields of beans being uncarried on that day and some mcut.

*November 6th, Lower Shuckburgh.*—Good show of foxes at the hill, but as I was not allowed to go cubhunting there, could not get one to leave. Found at Ladbroke, and ran at a good hunting pace towards Wornleighton, but turned back when about half-way there, as if we were going back again, turned to the right again, and stopped the hounds pointing for Aston-le-Walls, as it was too dark to jump a fence. A good hunting run of one hour.

Mr. Vyner, in "*Notitia Venatica*," relates that he was out with Sir Thomas Mostyn's hounds at Shuckburgh when Helidon Gorse was, as Tom Wingfield, the huntsman, fancied, drawn blank, but two couples of hounds slipped away at the bottom, and after a most brilliant thing, all by themselves, killed their fox near Dunchurch, where they were seen by a farmer, who was up at the death, and secured the hounds, who followed him with the dead fox in his hand to his stable. No doubt if they had broken the fox up themselves they would have soon made their way across the country to try and join their less fortunate comrades. Daniel, in "*Rural Sports*," also mentions the circumstance of a pack dividing into three bodies at finding, and each lot getting well away, all succeeded in killing their fox, after a chase of great severity.

On November 10th, when the hounds met at Walton, they ran from Walton Wood across the brook. Doctor Bullock, of Warwick, at once rode his chesnut horse gallantly at the water, and he jumped as far as he could into it, which was all that could be done.

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\* Artifice was another dog that everyone knew. Black and white. The hero of the Poolfield Osiers run in 1884.—W. R. V.









**Lord Willoughby de Broke and Archibald.**

**By Trood.**

**From the picture at Kinton House.**

*November 13th, Birdingbury Hall.*—Found at Debdale, and ran at a good hunting pace by Hill nearly to Calcut Spinney. Here the fox got on the towing path of the canal and beat us. Could not draw Calcut or Shuckburgh

## WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1879.

LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
Archibald	Quorn Alfred	Rival (77)
Argonaut		
Artifice		
Ardent		
Arrogant		
Ada	Quorn Alfred	Ruin (77)
Aseuath		
Captive	Challenger*	Racket (74)
Charity	Clasher (70)	Clarion (76)
Comely	Belvoir Rockwood	Columbine (74)
Curious	Sir W. W. Wynn's Random	Countess (74)
Dahlia	Quorn Alfred	Dorothy †
Damfless		
Fallible	Belvoir Fallible	Constant (73)
Faithful		
Fanciful		
Fatima		
Landlord	Belvoir Brusher	Langnish (75)
Marksman	Lord Coventry's Marksman	Actress (72)
Ranter	Rainbow (76)	Ransom (77)
Raey	Lord Coventry's Rambler	Charmer (76)
Remnant	Rainbow (76)	Bashful (74)
Rifleman	Lord Coventry's Rambler	Siren (77)
Ringleader		
Ringlet		
Riotess		
Rivulet	Rainbow (76)	Restless (75)
Ruthless		
Roguish	Belvoir Fallible	Rosy (77)
Roma		
Rosamond		
Roundelay		
Royalty	Duke of Grafton's Silence	Artless (75)
Solon		
Stormer		
Striver		
Sunshine	Salesman (74)	Reckless
Sanguine		
Sapient		
Saucebox		

\* Bought at Major Browne's sale as a two-year-old in 1877. By his Chanter—his Adamant.

† By Belvoir Rallywood—their Delicate. Bought as a three-year-old in 1877.

because Sir George Shuckburgh only allows me to draw his coverts on fixed days. Trotted to Ladbroke, found, and ran at a hunting pace to the top of

Boddington Hill. Here we got close to this or another fox, and ran him to Priors Marston, near which place we lost him. Rosy made a good hit down the road, and when she got on the grass again and was sure of it, she threw her tongue well. Relish did a lot of good work. Rode Bona and Banshee.

*December 29th, Thelsford.*—Found at Fir Tree Hill, ran towards Wellesbourne, turned to the left, and went over the Newbold Pacey Brook as if for Ashorne, recrossed the brook by Newbold Pacey House, and ran at a great pace, leaving Moreton Morrell to the left, to Moreton Wood. Through that and *Hell\* Hole*, Greenhouse Coppice, and the Slinket to Bath Hill. Time, twenty-eight minutes; very pretty. Hunted the line back at a reduced pace nearly the same way we came, and ran to ground under the ice-house at Newbold Pacey. Ran from Oakley to Chesterton Wood, and lost. Found late at Itchington, and could not get the fox to leave, so left him at dark.

*January 2nd, 1880, Shutford.*—Found at Gulliver's Osiers, and lost the first fox near Broughton. Found at Harman's Gorse; ran for two hours to Wiggington, and a wide ring, and at last killed in Bloxham Village, after a good hunting run. A hard day. Bulwark, the second whip's horse, died the next day. Rode Blackwater and Bona.

*January 5th, Burton Toll Bar.*—Lots of foxes on the Burton Hills. Ran the first to ground below Avon Dassett, and killed two others; ran the third through Harbidge's as if for Wormleighton, but he turned to the right on reaching the Banbury Road, and ran by Farnborough to Mollington Wood. Here the hounds got close to the fox, and raced him over the Vale towards Avon Dassett, turned to the left, swung round Warmington Village, up the hill, leaving Arlescote to the right, and ran to ground in the Vale between Horton and Ratley, after a very good hour and ten minutes. Rode Bowman and Banshee. Rival and her sister Rosy are doing very well.

*January 8th, Upton Wood.*—Found in Debdale, and away directly over the Leam, and right into Leicester's Piece without a check; fox headed on the other side by some boys, and turned back. The hounds got away close to him, and raced him down to the Leam again, through it, and ran right into him one field from Debdale. The field all stopped by the river, and no one came up for a quarter of an hour. Found again at Debdale, and ran the next fox for Leicester's Piece again, right through it, and away as if for Bunker's Hill, turned to the left, and ran up to the Dunchurch Road; the hounds ran parallel to it for a mile and a half, and pointed as if for Frankton Wood, but turned to the left again, and pointed straight for Leicester's Piece. The fox would doubtless have entered it, but the North Warwickshire were drawing it, and he heard them, and turned to the right, and went into a small drain

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\* We have often been asked why "Hell Hole," a well known covert in the Hunt, is called by that name. "Hell" is an old Teutonic word from "Hele" or "Helan," meaning any covered or retired place. In early English literature it was used as the "hole" into which tailors threw shreds, &c., or blacksmiths threw old nails, &c.; it was also the retired spot to which, in a popular village game called "barley tree," a lad led a lass to exact the forfeit of a kiss (see "Salvator Mundi," by the Rev. S. Cox. Edition of 1877, page 55). Consequently the word is used throughout England in this sense; for retired places frequented by foxes, e.g., Hell Hole, Hell Meadows, Hell Brake, Hell Kitchen, and "Hell," the name of a few retired cottages in Wroxall Parish, at the back of Homily Boot.—REV. H. J. TORRE.

in view of the field, and almost in view of the pack. A very good forty minutes. The bitches hunted very well indeed. Rode Be Quick and Bona.

*January 9th, Broughton Castle.*—Found at Claydon Hill, ran towards Shenington, but turned to the right over the Banbury and Stratford road, between the New Inn and Wroxton Village, as if for Claydon Hill again. The fox was headed by foot people, and entered one of the Wroxton coverts, where the hounds marked him to ground in a large rabbit hole, after a very pretty ring of forty minutes. Found at Chamberlain's, and ran at a great pace along the grass meadows by the brook side to Angel's Piece, turned to the left, and crossed the brook as if for Page's Gorse, but the fox was headed by a boy, and recrossed the brook and through Angel's Piece again, and back his old line as if for Chamberlain's again; turned to the right, and once more crossed the brook, and went to ground near Hamwell Village in a drain. Bolted him, and ran about a mile and a half, to ground in a rabbit hole. Bolted and killed him. A very good fifty minutes up to the first drain. I noticed Wonderful make a good hit. Rode Blackwater and Banshee.

At this time the "Charlier" shoe was a good deal experimented on for the shoeing of hunters. It has its advantages, provided a horse could always be ridden on soft ground, as it is very light, and with it there can be no suction of clay on the foot; the pressure is taken off the frog, and the foot, by its use, is enabled to become open, and to grow into the best possible shape. I hunted several horses thus shod for a time, but I found that I lamed them when jumping into a road, or when the ground became hard. I therefore gave up the use of it, except for one horse, which had narrow feet. These would have become contracted when shod with the ordinary shoe, and I rode him for three seasons in the "Charlier," laming him occasionally. After that time the shoe so improved his feet by allowing them to expand, that I rode him afterwards for five seasons more in ordinary shoes. I found the "Charlier" most useful for shoeing hunters in the summer, and I have used it regularly, at that time finding it a great advantage, as it much improves their feet, but it is necessary that they should have such exercise as they require always on grass.

At one time I used, like many others, to summer my hunters in yards, but in this way they lose their condition, and I found that they were exposed to the possibility of injury to the eyes from flies during a hot summer, one horse having become blind in this way. Since that time I

have always summered them in the stable with open doors, over which canvas can be put if necessary, and they have one hour's exercise a day to keep up their condition.

As regards the condition of hunters, there is only one sort of horse which can get to the end of a severe run in deep ground with the Warwickshire hounds. He must have at least a year in him of the condition of a good hunting stable, and he should not be let entirely out of condition during the summer.\* A first-class horse should never be parted with, but should be ridden from year to year as long as he can go well. Old hunters must, of course, be replaced, but to sell a stud annually, or to sell a good horse just when he has reached his best, and to replace him by a new one, means that the latter, probably not in condition, will not carry his owner to the end of a first-class run. If a hunter is to accomplish this he should be got in such condition as will as nearly as possible approach the splendid form into which the Warwickshire hounds have been brought by Lord Willoughby de Broke and his kennel huntsman Jack Boore.—C. M.

*January 13th, Wolford Village.*—Found at the Wood, and away directly towards Dunsden, passed it just on our left, and went nearly up to Todenham Village; crossed the road just between that and Little Wolford, and just skirted Bull's Gorse, and crossed the Stour, pointing for Tidmington, turned to the right, and went straight up Brailes Hill; forty minutes without a check. At this time there was heavy snow, and we got to slow hunting, the ground being very hard at the top of the hill. Ran down again through Cherrington Village and Whichford Village, and left Whichford Wood on the right, and pointed for the Heythrop country. When we got on the top of the hill the hounds kept turning to the right, as if for Rollwright, and we stopped them, as it was as hard as iron, and about three inches of snow. A good run of two hours. Rode Bowman and Be Quick.

*February 10th, Wolford Village.*—Found at the Wood, and ran about it with bad foxes till two o'clock. Got away at last on the back of a fox, and raced him to ground in a drain under a gateway close to Dunsden Coppice. Bolted and killed. Found at Blackwell Bushes, and ran up Ilmington Hill, then down nearly to Blackwell again, then up again, and by Stoke Wood.

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\* Horses were always turned out to grass in the summer before "Nimrod" wrote his book on "Conditioning the Hunter." A man described his horse, which was for sale, as having only two faults: "Very hard to catch, and good for nothing when you caught him." Another man described his horse as a very honest one. He said that when he went out riding he always threatened to throw him, and, by George, he always did.—*Sporting Magazine*.—H. C. N.

down the hill, leaving Ilmington Rectory to the right, and across the Vale for Newbold. Near this place the pack threw up, after running one hour without a check, and as there were two foxes before us, and the horses were beat, and it was getting dark, I did not persevere. Danger did a lot of good work in Wolford. Artifice did well in the second run; he jumps the fences like a horse, and runs at the head, and throws his tongue well. The huntsman laid up with a feverish cold. Rode Bullfinch and Be Quick.

*February 12th, Lower Shuckburgh.*—Bad foxes in the morning. Found at Ladbroke, and ran towards Wormleighton, but turned to the left, and ran a wide ring of one hour over a beautiful country by Napton, and as far as the Southam and Daventry road, and back to the covert: the first thirty minutes without a check; nearly all the horses beat, and one killed. Ran the fox round the covert till it got quite dark, and had to stop the pack; did not get home till after eight o'clock. Singwell did a lot of good work, and the whole pack ran very well and stout. Rode Confidence and Banshee.

*February 20th, Snitterfield.*—Three foxes in Snitterfield Bushes; got away with a bad start with one, and lost near Luscombe Wood. Ran from Hampton Wood, over the Coplow, and across the Stratford and Warwick road as if for Grove Park; turned to the right, and went over the grass meadows right up to the town of Warwick, turned to the right, and went into Warwick Park, where he beat us. Very pretty forty minutes up to Warwick Park. Rode Be Quick and Baldrice.

*February 23rd, Thelsford.*—Found at Fir Tree Hill, and away at once: ran as if for Oakley, but swung round to the right, over the brook again, and pointed for Bowshot, leaving Moreton Wood on the right. Here the fox was headed, and turned back to Moreton Wood, and the hounds threw up, after a good twenty minutes. Got on the line again, and ran without another check through Bowshot and Lighthorne Rough, and killed in Moreton Wood, after one hour and ten minutes. Found at Gaydon Coppice, and ran by Northend to Perry's Gorse, through Harbage's, by the Farnborough Pool Head to Mollington Wood; out at the bottom, and across the Vale to Arlescote Wood, through that and White's Bushes, and right across the open to Wroxton Village, near which we stopped the pack, as they had three lines, and all the horses beat. Ten miles from point to point. The huntsman, both the whips, the master, Lady Willoughby, Sir Charles Mordaunt, Mr. Prichard, and Major Paulet, the only ones up at the end. Every hound there. Rode Boulder and Confidence; Lady Willoughby rode Belphegor.

*February 27th, Wroxton Village.*—Found a bad one at Claydon Hill, and killed him. Found at Chamberlain's, and ran as if we were going across to Chalcombe, but turned to the left, and recrossed the road just by Bourton, and ran along the meadows by the side of the brook nearly as far as Angel's Piece, turned short to the left over the brook, and ran up to White's Bushes, after a very pretty thirty-five minutes. Here the fox was headed back, and the hounds got away close to him, and killed him in the open just below Hanwell, after a good run of one hour and a quarter. Danger did a lot of good work. Rode Confidence and Banshee; Lady Willoughby rode Belphegor.

At the annual meeting of subscribers to the hounds and owners of coverts, held at Wellesbourne on March 3rd, it was moved by Sir Charles Mordaunt, and seconded by

H. S. Lucy, Esq., "That this meeting record a cordial vote of thanks to Lord Willoughby for the handsome manner in which he has hunted the country during the past season, and for the sport he has shown." Carried unanimously.

Lord Willoughby agrees to hunt the country four days a week during the ensuing season, the sum of 1800*l.* being guaranteed for that purpose.

*March 9th, Barton House.*—Found at Whichford Wood, and away at once through Wolford Heath, at a hunting pace as far as Wolford, where the hounds got on terms with the fox, and ran very fast through Lemington Coppice, by Todenham Village, and across the Fosse Road, just where it crosses the Stour. Here we came to a long check, and when we hit it off hunted slowly for a long time, and eventually lost near Paxford Blakemore. A very good run. Fair scent and a fine day. Rode Bounce and Beerdrinker; Lady Willoughby rode Bacchus.

*March 11th, Idlicote.*—Vixen in Hell Brake. Found at the Fox Covert, ran very fast to Honington, and killed. Found at Brailes Hill, ran a ring round the hill, sunk the hill for Idlicote, over the grass at a great pace, through Hell Brake, where there were two foxes, and by Spencer's Gorse to Compton Wynates. A very good hour and a half. The fox turned short back from the coverts, and as the huntsman very properly cast forward, it was some time before we got on his line. When we did, he ran us out of scent near Winderton. Rode Confidence and Bullfinch; Lady Willoughby rode Belphegor.

*March 13th, Ragley Hall.*—Found at Pearson's Wood, and ran at a hunting pace through Old Park, Three Oak Hill, Aspens Hush, just through the corner of Coughton Park, by Sambown Reins towards Rough Hill. Here the fox turned to the left, and must have waited for us in New Coppice, for the pace improved, and the pack raced him through Shurnock Banks, and on towards Inkberrow, as if the Slads was his point. He turned to the right again, and set his head for the Worcestershire woods. The hounds came to a check, and, in casting, a fresh fox jumped up in view, and away they went towards Ekenham; and, after running him one hour and a half, he entered the thick covert of Shurnock Banks, where he doubtless went to ground, but the covert was so thick, and not knowing where the earths were, I could not mark him for certain, though I heard the pack baying as if they had run to ground. Time, three and a half hours, all in the open, and at a great pace. Over thirty miles from home. Rosamond did well. Relish behaved badly. She is a confirmed hare hunter, and will have to go. Rode Baldric and Beerdrinker.

*March 15th, Upton Wood.*—Found at the Wood, and got away, and ran very pretty towards Stockton, where the smoke of the lime works obliterated all scent. Found at Graves' Bushes, near Southam (this covert wants inclosing),\* and ran at a rare pace over the grass to Wormleighton. Time, thirty minutes without a check. Here the fox began to ring, but the pack

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\* As most of us know, this has now been done, and the covert under its new name, "Welsh Road Gorse," has afforded many a fine run.



stuck to him, and ran into him in the open, just under Wormleighton Village, in the Bicester country, after a clinking run of one hour and ten minutes. Fine, cold day, and a good scent. I noticed Romeo doing a lot of good work. Rode Boulder and Bona.

*March 16th, Weston House.*—Found at Wolford Heath, ran several times round the heath, away at last, and hunted at a slow pace as far as Wolford Wood, hit on the line outside, and hunted it at a still slower pace almost as far as Evenlode Mains. Here a lucky holloa put us on good terms, and we ran hard for one hour, going as if for Adlestrop Hill; but the fox was headed, and crossed the Vale, going right through Broadwell Village, and was run into in the open close to Stow-on-the-Wold, in the middle of the Heythrop country, twenty-three miles from the kennel, and ten as the crow flies from where we found him. A fine day, with hot sun and a cold wind. Ready and Rosamond made two very good hits. Rode Confidence and Bullfinch; Lady Willoughby rode Grey Devil.\*

*March 22nd, Shutford.*—Found at Wiggington Heath, and ran a ring to ground. Found at the Sand Pit close to Wiggington, ran by Newington Osiers and by Swerford to Great Tew. Here we clashed with the Heythrop hounds. The packs joined, and we hunted the line as far as Enstone, twenty miles from home. Rode the new four-year-old (by Ripponden) and Bona.

Killed sixty-two foxes, and ran thirty-two to ground. Hunted ninety-seven days. Were stopped by frost from November 28th to December 16th; from December 16th to 22nd; from December 22nd to the 29th; from January 17th to February 5th. Stopped by dry weather from March 25th to April 2nd. No blank days, and foxes more plentiful than last season. The large entry did very well. On the whole, a very good season's sport. All the hunt servants laid up in turns; first whip with jaundice, second whip with a fall, and the huntsman two days with influenza—the first time he had missed a day from illness since he has been in the country, some twelve seasons.

During the seasons between 1875 and 1890, the following were amongst noted riders with the Warwickshire: Captain Benyon, of Neithrop House, late of the 12th Lancers; Captain Alfrey, of Hemingford; Mr. C. B. H. Whitworth, of Chadshunt; Mr. R. A. Yerburch, M.P.; Mr. W. Bouch, of Ashorne; Mr. Grazebrook, of Goldicote; Mr. E. T. Godman, Mr. Basil Hanbury, Captain Osborne, Captain Beatty, Mr. J. P. Arkwright, of Hatton; Mr. J. F. Gaskell, Captain Riddell, Mr. George Norris, Mr. W. Charters and Mr. J. Charters, of Ladbroke; Captain Pennell Elmhirst; Mr. F. Shaw, Dr. Rice, of Southam; Mr. H. T. Caine, Mr. F. Wedge, of Stretton-on-Dunsmoor;

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\* See March 11th, "Belphegor." He was a very fast horse, and had run in a lot of races. He carried Lady Willoughby splendidly for several seasons, but he hated a man on him. I have seen him stop and kick, with Lord Willoughby, in the middle of a field.—W. R. V.

Mr. John Hetherington, Mr. Ernest King, Colonel the Hon. C. Molyneux, Mr. Stirling Stewart, Mr. Hatfield Harter, Mr. Cecil Boyle, Major Greene, late of the 5th Dragoon Guards; Mr. P. A. Muntz, M.P.; Mr. Edgar Hibbert, Mr. J. W. Lowe, of Ettington; the Hon. F. Dudley Leigh, Mr. L. Ireland-Blyth, and the Rev. H. F. Knightley.

There is a lust in man no charm can tame,  
Of loudly publishing his neighbour's shame;  
On eagle wings immortal slanders fly,  
While virtuous actions are but born to die.

—*Sporting Magazine*.

Captain Allfrey, late of the 60th Rifles, has hunted for many years in Warwickshire. Notwithstanding that he rides 1st., he is a very good man to hounds. We remember on one occasion, when hunting near Oxhill, we came, as is too often the case now, to a gate locked as well as fastened at the hinges. Captain Allfrey got off his horse, and put his back against it. Soon afterwards we saw the cracks begin to open in the ground near the gate-post, and he pulled the latter clean out of the ground, and threw the gate over into the field, much in the same way as Samson probably upheaved the gate of Gaza. This required prodigious strength, and no one else hunting with the Warwickshire hounds could have done it. He has an extraordinary eye to hounds, and, for his weight, rides wonderfully light on a horse; is now hon. sec. to the Hunt, and a very popular one, too. Rents Chadshunt, and long may he live there.

Mr. C. B. H. Whitworth, when he came to the Warwickshire from Leicestershire, resided first at Bloxham, near Banbury. He afterwards took Chadshunt, the seat of Mr. E. Raleigh King, close to Kineton, where he remained for several years, when he went to Ashby St. Ledgers, in Northamptonshire. He is a bold rider, and a staunch supporter of foxhunting. He has had two very bad falls—one on the top of Ladbroke Hill in 1888, and

the other in the summer of 1895, when he sustained a fracture of the thigh.

Mr. R. A. Yerburgh, M.P. for Chester, is a well-known figure in the Midlands and Shires. He is very fond of hunting, and goes straight, though perhaps his greatest successes were won when he was just "Bob Yerburgh," of Rugby, with not many other bobs to bless himself with.

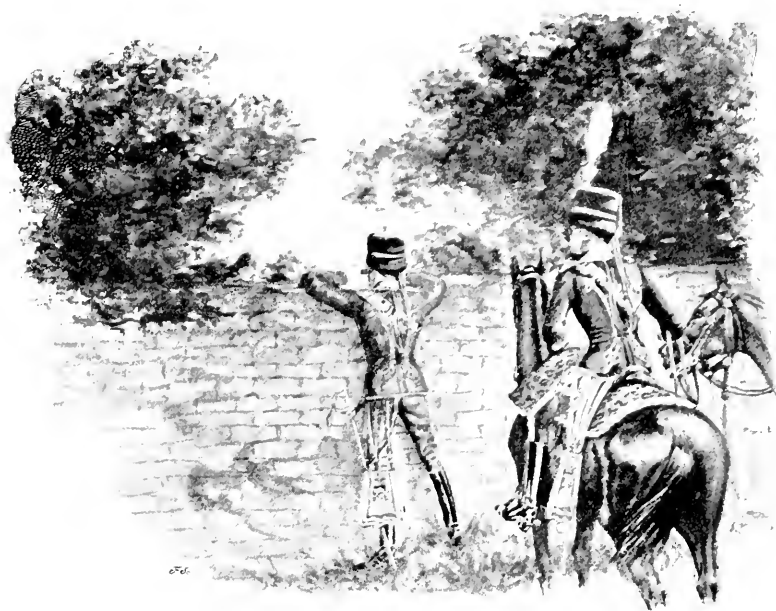
Mr. Wm. Bouch, of Ashorne, purchased this pretty little property from Mr. Pattison, who bought it from the late Capt. Nicholl. He is well known as a good judge of horses, and a successful breeder of Shire horses. He rides well-bred horses in the field, and, being a light weight, is generally in a good place. We must not omit one word of notice for Mrs. Bouch, who is as popular as she is daring, and who, in spite of a weak frame, seems able to ride any horse, and is often seen near the hounds at the close of a long day, when many stronger sportsmen and sportswomen have gone home, "wishing their boots off again."

Mr. Wm. Grazebrook hunted for some years from Goldicote, upon leaving which he went to Thenford Hall, the seat of the late Walter Severne. He is a horseman *par excellence*, and his fine figure, great strength, and perfect temper, enabled him to gain the mastery over many most awkward customers. His sister-in-law, Miss Vickers, was well known with the Warwickshire for some years, and also rode well.

The late Mr. Edmund Temple Godman hunted from Banks Fee, between Marton-in-Marsh and Stow-on-the-Wold for many years. He was most faithful to the Warwickshire, and went long distances to meet them. He came of a family of sportsmen, of which he well sustained the traditions. No kind of sport came amiss to him, and he was particularly fond of salmon fishing, while he was an excellent man of business and a practical farmer. He was a fine rider to hounds, and thoroughly understood hunting.

His friend, Mr. Henry Lloyd Baker, of Hardwicke, Gloucester, was a true *fidas Achilles* both to him and Lord

Willoughby. He hunted often from Banks Fee and Kington House, and if a fox was killed Henry Baker was sure to be there, and very often had a hand in the death of him. He seems born for the saddle and the chase, and is going now with all the freshness and keeness of a boy. Only last season (1894-95) he went down and had a day with the Cottesmore, staying with Mr. Ernest Cassel, near Leicester, and sure enough he helped to kill a fox for them after a good run. Though he rides cheap horses, they can



OVER THE GARDEN WALL.

always jump and gallop, and he has one qualification for a successful sportsman—he is always on the look out.

Mr. Basil Hanbury, of the Lodge Farm, Compton Verney, is a very fine horseman, and fears nothing, but has not hunted very regularly the last few years.

Captain Osborne, of the 13th Hussars, has hunted regularly with the Warwickshire of late years—formerly hunted from Rugby. He took Radway Grange for some time, and for one year was at the Lodge Farm, Chesterton,

but now resides at Moreton Morrell. He is very fond of hunting, and rides well, going very straight, and getting a lot of fun out of a small stud. Mrs. Osborne is now a regular *habitué* of the hunt, and rides a very good bay horse. Captain Osborne won the Pytchley "point-to-point" race some years ago. We give a sketch of the gallant captain, when his figure was a little more exact, engaged in reconnoitring duty.

Mr. Cecil Boyle, who hunted for many years from Banbury, is a very loyal supporter of the Warwickshire hounds, and a dauntless rider. It may truly be said of him that he does not know what fear is. We have often seen him ride for a certain fall in order to get into the same field with the hounds. He was formerly a famous fast bowler of the Oxford eleven.

Mr. J. P. Arkwright, of Hatton ("Johnny"), is another well-known horseman in the Midlands both over a country and between the flags. He is a worthy successor of an honoured father, who is still, we are thankful to say, going to hounds. He will be with them, and it seems to matter very little to him whether his mount cost 300*l.* or 30*l.* When once between "Johnny's" knees he has to go. He is now joint master of the North Warwickshire with Lord Algernon Percy.

Captain Riddell is more strictly a Pytchley man, but he often hunts at Shuckburgh, and when anything good turns up, Puggy Riddell is always well to the fore. On one unfortunate occasion, mentioned in this book, he was not in his usual place.

Captain Pennell Elmhirst, so well known as "Brooksby," is a very fine rider and determined horseman. No one has a better knowledge of the East side of the Warwickshire country, of which he wrote an admirable description in the *Field* amongst his many accounts of good runs, with which he still delights so many readers both at home and abroad.

Major (now Colonel) Henry C. Norris, of Swadcliffe Park, late of the 8th Hussars, resided for some years at Chalcombe,

near Banbury, where he built a house. He is a *beau sabreur*, and although his first love is his squadron, and his first care his charger and his uniform, he dearly loves the chase, of which he is a keen supporter, and he takes the greatest interest in Wiggington Heath, the Shutford Spinneys, and other coverts in the neighbourhood. His father, Mr. Henry Norris, hunted regularly for many years, and when he gave it up nothing delighted him so much as a meet at Swalcliffe Park, where all foxhunters met with a warm welcome and generous old fashioned hospitality. Mr. George H. Norris, the Colonel's brother, is a nice rider, a brilliant shot, and a too keen golfer. The Colonel's store of after dinner stories is perfectly inexhaustible, and the sporting traditions of the family are not likely to die out, as he has two fine sons, "Harry" and "Jack," who both ride well, and are very popular in the country: while his son-in-law, Mr. Arthur Davison, is a light weight, and rides well-bred horses in a good place.

We remember that when Colonel Norris was staying at Walton, the late Sir George Shuckburgh, who prided himself on telling good stories, was also there. We ascertained that the greater part of these were written down in a large book kept for the purpose, about the size of a family Bible. Finally this was exhausted, but Colonel Norris, whose good stories were told entirely from memory, continued to entertain the company with them until the end of the week, and no doubt could have gone on *ad infinitum*. Colonel Norris has taken great interest in the "Annals of the Warwickshire Hunt," and has supplied us with many valuable notes and interesting records. His initials, H. C. N., denote where he has helped us.

Messrs. Washington and James Charters hunted with the Warwickshire from Ladbroke for several seasons. They were both fine horsemen, especially the younger brother, who won the heavy-weight point-to-point race at Kington the year poor Captain Middleton was killed. He is now master of the Kildare Hounds.

Mr. David Rice, of Southam, has hunted many years in

Warwickshire, and had always a good horse, more particularly a bay and a chesnut, in his stables, which he rode well in front.

The late Mr. H. T. Caine hunted from Leamington, and rode very hard. We remember once seeing him in the Watergall Brook, and a lady jumped clean over him, horse and all.

Mr. Frederick Shaw also hunted from Leamington, and was a nice rider. He went very well in the first hour of the great run from Poolfield Osiers.

Major Chambers, R.H.A., was another keen Leamingtonian. He now resides in Yorkshire, and hunts regularly with the York and Ainsty.

Mr. John Hetherington ("Jack") had a good apprenticeship in the Roothings of Essex, which was not thrown away when his father took the historic mansion of Edstone Hall, where Somerville, the poet, resided. He was never far off when hounds ran, and has one advantage for a very forward rider, which he shared with the late Captain Middleton. He is very deaf.

At this time it was found that a badger had got into an artificial fox earth at Round Hill, at Walton, and, although the foxes continued to use it as usual, they would not breed there any more as long as the badger remained. Mr. Shirley, of Ettington, having looked at the earth, said that he could get him out with his terriers without having to dig very far. If the badger had been in an ordinary fox earth, he would, when disturbed, have gone on scratching into it to a great depth. On another occasion, it took two keepers four days to dig one out of the main earth at Friz Hill. The artificial earth had been lined with bricks in order to keep it dry and render it easy to clean out. The badger, therefore, had made a great mistake when he made his home there. Mr. Shirley had brought with him three terriers of different sizes, and had two openings made into the earth at intervals. He put the smallest of the dogs in first, and the badger, when first disturbed, no doubt moved to the farthest end of the earth, where he could face him

with his back to the wall. The dog remained under ground for a quarter of an hour, and then came out, showing marks of having been very severely handled. The next strongest dog was then put in, and he remained there for twenty minutes, and came out quite as much bitten as the first had been, without having moved the badger. Mr. Shirley then loosed his best dog into the earth, and placed himself above one of the openings, having in his hands a very thin, strong pair of nippers made like tongs. After this dog had been in the earth for ten minutes the badger began to move, and as he passed by the opening Mr. Shirley caught him by the back of the neck with the nippers, and pulled him out; he weighed 37lb. The dog last mentioned was of famous repute. Mr. Shirley gave ninety-five guineas for him, and refused a much larger sum for him. During the next spring there was a litter of cubs bred in this earth as formerly.

Some curious incidents have happened as regards people getting on the wrong horses. The late Mr. Evelyn Shirley, M.P. for South Warwickshire, was not a hunting man, but he went out riding sometimes. On one occasion he rode to attend a meeting; there were a good many others there in carriages, but not many on horseback. Notwithstanding this, he managed, being rather short-sighted, to mount another man's horse, and to ride him home without finding out his mistake, until it was pointed out to him when he dismounted at his own door.

On another occasion a well-known clergyman, who was a good shot and cricketer, although he did not appear in the hunting field, rode his only horse, a chesnut standing 15.3, to a clerical meeting. He returned on a brown horse, standing about 14.3, belonging to a reverend brother, who, in his turn, had no choice except to ride home on the first mentioned horse, not having the least idea as to whom it belonged. It is said that several days were occupied by the owners of these horses in riding about the country before they found out how to sort them, but this is not



correct, as they were very near neighbours, which made the exchange all the more ludicrous.

In the same way Leech's Mr. Briggs brought back a donkey, after going to the Derby, in exchange for his own horse, and commended him particularly to the care of his own groom.

The matter of sorting reminds me that at the time when I was at Oxford a man, belonging to Oriel College, came to dine with a friend at Christ Church, and accompanied him afterwards to a wine party, at which both of them had rather too much. Finally, the Christ Church man went with his friend in order to see him safe out of Canterbury Gate on his way back to Oriel, *but the wrong man went out!* and shortly afterwards the gate was closed for the night! The Oriel man remained in "the house," and the Christ Church man did not dare go into Oriel, but remained out for the night. Next day, when the porter of Canterbury Gate reported the matter to the Dean, he said: "If you please, Sir, the two gentlemen did not seem able to *sort themselves!*"

I remember seeing a neighbour of mine, who was a well-known good whip, get into another man's phaeton at the door at Walton, and drive it a considerable distance before he found out his mistake.—C. M.

A midshipman once rode a horse to the Derby, and stabled him in a booth. After the race was over he could not for the life of him remember which was his horse, so he had to wait till all the other horses were claimed, for fear of being taken up for horse snatching.—H. C. N.

"This character, now worn out, was the old country squire—I mean the little independent gentleman of 300*l.* a year—who commonly appeared in a plain drab or plush coat, large silver buttons, a jockey cap, and rarely without boots. His time was principally spent in hunting, shooting, &c. The mansion of one of these squires was of plaister, striped with timber, not unaptly called "callamanco" work, or of red brick, large casemented (*sic*) bow windows, and a porch, with seats in it. The hall

was furnished with flitches of bacon, and the mantelpiece with a fowling piece.”—*Sporting Magazine*, October, 1797.

Colonel Norris says the remainder of the article is very interesting.

#### SEASON 1880–81.

##### Lord Willoughby's diary (*continued*) :

First day's cubhunting, September 13th, at Chesterton Wood, at 5.30. Killed after one hour in the wood.

##### Mr. Vyner writes as follows :

That the season of cubhunting is a punishing period to a man who works hard and does his duty to his pack all huntsmen know too well, and that is the reason why so few *gentlemen huntsmen* are in the habit of cubhunting their own hounds. If a gentleman rises three or four mornings in the week two hours before daybreak, and undergoes the fatigue consequent on hunting a pack of hounds in heavy and deep woodlands, he cuts but a very moderate figure at the head of his own table, and as one or the other must be given up, why, of course, foxhunting *goes to the wall*.

We wish that Mr. Vyner could have lived to see Lord Willoughby de Broke comply with all these conditions. See also Lord Willoughby's *Badminton Magazine* article, November, 1895.

##### Lord Willoughby's diary (*continued*) :

*October 22nd, Ragley.*—Found at Weethley Wood. Blazing scent. Hounds ran over the dry fallows as if they could see the fox. One hour and thirty minutes, and raced into him in the open at Callow Hill in the Worcestershire country.

*November 16th, Wolford Village.*—Found a good fox in the gorse outside Wolford Wood, who went straight away by Tidmington, over Brailes Hill to Traitor's Ford; a seven-mile point. The hounds ran without a check to the top of Brailes Hill, then hunting became slow on the ploughs. It was a good run, and if we could have killed would have been first rate; but there never was any real scent, and the burst up to Brailes was occasioned by the fox going quite straight, and keeping the grass. Rode Bubush and Brownie.

*November 19th, Broughton Castle.*—Found at the Osiers, and away at once over the brook towards Tadmarton; the fox was headed in the road, and recrossed the brook, and ran along it as if for Wycombe Park. About two fields from the mill he crossed the brook again, and made for Harman's Gorse. Here he was headed again, and made for Bloxham Village; leaving this just on his left, he made for Wiggington Heath, and a check occurred close to Garrett's Bushes. In casting the pack, a fresh fox jumped up among them, and took them at a rare pace by Wiggington Heath and Woodhill Farm to Swerford, and on to Great Tew in the Heythrop country, where they marked him to ground, after running hard for three hours. Rode Brownie and Banshee.

## THE GRAFTON FOX.

There's a snug-lying covert, so quiet and still,  
That fringes the brow of the steep Grafton hill ;  
Where the thorn-bushes thrive, on the warm sunny bank,  
And the brambles creep far, 'midst the coarse grasses rank ;  
'Tis a residence charming, a snug hunting box,  
And the tenant at will is the game Grafton Fox.

The view from his lodge is extensive and grand,  
O'er the rich Avon vale, to the far Cotswold land,  
Where hill upon hill is piled up to the sky,  
And the summit is crowned by the tower raised on high,  
Which, far above Broadway, stands bold on its rocks—  
A landmark well known to the game Grafton Fox.

Thrice already this season he's heard Jack's shrill scream,  
Thrice already he's led us across the swift stream,  
Which, filled to the brim by a month's melting snow,  
Shows a broad silver streak in the valley below ;  
And thrice, while the cold flood soaked down to our socks,  
Has he winked his left eyelid, this game Grafton Fox.

Yes ; thrice have we chased him, and three times in vain  
Have we galloped our best o'er the snow-sodden plain,  
Through the ploughs and the fallows, so holding and deep,  
Till the nags seemed scarce able to rise to a leap,  
For the ground let us in to the knees and the hocks,  
Each time that he beat us, that game Grafton Fox.

Thrice already the Master has tried all he knew,  
And though each time the pack hunted staunchly and true,  
Yet the end has each time been precisely the same,  
For this good fox knows well every move of the game ;  
And his Lordship's remark was not quite orthodox,  
When outwitted once more by this grand Grafton Fox.

Still, long may he live in the game to take part,  
For to lose a good fox never grieves me at heart ;  
And if for the fourth time he breasts the cold tide,  
And shakes his wet brush on the Gloucestershire side,  
Though he leaves us all grounded below Welford locks,  
Yet I would not grudge life to the game Grafton Fox.

But if ever they slip away close in his rear,  
And the notes of the pack ring a knell in his ear ;  
If they turn where he turns, not less speedy than true,  
If they race on the line till they run him in view,

If they're close on his brush 'ere he reaches the flood,  
 If their hackles are up, if they're running for blood—  
 Then I'll ride all I know, though the nags shake their docks,  
 For I should like the brush of that game Grafton Fox.

HARRY L.

This poem refers to a fox they several times found at Grafton, who always crossed the Avon between Binton and Luddington.

One of the times they crossed the river Will Shepherd, the first whip, was kicked off in the middle of the swollen ford and was nearly drowned. Lord Willoughby said he thought Jack Boore would never have stopped laughing.—W. R. V.

*November 29th, Burton Toll Gate.*—Found at Burton Old Covert, ran down to Fenny Compton Village, turned short to the right, ran, leaving Farnborough on the right, over Warmington Hill, sunk the Vale on the other side, and ran straight for Wroxton Village, shortly before reaching which there were two lines; turned to the right when within one field of the village, and ran towards Shutford, leaving Claydon Hill on the right, kept on towards Wiggington Heath, on nearing which the pack swung to the right, and went as if they were going to Sibford, and left Swalecliffe on the right. The fox was now close before the hounds, but was headed in the Banbury and Shipston road, and the first real check occurred. On hitting the line off, we ran by Swalecliffe Common, and marked the fox to ground in a big drain that empties into the brook between the Common and Traitor's Ford. Twelve miles from point to point; sixteen or seventeen as hounds ran. Two hours and twelve minutes, with only one real check. Rode Black Prince and Confidence.

*December 4th, Dorsington.*—Found in a stubble field near Pelworth, raced the fox for thirty minutes, in view nearly all the time, a ring by Honeybourne Station, and ran clean into him in the open, close to where we found. Found a second fox at Crimscote Downs, ran him for fifty minutes in a wide ring through Preston Bushes, and as if for Gally Oak; but he turned to the right, and was killed in a small rabbit spout in the middle of Crimscote Downs. *The best scenting day I ever saw.* There was not a vestige of a check in either run. The pack never gave either fox the least chance, and made every turn as quick as lightning. Rode Confidence and Brownie.

*December 7th, Wolford Village.*—Found at Wolford Wood, got away towards Dunsden, ran through that and on to Aston Hales, where scent got bad owing to our changing on to a stale line. Went back to the wood, got up to one fox, and ran him hard round the wood for some time, and to ground in Leamington Coppice in view of the pack; bolted, and killed. Found at Golden Cross Gorse, and ran towards Todenham, but turned to the left, and ran by Shipston Cemetery, over the Stour, and up Brailes Hill, to ground after a very pretty thirty minutes over grass. Fine, and hot day. Rode Bona and Bandboy.

**Photograph of the Golden Cross Gorse.**

**By**

**Mr. R. O. Milne.**









The Golden Cross Gorse had been planted by Lord Camperdown at Ditchford. It was afterwards added to, and became a splendid covert and a certain find. It made a good second draw on Tuesday, which had long been much required. It is called Golden Cross because it is close to the inn of that name on the Fosse Road.

*December 16th, Lower Shuckburgh.*—Found at the hill, and after two or three turns round it the hounds got away, and, leaving Shuckburgh Village on the right, entered Calcote Spinney. They did not dwell a moment, but ran on as if for Stockton, parallel to the Southam and Daventry road. On reaching Southam they turned to the left, crossed the road, and went over a magnificent country to Ladbroke Gorse. No one got away from the hill except the huntsman and second whip, and they were thrown out by the canal, near Calcote. The consequence was that the hounds had this run of one hour to themselves. When we caught them they had thrown up two fields beyond Ladbroke, and we never crossed the fox's line again. Drew Watergall, and got on the line of two and a half couples, who had brought a fresh fox there from Ladbroke, hunted by Wormleighton and Femy Compton up to Burton Hills, where we came up to them.

A fine run, *but a sorry day* both for the establishment and the field, neither of which were really in it all day.

*December 18th, Snitterfield.*—Found at Snitterfield Bushes, and away at once over the brook, through the end of Knowles Wood and Claverdon Hangings, and leaving Austy Wood on the left, right up to the town of Henley-in-Arden, where we lost after a good hunting run of one hour and a quarter. Found again in Eggwell, and ran hard for forty minutes, and killed in the open close to Austy Wood. There was a tremendous snowstorm from 10.30 to 11.15, and a good scent afterwards. Rode Blue Peter and Bulrush.

*December 23rd, Ufton Wood.*—Not much sport. *Young King (Ernest)* rode over Merriman, and killed him.

Though he did have the misfortune to kill a hound once, "Jack" or "Half-crown" King was a good horseman and bold rider, and maintained the honour of his name in many a good run, both with the Warwickshire and the Cottesmore and the Quorn. I ought to stick up for his riding, as I helped to teach him. He had a chesnut horse his father gave him, which Mr. Holland-Corbett bought from a lady in Ireland, which was called "the best hedger in the four shires."

There is a capital story told of him, which I believe is not true, that Lord —— stole his ticket when he was asleep, on his way to some race meeting, and then

persuaded him, as he had no ticket, to get under the seat. Lord —— then gave up all the tickets, and when the collector remarked that there was one too many, said, “Oh, that belongs to our friend under the seat.” “Under the seat!” said the man, “Why there?” “Oh, he always travels like that,” answered the unabashed practical

## WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1880.

LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

NAMES,	SIREs,	DAMS,
Aconite } Actress } Active } Beacon } Beauty } Benefit }	Brocklesby Alfred	Constant (73)
Canopy } Codieil } Craftsman } Cricket }	Brocklesby Ambrose	Beeswing (74)
Fragrant } Frailty } Freedom }	Lord Coventry's Rambler	Columbine (74)
Herald } Rallywood } Ravager }	Brocklesby Glider	Countess (74)
Rebel } Royster } Rudiment }	Challenger	Reckless
Rueful } Sally } Sapphire }	Belvoir Fallible	Rosy (77)
Scaler } Scandal }	Rainbow (76)	Harmless (77)
Seeker }	Lord Coventry's Rambler	Skylark (76)
	Holderness Rebel	Ransom (77)
	Holderness Rebel	Rosemary (78)
	Pytchley Comus *	Ruin (77)
	Milton Spanker	Artful (78)
	Duke of Grafton's Silence	Comfort (75)
	Brocklesby Glider	Seamstress (76)

\* The Pytchley Comus, by Mr. Parry's Blucher—Comedy. Comedy by Duke of Grafton's Chorister—Rognish. Rognish by Tyrant—Rosamond. Mr. Parry's Blucher by Grove Bellman—Bonnybell. Bonnybell by Rufus—Baroness.

joker, “he prefers it.” Jack crawled out—and then the band played.

He won the point-to-point race at Kineton in 1888, on Mr. Basil Hanbury's “the Stag,” in gallant style.

I never saw anyone so pleased as Captain Raleigh King was.—W. R. V.

*December 24th. Radway Grange.*—Found at Miller's Gorse, away at once

along the hillside towards Warmington, sunk the hill, and went at a great pace over the Vale to Burton Hills, and on towards Burton Toll Bar, near which place the huntsman lost the fox by casting back. Found again at Angel's Piece, and away at once, and ran a capital twenty-five minutes right up to the town of Banbury. The pack went between Chamberlain's Gorse and Hanwell Spinney. They beat all the field, as the country was deep and stiff, and all the gates locked and the brook swollen. When we caught them they had thrown up in a field close to the workhouse, and we never crossed his line again.

*December 30th, Snitterfield.*—Found at Snitterfield Bushes directly, a nearly white fox with a mangy brush; two or three turns round the Bushes, then away, leaving Lingy Furlong on the right, and Lasecombe Wood on the right, and as if for Hampton Wood, turned to the right on Dairy Hill Farm, and went straight to Sear Bank. The fox tried all the earths and passed on, and made for Hatton Rock, but left that on his left, and was run into in a cart shed near Rhine Hill, after one hour, without a check. Found again at Wellesbourne Wood, had a deal of knocking about round the wood, and lost at last at Friz Hill, owing to getting on a stale line in Walton Wood. Rode Boycott and Bona.

Allusion has of necessity been made in Lord Willoughby's diary to the over preservation of game, and scarcity of foxes in consequence in certain coverts of the Hunt.

This reminds us of the following anecdote, which appears in Vyner's "*Notitia Venatica*":

Mr. Musters' hounds had killed a fox after a middling fair run, and as the horses had not had enough to take the pull out of them, and as there was no chance of finding a fresh fox, the squire put in practice the following *ruse*, not only to amuse and deceive the field, but also to lay a trap for a secondrel of a keeper, who was known to be the most remorseless *vulpecide* in the country, and who had nearly extirpated the foxes throughout the covers wherein he was that day hunting. When the hounds were breaking up their fox, he told the under-whip to put the head in his pocket, and, as soon as he had trotted on a bit, to go back to a certain spinney to the right of the place where they had killed the fox, fasten his whip-lash to it, and drag it to a cover in the neighbourhood of Oxtou Warren, about five miles distant across the country, and where there was a well-known strong head of earths which belonged to the property over which this base fellow, the keeper, presided; and upon his arrival, to poke the head as far as he could down the main earth and make himself invisible at the other end of the cover, and there wait for the arrival of the hounds.

After Mr. Musters had loitered about for some time, and drawn a few covers where he well knew he should not find a fox, and when he thought the whipper-in had got nearly to his journey's end, he suddenly remembered a very likely spinney, from which place the hounds had formerly had a good run. He threw 'em in and began to draw, and then getting forward, view halloed him away. Away they went, stems down and bristles up, running frantic for blood. The pace was, of course, first rate, and no check for one moment occurred. After a good eighteen or twenty minutes they ran to ground, and

Mr. Musters was off his horse baying his hounds on the earth. As the field came up, they one and all pronounced it the best thing since Christmas. One hard rider said it was by far the fastest of the season; another said it would have been perfect but for the death, and asked the squire if he would not dig him, as the hounds so richly deserved to taste his blood. "Why, you see," said the squire, "it is a dangerous thing to dig a fox in February, as it sometimes occurs that a heavy vixen is destroyed; we have had a capital day, the hounds have killed *once*, and I think we had better go home contented." Just as Mr. Musters was moving away from the earth with his hounds, as he had anticipated, up comes the keeper, who, with a demoniac grin and a most obsequious touch of the hat, makes his obeisance, hoping that his honour had had a good run, &c., and observing, "I suppose, sir, you have run to ground." "Yes," said the squire, "he has gone under, keeper, and I hope he is safe; I am sure you will not allow him to be disturbed. Now, pray don't let anybody destroy him by a trap, or try to dig him out on any account." The villain assured him that the fox should be allowed to escape, and that no one should disturb him. "That's right, keeper," rejoined Mr. Musters, "I can depend on you, and I *am sure* you won't kill him. Good night." And away they all went home, not a single soul being in the secret but the master and his whipper-in.

As soon as the squire had arrived at home, changed his hunting coat for a shooting jacket, and his hunter for a hack, he cantered back some ten miles to the earth to see how it would all turn out. He arrived at the gate leading into the cover just at the close of day, when that beautiful and serene half hour occurs between daylight and the first shades of evening coming on, and which, during a fine February, is peculiarly striking to the admirers of the beauties of nature. How changed is the scene from what it was but two short hours before, when the old oaks rang with the melody of the hounds, the notes of the horn, and the manly death halloo of the master of the pack! But now all is as still as death, and as silent as that grave to which, poor man! he has been consigned. Not a sound was to be heard, excepting perhaps the rustling of the timid rabbit as it hopped out to feed in the wood ride, or the well known "chink, chink, chink," of the blackbird as he mobbed the brown owl, or amorously wooed his newly-mated partner to the sheltered roosting place. No other sound could be heard as he quietly walked his hack along the grassy ride of the sheltered woodland. In a short time he approaches the little knoll where the earths are situated, and pulls up his horse to listen and reconnoitre before he proceeds to the spot. A strange kind of subterranean sound is heard of voices and the moving of earth, and it is at once evident that matters are pretty much as he had expected to find them. In a second, in a long and deep trench, resembling a sawpit, stripped to their shirts, and delving as if they were on a voyage of discovery to the Antipodes, might be seen the vagabond keeper and his three assistants. They seemed mighty well pleased with their work. "We shall soon have hold of 'un," says one. "Dom him, but I can wind him down this spout as I have just opened," says another. "Wait a bit," says the keeper, "while I go and cut a long rose-briar to poke down the hole and comb his jacket a bit, just to see where he is," for they were trying to dig the fox without a dog, as luck would have it, and, suiting the action to the word, out of the trenches he scrambles, and is at once confronted with *him* whom, of all others, his satanic majesty not excepted, he not only would much rather not have met, but whom

he hoped and believed was safely ensconced by his own fireside at Colwick. He was quite taken aback. "Well, keeper," says Mr. Musters, "I see you are quite a man of your word. You promised to have the fox taken care of, and I see you are carrying out your intentions most *honestly*." "Why, yes, sir," stammered out the *confounded* keeper, "there be so many fox killers about here, I was afeard some one would catch him, so I thought it better to dig 'un out and bring 'un over to you at the kennels." "But you are giving yourself a great deal of unnecessary trouble," says the squire, "with all this digging. I should have thought that a man who had dug so many foxes as you have knew better how to get one out of the ground than this. Bring your spade here, and I think I can throw a little light on the subject." And with these remarks he ordered the fellow to clear the main mouth of the earth, which had been carefully stopped up with soil to prevent poor reynard from bolting, and, stooping down, with the hook of his hunting whip he drew out the fox's head. "There, keeper," said the squire, "That is the fox you have been digging for, and that is the only fox within three miles of this place, for you have killed them all. I have always thought you the greatest rogne and liar in this part of the world, and to-day I have proved you to be so. I hope you will act more honestly to me for the future." And, after making the men fill in the trenches and put the earth to rights, he galloped home to his dinner.

To the Warwickshire keepers we are much indebted for the excellent preservation of foxes in the country. We give a few of their names. *Imprimis*, Jesse Eales, Lord Willoughby's keeper at Compton Verney. Eales is a well-known character. He was born at Combroke, where he was noted as being the most mischievous boy in the village. He served for some years in the Birmingham police, where his beat was so dangerous that he was allowed to carry what he called a "cutlash" (cutlass). He returned to Compton, and took the second place under old Enoch, and has remained there ever since. He is well known to all the gentlemen of the Hunt, and his dry sayings and universal and varied information make him a great favourite and a capital companion. He always has some answer ready, generally to the point. I introduced my wife to him, and said: "This is Eales, and he taught me most things I know about sport." "Yes, ma'am, and a great many things as Mr. Verney didn't ought to know, either," was the answer. He has one great recommendation for a keeper—he is desperately fond of hunting. He is also a great politician. John Creed, the keeper at Chesterton, is also deservedly popular. He has not so much to say as

Eales, but what he says is always to the point, and no one in England knows more of the rearing and preservation of game and the habits of foxes. We have already mentioned his brother, the late Thomas Creed, who was succeeded at Wroxton by Wm. Barber, and then by Wm. Rooker, who is a very keen fellow, and a good fox-man. Wm. Butler, at Walton, always had heaps of foxes, till the mange decimated the coverts. His brother looks after Watergall, Ladbroke, and the Welsh Road Gorse, and does it well. Their father, old Butler, of Pillerton, is a capital man for a fox, and though the coverts on the Rev. Henry Mills' property are small, they are generally a sure find. He is another old character, and it is most amusing to go out shooting with Mr. Frank Mills and him, for when Mr. Mills wants a covert beaten one way, Butler wants it beaten the other, and *vice versâ*. Old Smith, the keeper at Birdingbury, is one of the best. He looks after Debdale, and everyone knows how keen he is that we should always find a wild fox there. One day he was out shooting with the tenant, and he disappeared for two hours. When asked where in the world he had been, he said, with great surprise: "Why, didn't you hear the hounds?" He could not understand anyone going on shooting when hounds were about. Though he came much later on, there is a first-class keeper, James Bearman, at Shuckburgh. He is not afraid to show himself at the meet at Lower Shuckburgh, for he knows that he has always done his best that a good fox should be found in the Hill, or at Caldecott Spinney. Mr. Freeman Mitford's and Sir Pery Pole's keepers, at Wolford and Todenham, are good preservers; and though the mange is a dire disease that no one can contend against, there are no better, stauncher keepers for fox-hunting in any other county in England than those in Warwickshire.

At a meeting of subscribers to the Warwickshire hounds and owners of coverts (adjourned from January 19th on account of the deep snow), and held on January 29th, 1881, Lord Willoughby de Broke informed the

meeting that hunting the country cost him more than 2000*l.* a year over and above the subscription he received, and that he could not continue to hunt the country unless 600*l.* more was subscribed, or some other arrangement made.

The members present came to the conclusion that it would be impossible to raise the sum.

Lord Willoughby proposed not to keep a paid huntsman (which would save 700*l.* a year), and to hunt the hounds himself, with a subscription of 1700*l.* a year.

Proposed by Sir C. Mordaunt and seconded by H. W. Allfrey, Esq.: "That Lord Willoughby de Broke's offer be accepted." Carried unanimously.

Lord Willoughby de Broke asked Sir Charles Mordaunt to act as master in the field, and to keep the field in order when he was hunting the hounds. Sir C. Mordaunt promised to do so.

Letters were received from many owners of coverts and subscribers to the hounds, who were not able to attend the meeting, agreeing to Lord Willoughby de Broke's proposal to hunt the hounds himself, if the extra money could not be raised.

*January 6th 1881, Lower Shuckburgh.*—Fine and very cold. Found at Calcote Spimey, ran up to the hill, and away towards Priors Marston, right round the village, and lost close to Byfield Reservoir, after running one hour and ten minutes. The fox most likely went to ground, as there was a drain open, into which the Bicester had often run to ground; but we could not mark him. Found again at Watergall, and ran by Knightcote, over Burton Hills, by Harbage's Farm and Old Leys, and across to Radway, and lost between there and Kinton Holt, after running one hour and a quarter. Rode Bona and Brownie.

*January 31st, Compton Verney.*—The first day after a very severe frost. The snow drifts were very deep, Pittern Hill being quite full of it up to the top of the hedges. Several people lost their lives at the top of Edge Hill by being lost in the snow. The Avon frozen over, and people skated from Barford to Warwick. Had a lot of ringing about with bad foxes. The riding still very bad.

*February 3rd, Chesterton Windmill.*—Found at Whitnash Gorse, ran through Highdown, by Tachbrook to Warwick Park: twenty-five minutes, very pretty. No check here, but ran out of the park again, over the Sewage Farm, and to ground close to Shrublands and to the town of Leamington, after a very good forty-five minutes. Found several foxes in Itchington Holt; away towards Chesterton Wood, turned to the left, and bent as if for Bishop's Gorse; turned to the left again, and ran through Chadshunt Coppice,

and back again to Itelington; away again directly, and ran towards Bawentt's Covert, turned to the left, and ran through Gaydon Coppice, round Gaydon Village, and back again to the Holt, where we gave it in, as we had been running two hours and a half. All the horses were beat, and there were several fresh foxes on foot. A very mild, showery day, and good scent. Rode Black Prince and Confidence.

*February 4th, Wroxton Village.*—Very mild and showery. Found at Claydon Hill, ran towards Broughton Castle, left it on the right, and made as if for Bodicote, but turned back when near Banbury, and went as if for Withycombe, but the fox was headed, and crossed the Banbury Road, and made for Chamberlain's Gorse; nearing this covert he turned again, and crossed the Banbury and Warwick road, as if Chalcombe was his point; but stout as he was, the dogs were stouter, and killed him in the canal, just where the Great Western Railway crosses it, after running one hour and a quarter. Chaser brought him to land like a retriever. Found a ringing brute at White's Bushes, and killed him in Radway Village, after running three-quarters of an hour. The dog hounds hunted very well indeed. Rode Belphegor and Brownie.

*February 10th.*—Ran a tremendous pace from Ladbroke to Shuckburgh in only seventeen minutes, and killed.

*February 14th, Barford.*—Very wet and cold day. Found in Warwick Park, ran over the river, across the park, and away across the Stratford and Warwick road, and right up to Hampton-on-the-Hill; turned to the right, and crossed the Great Western Railway close to Hatton Asylum. Here the express train dashed into the pack, and killed Roguish and Rudiment. The hounds, who had beat the horses, as we were not able to get out of the park quick enough, came to a check near Hatton Junction, and when we hit the scent off we could not do much, though we kept on the line of the fox for a long time, and were eventually run out of scent close to Haseley. Rode Belasis and Bulrush.

*February 17th.*—Ran at a racing pace for twenty-five minutes from Ladbroke to Boddington Hill.

*February 19th, Dorsington.*—Drew Gally Oak, Mickleton Wood, Stoke Wood, Foxcote, Blackwell Bushes, and Crimsote Downs all blank. The first blank day I ever remember in Warwickshire, and I hope it may be the last.

*February 25th, Broughton Castle.*—Found the third fox at Claydon Hill, and ran him over Shutford Hills, leaving Swalecliffe on the left, up to Wiggington. He was headed by some foot people, and did not enter the covert, but held on for Bloxham, and crossed the new railway into the Heythrop country. Here we came to a long check, owing to the fox having lain down close to us. A lucky holloa put us right, and the pack raced him back to Tadmarton Villa, and killed him just under the house, after a good hunting run of one hour and twenty minutes.

*March 3rd, Lower Shuckburgh.*—Very cold, and tremendous high east wind. Found at Shuckburgh Hill, and went away close to a fox. The bitches pointed at first to Catesby, but swung to the right, and passed Priors Marston on the left, as if they meant Ladbroke, but rather bent to the left, and left Priors Hardwick on the left, and went straight to Boddington Hill. Forty minutes without a check or touching a ploughed field. Viewed the fox into and out of Boddington Gorse, and for six or seven fields he was no more than forty or fifty yards before the pack. They crossed the Great Western



Railway and the canal near Wormleighton Reservoir. This stopped the horses, and when we got over we expected to find that the pack had eaten their fox; but not a bit, they were not in sight. I caught them at Clattercote Reservoir; here they turned short to the right, and went through Mollington Wood, and across the Vale to Warmington Wood, where the pack marked the fox to ground in the main earth; twelve miles as the crow flies from where they found, and every hound there, *but not every horse*. Out of a field of two hundred we numbered twenty at the finish, when all the stragglers had come up. The second horses never found us, so we had to go home. The time was about one hour and a half. One of the finest runs ever seen. Rode Confidence. Orvis rode Beaconsfield. (See Map, p. 332, Vol. I., run printed in red ink.)

### From Sir C. Mordaunt's diary :

*March 3rd, Lower Shuckburgh.*—Very cold day, with a very strong north-east wind blowing, and freezing one degree all the time. I walked about for as much time as there was to spare at the meet, after driving, to get warm. Found at Shuckburgh Hill, and went away at once, and ran at first as if for Catesby, and thence to the right of Priors Marston and Priors Hardwick, straight to Boddington Hill. Up to this time eight miles straight was done in forty minutes without a check. When close to Boddington Gorse the fox jumped up in view of the pack, and for some time they ran him nearly in view. They next crossed the Great Western Railway and the canal, which stopped those who were with them, all except Mr. Yerburch, who was for some time alone with them. He crossed the canal by a bridge on the right of where the hounds went over, but the remainder of us went round to a bridge on the left of them; when we caught them they were running as hard as ever near Clattercote Reservoir. They then turned to the right, and ran through Mollington Wood and over the Vale to ground at Warmington Wood. The distance, eleven miles as the crow flies, was traversed in an hour and twenty minutes, and the hounds were never out of a grass field. The master, Mr. Yerburch, Mr. Stirling Stewart, Mr. Caine, Charles Orvis, Jack Boore, C. Mordaunt, and two others were with the hounds during the run, and about as many more out of a large field came up after the finish of a run such as is only seen once during many years. As hounds ran the distance was sixteen miles. Rode Blue Peter.

### A GALLANT RESCUE.

A letter from Gibraltar of March 5th states : “ We very nearly had a fatal accident here yesterday (March 4th) returning home from hunting. A young lady (Miss Hippesley), who had partaken of the sport, wished to return home. Mr. North, eldest son of the Hon. William North, formerly of the 2nd Life Guards, volunteered to escort her. In attempting to cross a ford (she being in advance), she unfortunately mistook it, and got into deep water. She, however, managed to swim her horse over, but on the landing side the bank was perpendicular, and

her horse fell back with her. Her habit got hitched in the crutch of the saddle, and there she was, with her head downwards, with the horse plunging in deep water. Young North, without a moment's hesitation, jumped off his horse, plunged in, and swam over to her, some forty yards, and at great risk unhitched her habit, got her on his back, and swam back with her."

Mr. W. F. J. North was for some years a most familiar figure in the Warwickshire hunting field, and none more welcome to all classes. We hope soon to see him again amongst us. He is fond of the chase, and though not a thrusting rider, has, like his father, a wonderful notion of the run of a fox and the way about. He is a capital cricketer, and good at all sport. His wife, the Hon Mrs. North, is a brilliant horsewoman; no lady looks nicer on a horse, and very few ride better to hounds.

Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary :

*March 17th, Upton Wood.*—Found at Debdale, and ran with a very bad scent to Calcote. Found at Shuckburgh Hill, and ran round by Flecknoe, and back to ground in the Garden Wood. Found again at the hill, and ran across to Hellidon, and on for Griffin's Gorse; did not enter the gorse, but turned to the right, and went down to Byfield Reservoir, where the fox tried the drain; finding it stopped, he turned back, and went by Byfield Village, and I stopped the pack at Charwelton, having two lines before me, and all the horses beat. A good hunting run of two hours. Rode Bayleaf\* and Banshee.

Lord Willoughby de Broke hunted the hounds himself on this day.

Hunted on 108 days; killed seventy-six foxes, and ran thirty-five to ground.

At the annual meeting of subscribers to the hounds, held at Wellesbourne on April 5th, the usual vote of thanks was passed to Lord Willoughby for the handsome manner in which he had hunted the country, and the sport he had shown, and the sum of 1800*l.* was guaranteed to him for hunting the country during the ensuing season.

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\* Bayleaf was a good horse, and you could ride him anywhere. He was afterwards the property of Mr. W. G. Marshall, and he crossed the stiff Cottesmore country with the same ease and safety to the rider that he did Warwickshire.—W. R. V.

Charles Orvis left at the end of the season, and became huntsman to the Holderness hounds.

Jack Boore became kennel huntsman as well as first whip; in both capacities he was most successful; he turned the pack out in faultless condition, and he was a very bold dashing rider, and nearly always in the right place. He was most civil and obliging at all times, and was the *beau ideal* of an excellent servant.

John Boore has sent us the following characteristic notes from a keen sportsman, an excellent servant—a man of action and work, and not of many words:

This is a short account of my hunting life, as near as I can remember, for I never kept a diary. I was born at Grinsill, a village near Lee Bridge Kennels, in Shropshire. I first took service for two seasons with Sir Vincent Corbet, who kept harriers at Acton Reynell, near Shrewsbury. I was then about fifteen, so I was entered early. After two years I left, as I thought I should prefer being with foxhounds, and went to the Ledbury with Mr. Charles Morrell for two seasons as second whip. I then left, and went to the South Staffordshire as first whip and K.H. with Captain J. M. Browne\* at Moat Bank Kennels, near Lichfield, for two seasons. I left there in May, 1876, to go to the Warwickshire hounds, under Lord Willoughby, and there I was in many a good gallop. The best horse I had was called Brummagem, but I rode a great many good ones. I rode him in that good run (mentioned by Lord Willoughby de Broke in his article in the *Badminton Magazine*, November, 1895) from Ladbroke to Napton. At the finish his lordship told me that I never would ride better in any run than I did in that. I thought, perhaps, I should never ride a better horse.

As to accidents, I think I had my share with broken ribs, and bent and splintered ribs, and sprained ankles and wrists, but the worst I had was at Shuckburgh, when I was detained at Dr. Rice's, at Southam, all night. Then I had concussion of the brain. One day during Orvis's time we were out exercising, and I was riding a mare that ran away with me; I came off, and sprained my ankle and cut my left elbow open, and Will Shepherd carried me home from the kennels on his back.

As to the breeding and conditioning of hounds, I think his lordship would be the best judge as to my qualifications in that respect, but my opinion for conditioning hounds is time and patience, and plenty of slow work, and the most important thing is for a huntsman to feed his own hounds, and also cleanliness in kennel. It was always my study to do the best I could with hounds, and to turn them out to give satisfaction if possible, and every hound

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\* Major J. M. Browne was the owner of Hall Court, who ran second for the Liverpool in Alcibiade's year, with the owner up. Jack Boore used often to ride the old horse with the hounds. One day they came to a nasty rail in a corner, near a canal or a bridge. The field were crowding round it, when Jack, from behind exclaims, "Let those go who can." "Hark to my d——l," said the Major. Room was made, and over went Jack on the old hero.—W. R. V.

that is in the Warwickshire kennels up to the present has passed, I believe, through my hands, and that was what grieved me most in leaving them. I do not expect ever to take so many prizes with winners at Peterborough again—in nine years, fifty firsts, and nine seconds—but perhaps someone may do the like again for his lordship. I look upon the presentation I received from the kind friends in Warwickshire as *my one great prize*, though they came generously to my assistance when I lost nearly all my savings in “Greenway’s” bank.

Charles Lowman continued to be second whip. He came from the South Oxfordshire (Lord Macclesfield), and went to be first whip to the Goodwood hounds in 1883. He afterwards hunted them till they were sold, and the country given up in 1895. He was a very nice, quiet rider, and had a wonderful good idea of the run of a fox, and often gave Lord Willoughby assistance at a critical moment. He is now huntsman to the Old Berkeley Hounds.

From the time when Lord Willoughby de Broke became master in 1876 until the end of the season of 1884, with the exception of two long frosts, there were eight seasons of continuous fine sport. This was mostly to be attributed to the excellence of the pack; their condition, and pace, and hunting powers were a match for the stoutest fox. At the same time there were other causes which materially assisted hunting. The Hares and Rabbits Bill was passed; previous to that time the hounds had to hunt amongst hundreds of hares, but within a short time they became so diminished that comparatively few crossed the scent when hunting. Lord Willoughby also took the greatest pains to break his young hounds from riot when at exercise and cubhunting. Besides which they got plenty of blood, and that, as Bob Worrall showed, makes hounds steady. In 1879 the cattle disease broke out, and not only the greater part of every flock of sheep died, but the horned cattle as well. Throughout the entire Vale, from Wolford Wood to the river Leam, the fields were for three seasons nearly empty, and there was hardly anyone in them to head a fox. *This is very sad to relate*, but it was much to the advantage of hunting. Soon afterwards, to make matters worse, the agricultural

**Jack Boore.**  
**From a portrait by**  
**W. Coaten.**





J. Moore





depression set in ; prices and rents went down together, and the agricultural interest appears never to be likely to recover from it.

### THE LAMENT OF THE SQUIRES.

Broke ! broke, broke,  
Are the lords of the soil and the squires ;  
And alas ! that my tongue should utter,  
The thoughts that arise in the Shires.

O, bad for the nobleman's son,  
When his stud is to Tattersall's sent !  
O, bad for the squire, too,  
When his tenants can pay him no rent !

And the eager crowds go on  
To Ascot and Newmarket still ;  
But Oh ! for the touch of the vanished coin,  
And the sound of the gold in the till.

Broke ! broke, broke,  
Are the lords of this cold, clay land ;  
And slender's the chance that the money lost  
Will ever come back to hand.

C. M.

### SEASON 1881-82.

#### Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary (*continued*) :

First day of cubhunting on August 30th, at Snitterfield Bushes at 5 o'clock.

*September 10th, Snitterfield Bushes.*—Tremendous hard morning. Found at half-past six o'clock, and ran in the Bushes till half-past twelve, and killed an old fox. The hounds ran very well and stout, and the entry all did well. Banish and Bluecap amongst the young ones, and Herald and Audibly did well among the entered hounds. The hounds were just eleven hours out of kennel.

*October 29th, Shutford.*—When near Shutford Clump a fox crossed close to the pack, and away they went, leaving Tadmarton on the left, and Bloxham on the left, and I stopped them at last in the Heythrop country, close to a place called Barford, as the horses were beat. A seven-mile point, and a very good run. Duchess, Dexter, and Clasher did well, so did Silence.

#### First day of open hunting.

*October 31st, Thelsford.*—Found at Fir Tree Hill, ran along the brook side between Newbold Pacey and Ashorne, up to Lighthorne Rough, through that and Hell Hole, and Moreton Wood, and down to Ashorne again, and as if for Oakley, but turned to the right, and went back again by Piper's

Bath to Bishop's Gorse, and lost near there. Found again at Bishop's Gorse, and ran to Oakley Wood, out again, and stopped them near Foss Farm. Galloping and jumping all day, never a real scent; but the hounds did well, ran when they got a chance hard, and hunted well and steady. Clasher, Rasper, and Banish did well. Rode Confidence and King Koffee.

From the *Leamington Spa Courier*, November 5th, 1881:

The Warwickshire opened the season on Monday, the trysting place being at Thelsford. The weather was fine, and a brilliant company gathered around the well-known rendezvous. As usual, the pack is in splendid condition, the noble master (Lord Willoughby de Broke) having spared no pains or personal trouble in getting it into trim, and as foxes are plentiful a first-rate season is generally expected. Unfortunately Lady Willoughby de Broke was not present, but several ladies graced the meet with their presence, and the field included Lord Ribblesdale, Sir Charles and Lady Mordaunt, General Bloomfield, Colonel and Miss Ashton, Captain Blackwood, Captain Jennings, Mr. H. W. Allfrey, the Misses Allfrey (3), Captain Starkey, Mr. H. Spencer Lucy (ex-M.F.H.), Mr. Berkeley Lucy, Mr. J. Rose, Mr. Everard, Mrs. Grenfell, Mr. Grazebrook, Mr. John T. Arkwright, Mr. H. Lupton, Mr. John Griffin, Mr. Chambers, Mr. H. Ford, Mr. Hobson, Mr. J. E. L. Boulton, Mr. J. D. Barbour, &c. The hounds were first put into a covert near Charlecote Park, but without success. Fir Tree Coverts were drawn with better luck. The welcome "Gone away" was soon heard, and it was found that a fox had bolted for Ashorne. He then stood on for Moreton; and, rattling through the village, made for and through Lighthorne Rough. There another fox jumped up, and the hounds gave chase. He dashed away to Hell Hole, and raced away for Moreton Wood. Leaving Newbold Pacey on the left, he sped over the Moreton Meadows, and doubled back to Lighthorne Rough. Quitting the Rough he visited Bishop's Gorse, and eventually saved his brush. In the first run they had a very smart and quick fifteen minutes from the Fir Tree Hill. Lord Willoughby de Broke was warmly complimented on the appearance of the pack, and on the result of the first day's meet.

#### THE FIRST MEET OF THE WARWICKSHIRE HOUNDS IN 1881.

Lord Willoughby of Compton,  
By fifty gods he swore,  
That Warwickshire by huntsmen paid  
Should not be hunted more.  
By fifty gods he swore it,  
And named the opening day:  
And so the fixtures were sent forth,  
East and west, and south and north,  
To forward and away.

East and west, and south and north,  
O'er hill and grassy dale,  
The eager hunting men ride forth  
To Thelsford in the vale.

Shame on the craven sportsman  
Who idly stays away,  
When the Lord of Compton Verney  
Hath once proclaimed the day.

Far and near, the joyful throng  
Flock in from all the quarters,  
Where Avon's stream, the Stour and Leam,  
Roll down their muddy waters.  
From Banbury, and the country  
Where Edge Hill Tower looks down,  
And from the Alcester woodland,  
The Spa, and Stratford Town.

From stately hall and abbey,  
Which monks of old did found ;  
And which the stalwart oak and elm,  
Or sluggish moat surround.  
They come from town and country,  
The farmer and the peer,  
Tradesman and publican and squire,  
Alike are equal here.

From Ladbroke and the valley,  
Twixt there and lofty Brailes,  
From Shipston and from Wolford,  
As far as Aston Hales,  
And heights of Ilmington, from whence  
The herdsmen may descry  
The distant haze of Shuckburgh Hill  
Against the eastern sky.

And now we greet the Master,  
And think we may foretell  
He is the man to show the field  
The sport he loves so well.  
That he is no carpet knight  
We know from record past ;  
Hunting, to him, means nought but that,  
As long as day shall last.

He rightly thinks the only sport  
Is that which always brings  
The greatest pleasure to the most—  
Truly, the sport of kings.

His heart is with his hounds, and burns  
To be, nor place to yield,  
Like knight of yore, straight to the fore,  
With them in every field.

Around the Master's hunter,  
All black, and white, and tan,  
The dog hounds group, whose looks proclaim  
Their pedigree and famous name,  
Catch them who may or can !  
These five-and-twenty couples  
Can hunt, and race, and stay,  
As did their sires at Belvoir born,  
And dams from Brocklesby and Quorn,  
Throughout the longest day.

Behold, in costume varied,  
The many ladies fair ;  
Some drive themselves in dog-carts,  
And others with a pair.  
Some are for a quiet ride,  
Others have set no bounds  
To their ambition, and can go  
Straight as a line to hounds.

Who are these in black and grey ?  
Erst at meets in plenty.  
These few are they who are, alas !  
The remnant of a splendid class,  
But now count hardly twenty.  
The yeomen and the farmers,  
Old England's bone and sinew,  
They from the straight line never swerve ;  
Of all who do the fox preserve,  
They most our boundless thanks deserve  
Shall hunting still continue.

Well nigh two hundred horsemen  
Are there in pink and black,  
Who on wheels have done the distance,  
Or on a cantering hack.  
And quite as eager as the rest  
To take part in the fray,  
A large contingent are on foot,  
Out for a holiday.

Now scan the field ; a chosen few  
 Are those, who can aspire  
 To hold their own among the best  
 In this or any shire.  
 And well-bred useful horses  
 Are here of every style,  
 The hunter old, and the young one bold,  
 Brought from the Emerald Isle.

This day is not recorded  
 As good in annals past,  
 Yet the first meet at Thelsford  
 Will in remembrance last ;  
 Because it was the herald,  
 Of years of brave delight,  
 And oft we ride those runs once more  
 On a long winter's night.

C. M.

Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary (*continued*) :

*November 1st, The Golden Cross.*—Found at Aston Hales after drawing Golden Cross Gorse blank ; fox went to ground directly. Found at Dunsden, ran, leaving Aston Hales to the left, over the railway nearly to Batsford, but swung round to the right, and took a turn round part of the North Cotswold country, and got up to the fox in a small covert, and raced him to Aston Hales, and killed him after a good forty minutes. Found again at Wolford Wood, and, after one turn round it, ran up to Adlestrop Hill, and stopped then, as it was late. Asenath did well.

*November 3rd, Lower Shuckburgh.*—Found at Calcote, ran very fast up to the hill, and killed. Got away on good terms with the second fox from the laurels, but he ran the Southam and Daventry road for more than a mile, which threw us behind. When he left the road he crossed the brook, and went nearly to Staverton, but turned to the left, and went clean round Braunston Gorse without going into it, and recrossed the brook, and went to ground in a drain about a mile from the covert, after a good hunting run of one hour. Clasher and Artifice did well. Ringleader made a good hit. Rode Banshee and Beaconsfield.

As this was the first occasion on which Lord Willoughby de Broke hunted the hounds himself at Shuckburgh, the following note will be of interest :

On Saturday, December 2nd, 1842, Mr. Drake's hounds were advertised to meet at Lower Shuckburgh.

On March 23rd and November 18th, 1844, the year the present Lord Willoughby was born, the Warwickshire hounds, under the mastership of Mr. R. Barnard, were advertised to meet at Lower Shuckburgh. This fixes the

date of the transfer of the coverts pretty accurately. We have heard that it arose in this wise : A friend of ours has told us that a man named Catebread, an old man living at Culworth, who used to run with the hounds, recollects the morning when Mr. Drake's hounds were advertised to meet at Shuckburgh, but they never came. Sir Stukeley Shuckburgh, then in possession of the estates, disappointed at their not coming, was so angry, that he swore Mr. Drake's hounds should never draw his coverts again, and the next time Mr. Drake came he found the gates locked.

We believe one reason of old Mr. Drake's (and when we say old Mr. Drake, we mean the father of our Squire Drake) giving up Shuckburgh was the immense distance it was from his kennels.

*November 8th. Whatcote.* — Found two foxes in Honington Grove, chopped one, and got away on bad terms with the other, and ran him round by Honington and into Hell Brake, where we got on terms with him, and ran him to ground near Kirby. Found again at Oxhill Gorse, and ran at a great pace towards Ettington, but turned to the right, and went by Pillerton Gorse, a turn right round Oxhill Village, through Pillerton Gorse again, and out as if for Combroke; but turned short back, and went over the Oxhill brook, and by Honington, and ran into the fox in the middle of a large grass field, beating all the horses by a quarter of an hour. Nothing left of the fox but his head when we got up. Time, one hour and a half, without a single check or hesitation. Rode the Brigand and Bessemer. A very good scent.

*November 10th. Upton Wood.* — Found at Debdale, and after a turn round the covert the hounds settled down to their fox, and raced him as hard as they could go into the earths in Lester's Piece in the North Warwickshire country. Found again at Ladbroke, got away towards Nunn's Bushes, but turned short back and went over Ladbroke Hill, and up to Napton; but the fox turned from the canal, and crossed the Southam Road as if for Calcote Spinney. He was headed, and recrossed the road, and went for Ladbroke. At the Gorse near the Welsh Road hounds threw up, and we never crossed his line again. A very good thirty-five minutes. Rode Beaconsfield and Banshee.

*November 14th. Gaydon Inn.* — Drew Nunn's Bushes blank. Found at Watergall, ran towards Ladbroke, did not go into the covert, but turned to the right as if for Priors Marston, but after a ring the fox entered the covert after a good twenty-eight minutes. He went out the other side, took a short turn round, and went in again to ground. Found again at Bawcutt's Covert, ran towards Knightcote Village, but swung to the left towards Bishop's Itchington, kept turning to the left, and went through Itchington Holt, and left Verney's Gorse on the left, and ran into him in the open just above Lighthorne Village. A very pretty forty minutes. Rode Brigand and Banshee.

For several seasons before he took to hunting the hounds altogether, Lord Willoughby used to carry the horn himself on an extra day, Saturday, in the Alcester country and the country beyond the Avon. His whips were Will Shepherd and Jack Boore, and they had very good sport and killed a good many foxes. He used to drive the hounds down in a four-horse van lent him by Sir William Throckmorton—for the East and West, though made, was not running then. It made a very hard day's work, and I have heard Lord Willoughby say that his old white horse, who was a very high stepper, nearly wore out a pair of shoes before he got to Alcester and back.—W. R. V.

In 1809 the value of rabbit wool for making hats was stated to be 250,000/. This is a curious comparison with what it is now worth, when the country has become full of rabbits.

*November 21st, Wellesbourne.*—Found the second fox at Bishop's Gorse, ran at a great pace to Chesterton Wood, just skirted the top of it, and ran over Ewe Field, and left Itchington Holt on the right; kept straight on, leaving Knightcote on the left, and came to the first check close to Fenny Compton after a splendid forty minutes. The fox turned to the left, and crossed the Great Western Railway, and went nearly to Watergall, but turned from that, and went nearly to Wormleighton House, but was headed from that and went straight to Ladbroke, right through that, and we stopped the pack at dark on the top of Ladbroke Hill, pointing for Ufton Wood, after a very fine run of one hour and twenty minutes. Rode Brigand and Bandboy. Only about a dozen people anywhere near the hounds; quite a hundred had no idea which way they went.

*November 25th, Radway Grange.*—Drew Miller's Gorse blank. Found at the Oaks, and ran up to Bacchus' Buildings, but some people at the top of the hill headed our fox, and he went back to the Oak Fields, out at the other side, and was lost in a storm of rain close to Pillerton Gorse after a good hunting run of one hour. Found again at Oxhill Gorse, and away as if for Pillerton, but turned short back, and went between Tysoe and Compton Wynyates and over the dingle straight into the main earths at Shutford Clump. A seven-mile point at a good hunting pace all through. It rained all day. Rode Brigand and Black Prince.

*December 1st, Ragley.*—Found at Lady's Wood, and after ringing about the park for some time we got away towards Salford, and ran through Weethley, Three Oak Hill, Cold Comfort, Billingbro', Coughton Park, and along the side of the railway to Rough Hill. In casting about, a fresh fox got up in New Coppice, and the hounds ran him a ring of forty minutes in the open in the Worcestershire country, then back through Coughton Park, Three Oak Hill, Old Park, Thornhill, and we lost him among the deer in

Ragley Park, after as hard a day as I ever saw. Left five and a half couples out. Amulet was killed on the railway. Rode Confidence and Bryan.

*December 6th, Lower Pillerton.*—Found at Oxhill Gorse, and away as if for Idlicote; but turned to the left at Tysoe Village, turned again to the

## WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1881.

LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

NAMES.	SIRE.	DAMS.
Ambient } Amice † } Amity * } Amulet * } Banger } Basker } Baneful } Banish § } Bluceap ..... Bruiser ..... Choral ..... Colonel ..... Florence ..... Gainful } Garland } Nonsuch ..... Notary ..... Pleader .....	The Grove Reginald .....    The Belvoir Brusher .....   The Belvoir Brusher ..... Regent (78) ..... The Milton Spanker ..... Romeo (78) ..... The Milton Reveller .....  The Belvoir Gallant ..... The Belvoir Napier ..... The Cottesmore Selim ..... The Cottesmore Prodigal	Affable (78)    Audible (78)   Blossom † Bridesmaid (75) Charity (79) Constant (73) Fanciful (79)  Seamstress (76) Rosebud (78) The Belvoir Narrative The Belvoir Name- sake Ardent (79)  Skylark (76)  Ruin (77)  Siren (77)
Rasper ..... Ribster } Rimby } Ringwood } Rufford } Ruffler } Taetic } Tally } Tangible } Tattle }	The Milton Reveller .....  Romeo (78) .....  The Milton Reveller .....  The Grove Tarquin .....	

\* These two bitches won the first prize for the best couple of unentered bitches at the Great Hound Show at Peterborough, 1881, beating the representatives of nineteen of the crack kennels of England. Amulet was killed on the Midland Railway, near Coughton, on Thursday, December 1st, 1881.

† By the Milton Bacchus—their Flavia, sister to Furrier, sire of the Belvoir Fallible, bought by Lord Willoughby as a brood bitch.

‡ Amice was one of two couples that won first prize for best two couples of working bitches at Peterborough, 1884.

§ Banish was one of two couples that won the first prize for the best two couples of working bitches at the Peterborough Hound Show, 1883. She also won the first prize for the best brood bitch at the same show.

The Cottesmore Prodigal, by Lucifer—Pleasant. Lucifer by Struggler—Lightning. Struggler by Sir W. Wynn's Statesman—his Prudence. Pleasant by Primate—Charity. Primate by the Meynell Alfred—Prudence. Charity by Clinker—Snowdrop by Belvoir Stormer—their Destiny. Clinker by Statesman—Charmer by Belvoir Comus. Prudence by Gainer—Pastime.



right, and went between Tysoe and Compton Wyniates, over the dingle, straight to Shutford Clump, almost in view of the pack. A seven-mile point; time, thirty-five minutes without a check. The field in this truly brilliant run were all over the country; there was a tail of quite two miles, and many horses were quite beat. Found again at Watt's Gorse, and had a very fast fifteen minutes round Hardwick fields up to Edge Hill. Rode Belphegor and Be Quick.

*December 8th, Gaydon Inn.*—Found at Bawentt's Covert, and away at once; ran just under the Burton Hills as far as Fenny Compton Village, turned over the road to the left, and crossed both railways; left Watergall just on the left, and ran up to Scriven's house. The fox was headed on the canal bridge, and set his head as if for Ladbroke, but he turned up for Priors Hardwick, and was lost near there, after a good run of one hour over the best of the grass. Rode Confidence and Banshee.

*December 30th, Swalecliffe.*—Found the second fox at Bloxham Gorse, away at once, and ran towards Broughton, but turned to the left as if for Wiggington, and kept turning to the left all the time, and crossed the new railway into the Heythrop country, but turned short back by Bloxham Village, by the Gorse again, and right down to the Wykeham Brook; but the fox not liking to cross the flooded water, kept along the brook side, over the Banbury Road, nearly to Bodicote; on nearing that he turned to the right, and went by Milton to Belhus Gorse (a Heythrop covert), through that, and was killed in the open a few fields beyond, after a capital run of one hour and fifteen minutes, with only one check. Rode Black Prince and Beaconsfield.

Mr. James Fisher hunted for twenty-seven years from the Red Lion at Banbury, commencing in the year 1859, where he dispensed the most generous hospitality. He was the son of Sir James Fisher, who was one of the earliest Australian colonists. Mr. Fisher gave 3000 guineas for Fisherman to go to Australia. This horse stood for a time at the stud farm at Swalecliffe. Amongst the mares he bought was Gildermire by Flying Dutchman out of Elderdale, with a filly foal by West Australian, and covered by Stockwell. He gave 1260 guineas for her. An old Yorkshire Tyke, on the outside of the ring, was much disturbed by these then extraordinary prices.—H. C. N.

*January 6th, 1882, Warmington.*—Found at Angel's Piece, ran over the turnpike road, down towards Clattercote Reservoir, and back over the road again and across the Vale, leaving Mollington to the right, to Page's Gorse. Here we viewed him leaving the covert, and got the pack close to him, and ran him along the bottom of White's Bushes to ground in the earth in view of the pack; twenty yards more and they must have had him. A very pretty forty minutes. Found again in Mollington Wood, ran through Angel's Piece, and towards Chamberlain's, fifteen minutes racing along the valley, turned to the left before reaching Bourton, and ran down to the Great Western Railway; did

not cross it, but ran parallel to it, and at last lost him near Clattercote House, after a very good run over a very stiff country. Rode Bayleaf and Ballynegall.

The hounds did not hunt from January 7th till the 16th, in consequence of the sudden death of Mrs. Tritton.

The following were perhaps the best riders at this time with the Warwickshire hounds, amongst the farmers, from 1880 to 1890 :

Mr. Lea, of Thelsford ; Mr. E. Gardner, of Burton Dassett ; Mr. Hiron, of Brailes ; Mr. Spencer, now of Shennington ; Mr. T. Miller, of Shutford, on his famous grey horse, which is still going in front : Mr. John Wilkes, of St. Dennis, &c.

From the *Leamington Courier*, January 14th, 1882 :

POSTPONEMENT OF THE WARWICKSHIRE HUNT BALL.—Our readers will learn with the deepest regret that, owing to the sudden death, on Sunday, of Mrs. Tritton, of Bodicote House, Banbury, sister of Lord Willoughby de Broke (the popular master of the Hunt), the Hunt Ball, which was to have taken place at the Shire Hall on Wednesday, has been postponed to Wednesday, the 25th inst. Whilst regretting the postponement of this enjoyable re-union, we feel sure that the greatest sympathy will be extended to Lord Willoughby de Broke in his sudden domestic bereavement. The deceased lady died on Sunday morning, at Bodicote, near Banbury, the residence of her husband, Mr. Edward William Tritton. She was married in 1874, and was thirty-two years of age at the time of her death. In consequence of the death of Mrs. Tritton, the meets of the hounds during the past week were all cancelled.

Attempts having been made to poison the foxhounds belonging to the Bicester and Warwickshire packs, Lord Valentia has offered a reward of 100*l.* for the discovery of the offenders.

### Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary :

*January 24th, Eatington Cross Roads.*—Found at Brickkiln Gorse, ran towards Walton Wood, but turned to the right when near it, and ran along the brook side, leaving Lower Pillerton on the right, and turned towards Marston ; but turned again, and went by Pillerton Gorse, over the brook, and straight down to Halford Bridge. Here the first whip viewed the fox, but the hounds could not get through some palings, and a delay took place. Ran right back to Fullready Village, but could make no more of it there. A good hunting run of one hour and a half. Found again at Oxhill Gorse, and ran very fast up to Idlicote and lost. Rode Black Prince and Ballynegall.

*January 30th, Eatington Village.*—Found at Knavenhill, ran through the Grove, and a ring back by Halford Bridge to Knavenhill again ; out again close to him, and ran to ground near Halford Bridge ; bolted him, and ran hard for twenty minutes, and killed close to Eatington House. Found again at Alveston Pastures, away at the bottom end, swung to the right as if for Loxley, but kept on bending to the right, and ran just under Knavenhill ;

leaving it on the left, over the river half-way between Alderminster and Talton, over part of Crimscoote Downs, and straight for Meon Hill. On nearing Admington the pack bore to the left, and went at the back of Ihmington Rectory, left Stoke Wood on the right, went right over Knebsworth, and sank the hill as if for Blackwell Bushes. Here the fox was getting beat, and after a short circle in the Vale he made for the hills again. The pack gained on him, and he was almost in view, but he managed to save his life in an earth just beyond Foxcote, after a very fine run of one hour and twenty minutes. Only five riders out of a large field saw the finish. Rode Bayleaf and Be Quick.

### From the *Leamington Spa Courier* :

The Warwickshire had an old-fashioned run on Monday, January 30th. The meet was at Ettington Village. They found in one of Mr. West's coverts, and, after a good deal of knocking about in Ettington Grove and Park, killed. Found again at Alveston Pastures, and out towards Loxley : turned short back on the higher ground past Hounds Hill to Alderminster. Here they crossed the river, and raced away over Crimscoote Downs to the Ihmington Hills. Without any check they kept on through Foxcote, till, at the other side of the hill, the gallant fox saved his brush by going to ground, not far in front of the hounds. We do not often chronicle names, but it will be only fair to state that only five sportsmen were anywhere near the pack when the fox went to ground—Lord Willoughby, Sir C. Mordaunt, Mr. H. S. Lucy, Mr. Grazebrook, and Mr. Lowe. We do not often run this line now, but it has been remarked to us that it is a familiar one in the pages of that curious and interesting old book, "The Warwickshire Hunt," and it is worthy of note how straight and stout the foxes in Warwickshire have been running this year. They take a deal of catching, and so do the hounds when the scent at all serves them. We wish someone could be found to bring out a fresh volume of the above-mentioned book, carrying on the record of sport in Warwickshire from the year 1836 (when Mr. Thornhill gave up the hounds) to the present date.

### Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary :

*February 2nd, Lower Shuckburgh.*—Found the second fox at Ladbroke, ran hard for twenty minutes in the covert, then got away, and raced him for twenty-three minutes, without a check, over the best country ; not a ploughed field, and no ridge and furrow. The fox beat the pack by going to ground in a drain close to Calcote Spinney, after the best twenty-three minutes ever seen.

I remember this run well, as I had a mount on my wife's old black horse, Shillelagh, and a better never crossed a country. Got into slight trouble, in company with poor Gilbert Leigh, for being too near the hounds after they crossed the road. Jack Boore, on a favourite little brown horse, jumped some audacious big fences. This is one of the two runs mentioned by Lord Willoughby in his

article in the *Badminton Magazine*, November, 1895. I remember his saying to me directly afterwards, that he thought it the best gallop he had ever ridden to. I have an interesting letter from my valued correspondent, Mr. Frank Wedge ("Beetle" in *Land and Water*).—W. R. V.

Stretton-on-Dunsmoor, Rugby,

November 10, 1895.

DEAR MR. VERNEY.—I have just read with the *greatest interest* your brother's excellent letter on foxhunting in this month's *Badminton Magazine*. On page 435, however, I think Lord Willoughby, upon reference, has made a mistake as to the date of the ripping short run from Ladbroke Gorse, which he refers to. It was my privilege, on a good seasoned hunter of a friend's, and I have always looked back upon it as *by far the best* and most dashing senry I ever witnessed. On reference to my diary . . . the date of the run should be February 2, 1882, not 1881, as printed in the *Badminton*. How Jack Boore did dash along on that little brown. I can ride the run again now in memory! We had hardly time to go straight at our fences, but turned as hounds did with their fox, and took the leaps at such an angle as Providence and a determination not to lose our places dictated. I think Jack Boore had a wee bit the best of it, but Lord Willoughby, poor Gilly Leigh, Captain Hunter, of Hummingham, and one or two more, were very handy. The latter, I remember, crossed me (unintentionally) at the brook, and I thanked my stars I wasn't on one of my own raw youngsters, for Sheil's old chesnut took it "skewise" as well as if he had been fairly ridden at it. That gallop, and a run from Bramston Gorse with the Pytchley years ago, are the two last things I should like to dream of in my declining years, if I could have my way. I find my diaries the best physic to take when things are wrong, and have always lined the best days with red ink, so as to jump over the bad ones.

Yours very truly,

FRANK L. WEDGE.

### Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary :

*February 3rd, Shutford.*—Found at Shutford Spinneys, and away close to a fox, and ran over Shutford Clump as if for Broomhill Gorse, but turned to the right, and went by Sugarswell to Upton Gardens, and killed after a nice forty minutes. Found again in some planting near Sibford Heath, and had a very fast ring all round Sibford, and nearly to Winderton, and ran into him on Sibford Heath after one hour and twenty minutes.

*February 9th, Coughton Court.*—Found in Coughton Park, and killed directly. Found another, and ran him very pretty to Rough Hill, over the road, and killed in New Coppice. Found again at Three Oak Hill, ran without a check for an hour and ten minutes, and killed in the open in the middle of the Worcestershire country. Very good scent, and a wonderful good day's sport. Rode Bulrush and Ballynegall.

*February 17th, Seacote.*—Some scoundrels have poisoned the coverts near Banbury, and we were obliged to go the other way. Drew Shutford







**Photograph of Ladbroke Gorse.**

**By**

**Mr. R. O. Milne.**



Spinneys, Sibford Heath, Epwell Warren, Broomhill Gorse, Spencer's Gorse, Oxhill Gorse, Pillerton Gorse, Kineton Oaks, Kineton Holt, Watt's Gorse, and Sun Rising Gorse—all *blank*. Just saved a blank day by finding a vixen at Miller's Gorse, and whipped off at once.

*March 6th, Gaydon Inn.*—Drew blank, Itchington Holt, Bawentt's Covert, Gaydon Coppice, Chesterton Wood, Bishop's Gorse, and Fletcher's Coppice. Found at Chadshunt Coppice, ran by the house, over the Gaydon Road, and across to Bawentt's Covert, very pretty indeed; got up to the fox in the covert, and ran him over the East and West Junction Railway by Marlborough; from that place turned back as if for Chadshunt again, but left it on the right, and went through Pool Fields Osiers, and out as if for Bishop's Gorse; but turned again, and went through Verney's Gorse, and a ring round Chadshunt Coppice again, through that, and to the bottom of Pittern Hill, by the old windmill, through Brick Yard Coppice, and a field beyond that the hounds got view and killed in Combroke Rides, after a hunting run of one hour and thirty-five minutes. Rode Brigand and Black Prince.

*March 13th, Tachbrook.*—A hot, dry day. Found and killed a mangy fox in Warwick Park. Found in Oakley Wood, and hunted round by Highdown, Whitnash Village, and to ground near Tachbrook. Found again at Whitnash Gorse; the fox set his head for Burton Hills, ran through Itchington Holt, left Gaydon Hill on his right, and Burton Hills on his left, and would have gone up the hills, but was headed by some foot people, and was run into in the open close to Marlborough, after thirty-eight minutes. Seven miles from point to point and only one slight check. Rode Brigand and Black Prince.

### From Sir C. Mordaunt's diary :

*March 13th.*—A brilliant run from Whitnash Gorse, which is not usually a sure find on a hot, dry day, but there was a burning scent on the grass. Hounds ran across Harbury Heath, and through Itchington Holt, and killed their fox in the open at the foot of the Burton Hills, after running seven miles straight over grass in thirty-eight minutes. Rode Afghan.

Mr. Oswald, of Auchincruive, went remarkably well in this run. He rode a very fast and safe hunter, and where hounds went he went.

### Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary :

*March 16th, Lower Shuckburgh.*—A fox got up in a field near Calcote Spinney, ran him very fast up the hill, and to ground in the Garden Wood. Another jumped up in a field between Ladbroke and Watergall; ran him for thirty minutes without a check over the grass, and killed him at the back of the farmhouse, close to Ladbroke Covert. We went round Watergall Covert, left Wormleighton on the right, and went all over that beautiful country under Marston Doles. A most enjoyable gallop. Rode Banshee and Bayleaf.

*March 17th, Broughton Castle.*—Found at Wiggington Heath, and ran, leaving South Newington on the right, across to Great Tew, and killed in the Heythrop country, after a good thirty minutes. Got on an outlying fox near Shutford Village, and ran him nearly to Sugarswell, but turned to the left,

and went by Broom Hill Gorse nearly to Winderton; but turned back, and hunted as far as Shutford Clump, where we gave it up at six o'clock, after running for about an hour and twenty minutes. Rode Beaconsfield and Ballynegall.

On March 22nd, at the annual meeting of the subscribers to the hounds at Wellesbourne, the usual vote of thanks was recorded to Lord Willoughby for the handsome manner in which he had hunted the country during the past season, and for the sport he had shown, and he was guaranteed the sum of 1800*l.* for the purpose of hunting the country during the ensuing season.

Although there were only two blank days during the season, a great deal of time was spent after February 14th in drawing blank. From that day until the end of the season, during twenty-seven days' hunting, there were thirty-nine finds and ninety-eight blank draws.

Hunted from August 30th to April 6th; 117 days in all. Killed eighty-four foxes, and ran thirty-nine to ground. Had two blank days; one cub-hunting in the Red Hill country, and the other when we met at Farnborough the last time. Were stopped two days by frost, and the hounds did not go out for a week, owing to the sudden death of Mrs. Tritton. A very fair scenting season, and the sport was good, without having anything wonderful in the way of point.

During 1878, and afterwards, our summer jaunts took place at Glenfeshie, in Inverness-shire. During that season and the seasons following, up to 1883, we had fine and varied sport. The following table gives an analysis of what was killed by deerstalking of two rifles and shooting of four guns during six successive years; the average for each year amounted to 106 stags, and 1280 brace of birds.

Next to hunting, deerstalking is the finest of sports, and the next best is salmon fishing, which is only inferior to stalking because it is more uncertain. I have often thought that it is a nice point to decide which of the following is the hardest day's work: A day's hunting, after which you have ridden a tired horse a long distance home; a day's deerstalking; a day's salmon fishing from the bank of a river where wading is required; or a day's grouse shooting over dogs on severe ground.—C. M.

	Stags.	Hinds.	Roe Deer.	Grouse.	Black Game.	Partridges.	Pernigrans.	Hares.	Rabbits.	Plovers.	Snipe.	Wild Ducks.	Various.	Salmon.
1878 .....	65	30	10	2589	59	59	16	55	460	1	13	6	2	—
1879 .....	88	28	38	3680	15	2	36	141	9	1	4	14	2	20
1880 .....	104	28	60	3043	91	14	27	358	443	2	3	2	2	3
1881 .....	114	10	20	3891	59	10	—	326	687	—	2	9	1	1
1882 .....	135	29	13	592	35	9	82	75	889	—	3	3	1	25
1883 .....	124	51	2	503	39	6	94	40	206	—	4	—	1	51
Total .....	630	176	143	14,298	268	70	255	995	2694	4	29	37	9	102

## SEASON 1882-83.

## Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary :

First day's culling on September 4th, at Bowshot at five o'clock.

*October 12th, Ragley*, at nine o'clock.—Drew Weethley Wood, Coughton Wood, Cold Comfort, and Thornhill blank. Did not find till 3.30 at Pearson's Wood. Did not get home till nearly nine at night.

On this day the establishment was probably out for about fifteen hours.

*October 30th, Thelsford*.—First day of open hunting.

From the *Leamington Spa Courier* :

The Warwickshire met the first day at Thelsford. The pack look in splendid condition, the men well mounted, in fact, the whole turn-out in every respect is perfect, and bears a favourable comparison with any pack in the kingdom. The noble master trotted to Fir Tree Hill for the first draw, which unfortunately proved a blank, in spite of a litter being laid up close to the covert. Oakley Wood was the next draw, which held three foxes, which were rattled about for some time, when one got chopped; another broke across for just a few minutes breeze, when he got lost. Itchington Holt was the next draw, which held plenty of foxes, but the weather turned out so stormy they could do nothing with them. The country is very blind yet, and the going very heavy from the continued heavy rain. On Thursday the meet was at Long Itchington, when they had a cracker; finding in Birdingbury Plantation. A good old dog fox broke immediately from the snug little covert. Crossing the river he bore to the right, making an elbow he made for the lower end of Frankton Wood. Not dwelling a moment, he broke again, crossing the turnpike road on to Wolston, which he passed on the right. Up to this point the pace had been very fast, and the going heavy over a difficult country, which made the company select. They here now getting into a better country, the scent holding good, the beauties raced across the grass with their sterns well up. Passing Bretford on to Chapel Wood, close to All Oaks and Brinklow in the Atherstone country, when they lost him, after a run which ought to satisfy the most inveterate glutton.

## Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary :

*November 2nd, Long Itchington*.—Found at Birdingbury Nursery. Away at once over the river by Frankton Village, through Frankton Wood, left Dunchurch on the right, went by Ryton-on-Dunsmore, crossed the London and North-Western Railway, and ran to Chapel Wood in the Atherstone country, having come right across the North Warwickshire. We could not get over the river here, and when we caught the pack they had thrown up in a grass field, among a lot of sheep and cattle. Cast everywhere, but never hit it off again.

From Birdingbury to Chapel Wood is more than seven miles as the crow flies.

*November 6th, Lower Pillerton*.—Found at Pillerton Gorse ran hard

towards Oxhill, but turned to the right along the brook side and made for Brickkiln Gorse. Here there were one or two foxes, and we got away on bad terms with one, and lost him near Pillerton. Found again at Oxhill Gorse, and ran for thirty minutes, without a check, to Walton. A very pretty gallop.

From this time the names of the horses ridden by the master are not mentioned in his diary.

*November 7th, Barton House.*—Found at the Gravels, ran leaving Barton Grove to the right, crossed the brook, and left WOLFORD HEATH just on the right, through the gardens at Weston, over the brook by Weston Mill, and along the valley, leaving Brailes Hill on the right; turned to the left by Barcheston, over the Stour, and ran him to ground near the Golden Cross; bolted and killed him. One hour and twenty-five minutes.

This was a noted run, and I shall never forget it. I was staying at Barton House, and was acting as master. Jack Boore hunted the hounds for the first time. There were not many out. I remember Colonel Arnold, of Adlestrop, Mr. Evan Prichard, Mr. E. Sheldon, Mrs. Walter Verney, and only one or two more. There were two foxes in the Gravels, and we went away with the vixen. We got rather delayed by the floods when he crossed the Stour and the Shipston Road between Tidmington and the cemetery, and only Mrs. Verney, with Jack and Charlie Lowman, were near the hounds then, while those mentioned above were two or three fields behind. I reduced my old horse, "Brown Tom," to a walk, and when I got up he was in a drain near the old Porto-Bello turnpike. Jack ran up to me very excited, and asked to have him out. "If we stay here all night," I answered. The next day I was out with the Heythrop, and the late Lord Redesdale said: "I understand, young man, that you dug a fox yesterday. If you dig your foxes in November, you won't have them in February." I answered, "My brother would not have forgiven me, my Lord, if I had sent the hounds home without their fox." They used to chaff me, and say that when I had not anything else to write about in the *Field*, I always used to put in an account of this run, —W. R. V.

*November 13th, Wellesbourne.*—Found at Bowshot, ran through Hell

Hole, through Bath Hill, Round Hill, and across the Fosse Road and the brook at the Oxhouse, and pointed for Brickkiln. Something headed the fox, and he went by Easington Village, and we lost him near Hounds Hill. Found again at Pool Fields Osiers, got away in view, and raced him through Chadshunt Coppice, turned to the left, and went round Gaydon Village, and straight to Bawentt's Covert, through this and up to the railway, as if for Burton; but turned to the right, and went straight across the Vale, pointing for Kineton Oaks; the fox was headed at the Brick Yards, and the pack checked for the first time, after a splendid forty minutes. They hit it off in front of Kineton House, and crossed the brook below the kennels to Compton. The fox was headed on Pittern Hill Farm, and turned short back for Marston Village, which saved his life, as I held them on for Compton, and when I hit off the scent back it was too late. There never was any real scent, but the mettle and drive of the bitches made the run, fairly forcing the fox up wind for the first twenty minutes. Only two of the field got to Kineton—Mr. Holland Corbett, of Admington, and Mr. Prichard, of Newbold.

About this time Mr. Edward Tritton, well known in the cricket field and elsewhere as "Jupp," lived at Bodicote, and used frequently to hunt with the Warwickshire. He had a very good horse called The Colonel, and another one, a grey—Bilio, by The Cardinal—he bought from Lord Willoughby. He was fond of a bit of racing, and he and Lord Willoughby were much interested in a famous mare, Warpaint, belonging to Mr. Tritton. She was favourite for the Lincolnshire Handicap, and there was a good deal of mystery about her trial at Ilsley. His lordship went to see her run at Lincoln, where she did not win, and came back that night to hunt his hounds next day. He did not seem in a very good temper, and made rather a quick remark to Mr. James Rose, of Leamington. "Ware hounds, Mr. Rose! Ware hounds!" "Ware paint, you mean, my Lord," was the ready answer. His lordship smiled under his moustache and rode on. As the plough-boy said, when he asked the gentleman how he should spend "Thank yer," for opening the gate, and there was no response, "He never spoke." This is not to convey the idea that it is wise to answer any M. F. H. back, for nothing as a general rule can be more unwise.—W. R. V.

One day, near Lighthorne, a deaf and dumb man named Henry Aubrey, who was very fond of seeing the hounds, viewed the fox, and was gesticulating wildly in the middle

of a field. His lordship rode up to him, and began asking him which way he went. At last he recognised him, and, of course, rode away in the direction pointed out. I met him as he went through the gate with the hounds, and could not help saying, "That's the man you ought always to meet, because he can't hear what you say, and he can't answer you back again."—W. R. V.

*November 14th, Wolford Village.*—Found at Wolford Wood, got away at once towards Evenlode Mains, turned to the left along the valley, and bore rather for Adlestrop Hill; turned to the left again, and went by Barton Grove, and marked him to ground in a drain after a capital twenty-five minutes without a check; he had turned up wind, and nothing but the drain could have saved him. Found again at Wolford Wood, and ran very fast to Barton Grove. I got a bad fall and staked my mare, so did not exactly see what happened, but never crossed his line after.

*November 17th, Farnborough.*—We could not hunt the day before on account of the snow. Did not throw off till nearly twelve, as there was quite two inches of snow on the ground, which never melted all day. Found at Angel's Piece, and ran towards Mollington Wood, but turned to the left when close to it, and crossed the valley; went through Arlescote Wood, and passed Page's on the left and White's on the right; went to Horley Village, where the fox was headed, and made back for White's, and after going through the covert marked him to cover just beyond. Found again at Page's Gorse, ran by White's, and down to Horley Village, where the pack checked in the road. Here I was in too big a hurry, and made a bad cast, and lost a lot of time; when I hit it off the scent improved, and we ran by Wroxton Village, passed Claydon Hill just on the left, and went almost to Swalecliffe Village. The fox was headed near Gulliver's Osiers, and went into Tadmarton Village, where we killed him under a faggot pile, after a good hunting run of one hour and a quarter. I noticed Agnes, Duchess, and Rosy do very well. It froze hard as we came home.

*November 21st, Weston House.*—Found at Wolford Heath, ran through Barton Grove, and right across the Heythrop country nearly to Chipping Norton. Scent got bad on the cold ploughs, and we lost at last close to Heythrop Park. Found again at Whichford Wood, ran towards Sutton-under-Brailes, turned to the right along the brook, by Traitor's Ford Spinneys, where there were a brace of foxes before us, and went nearly to Sibford; but turned to the right, and stopped them close to Swalecliffe Common as our horses were beat. A very hard day.

The late Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, of Wynnstay, hunted for a short time from the Manor House at Kineton, the residence of Sir Hugh Williams, who was then the honorary secretary to the Hunt. We give this extract from the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England* (a biographical memoir by Reginald K. Mainwaring), as it describes so exactly the position and duties

of an English country gentleman, living amongst his own people, beloved by them, and caring for their best interests :

Sir Watkin's position was almost unique, and his extraordinary popularity with all classes causes us to ask—What was the reason for it ? It was this : Here was a man of ancient lineage, with a property of vast extent, who resided on his estate and identified himself with the people, and understood

### WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1882.

#### LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

NAMES.	SIRE.	DAMS.
Abbess * } Abigal } Adamant } Bravery } Brilliant * } Broker } Beatrix } Beadsman } Bertram } Bellman } Benedict } Coiner } Contest } Dusky } Facile † } Famous } Falstaff } Flinger } Forager } Handsome * } Romulus } Rotary } Stripling } Stella } Stormy } Whimsey } Whynot }	The Belvoir Brusher ..... The Belvoir Struggler ..... The Belvoir Brusher ..... The Belvoir Brusher ..... The Belvoir Struggler ..... The Broeklesby Racer ..... Archibald (79) ..... The Belvoir Fallible ..... The Belvoir Founder ..... Archibald (79) ..... The Brocklesby Alfred ..... The Milton Shiner ..... The Belvoir Weathergage	Alice (78) Ada (79) Ransom (77) Audible (78) Charity (79) Duchess (78) Fanciful (79) Rosy (77) Affable (78) Hasty (77) Rival (77) Rosalind (78) Ruin (77)

\* Abbess, Brilliant, Handsome, and Banish won the first prize for the best two couples of entered bitches at the Peterborough Hound Show, 1883.

† Facile one of the four entered bitches that took first prize at Peterborough Show, 1884. She was also second in class for best brood bitch at the same show.

The Belvoir Brusher by Saffron—Blooming. Saffron by Senator—Parody. Senator by Singer by Comus—Siren. Blooming by Contest—Blissful by Mr. Foljambe's Bellman. Contest by Challenger—Fairmaid. Parody by Raglan—Pliant by the Milton Bloomer—Pleasant. Raglan by Rallywood by Brocklesby Rallywood. Siren by Mr. Drake's Duster.

their needs. He represented them in Parliament, he was always ready with his presence, his advice, his influence, and his purse to promote any good project for their benefit and advancement, and this was done in a broad spirit



of philanthropy, irrespective of political or religious views. He spared no trouble in carrying out what he conscientiously considered were the duties of his position. Just and generous, wealthy and unassuming, ungrudgingly giving his support to all good works, thoughtful and kind to those in need or affliction, and spending his life amongst those whose interests he had at heart, Sir Watkin gained the esteem of all with whom he came in contact, and this was the cause of his popularity.

### Lord Willoughby's diary (*continued*):

*November 24th, the Kennels.*—Ran hard from Watt's Gorse, left Miller's Gorse just on the right, and went over Knole End, and sunk the Vale as if for Hornton. The fox was headed in the bottom, and turned up for Upton, leaving Ratley just on the right; turned to the right again near Upton, and went through the Sun Rising Gorse, and all along the bottom of the hill till he got nearly to Miller's Gorse. Then he went up the hill, and again sunk the Vale as if for Hornton, but turned to the left this time; left White's Bushes and Page's Gorse on his left, and crossed the brook; went through Angel's Piece, and the pack marked him to ground in a large drain in Mollington Village, after a very severe run of two hours. Found again at Page's Gorse, ran towards Angel's Piece, but did not cross the brook, left Hanwell on the left, and went nearly to Banbury Workhouse, passed that on the left, and killed him in Withycombe, after a good run of one hour. Rosemary made a capital hit.

*November 28th, Idlicote.*—Found the second fox at Oxhill Gorse, ran towards Idlicote, but turned to the left and ran a ring round Kirby, just left Oxhill Village on the right, and through the covert again, and straight away for Brickkiln Gorse, but the pack divided when close to that covert, and the body kept straight on for Eatington Grove; the fox was headed there and went through Eatington Park, right through the deer, who caused a check. When we got on the line again the pace was slow, and we got run out of scent at Brickkiln Gorse. The first forty minutes was very good.

Mrs. Walter Verney, on Mayfly, was close to the master all the way. Brown Tom gave me a tremendous fall at the Oxhill Brook, and was so pumped that he walked straight through the next fence, but he jumped it well when we crossed it the second time. We didn't ride about then looking for fords and bridges.—W. R. V.

There was a frost, and hunting was stopped from December 5th, to the 16th.

*December 18th, Chadshunt.*—Found at Itchington Holt, and ran by Kingston nearly to Chesterton Wood, left that on the right, and ran by Lighthorne nearly to Bishop's Gorse; left that on the right, and went to the left of Chadshunt Coppice, and went across the Lodge Farm, through Brick Yard Coppice, and from thence to Clifford's Pear Tree (the New Covert at Combroke), and into Walton Wood, where we got on the ground all foiled with rabbits, and could do no more good. Found again at Chesterton Wood,

and went away over Bransden Hill (Bramsdawn), turned to the right in Bransden Coppice, and went straight across the grass meadows alongside Hogbrook, over Highdown Hill, across the Great Western Railway, and across the Fosse Road, pointing for Ufton Wood. It now got quite dark, but I just managed to stop the hounds one field from Ufton Wood, the horses all beat. A good run of one hour and a quarter.

*December 19th, Weston House.*—Found at Wolford Heath; the hounds divided in Weston Park, and caused a little delay, so we could only hunt slowly towards Shipston, and turned to the right for Brailes Hill; got up to the fox there, and ran him very smart along the hill. When he got near Jenny Swift he sunk the Vale, went by the Blackthorn Covert, and through Hell Brake, and nearly to Oxhill Village, when he turned to the right, left Tysoo on his left, and went by Compton Wyniates, through Broomhill Gorse, Epwell Warren, and was killed in Sheldon's Covert just beyond, after a first-rate run of one hour and three-quarters.

*December 26th, Brailes House.*—Found at Sheldon's Covert on Brailes Hill. Got away close to the fox, and ran him towards Weston, but turned to the left by Sutton, and ran along the foot of the hill as if for Brailes Village, turned to the right over the brook, and went quite straight up to Sibford village; the fox left this on his right, and crossed the Shipston and Banbury road, he then turned short back for Sibford. The bitches turned as short as he did, and, getting a view, bowled him over in the open, after one hour with only one slight check. Found at Oxhill Gorse, ran a ring round the village, and were ran out of scent near Pillerton Gorse.

About this time the following advertisement appeared in a local newspaper: "Stolen or strayed, a hearse, with two horses and a *corpse* in it."—H. C. N.

This reminds us of a good story which was related to us by a friend who was an eye witness of the following episode: "One day when out hunting with the ——— Hounds we found a fox in a gorse belonging to a capital sportsman in the best part of the country, and ran fast over a lovely grass vale, pointing for a range of hills, A check took place, and the master, who was hunting the hounds, was in the middle of his cast, when we heard a distant holloa, and, looking up towards the hills, we made out a man on the sky-line waving what appeared to be a flag, The master at once proceeded to go to the holloa, and as we got nearer we saw it was clearly a true one. As we got still nearer we saw that there were a good many other people, and these, too, joined in the view holloa. As we got still nearer we saw carriages, and when we got up to the top of the hill, our friend, a very fat man, with a face crimson with excitement and holloaing, came running to

meet us ; but where was the flag ? You won't guess what it was, so I may as well tell you at once. It was a large *funeral*. There was the hearse, with the undertaker's men holding on to the horses' heads, and a whole string of mourning coaches, the occupants of which had all got out, and were watching with the keenest interest the proceedings of the pack. They had all seen the fox, and the man with the flag was the head undertaker ; the flag was no flag at all, but the *weepers* on his hat, which, as he waved it to attract our attention, gave him the appearance of waving a flag. All was excitement. The undertaker said : ' Here he went, Colonel ; I saw him there, by the corner of the wall, not three minutes ago ! Wonderful big fox, too ; and as black as my 'at. Lor', we've been watching you ever so long. I see him coming along almost all the way.' ' That's it ; now they're on him ! ' shouted the mourners in chorus as the hounds spoke to the line, and in a few moments we were racing away again, and the *cortège* was again wending its way to the churchyard."

The word "corpse," before mentioned, reminds us of another anecdote. Two elderly scions of the aristocracy, who were noted for their taciturnity, were travelling together in Spain. They arrived late one evening at an inn where there was only one bed-chamber to be had. On taking possession of it they discovered that there were three beds, two untenanted, and the other contained a corpse. Neither brother exchanged a syllable on the matter, but it had evidently made an impression on their minds, for half way through the *following* day, having left the inn many miles behind them, the elder broke the habitual silence by the remark : " Did you see it ? " To which the other rejoined, " Ya'as," and nothing further then, or at any other time, passed on the subject.

*January 11th, 1883, Compton Verney.*—Found in Bishop's Gorse, and chopped the fox. Drew Dry Close Coppice, Pool Fields Osiers, Chadshunt Coppice, Itchington Holt, Bawcutt's Covert, Gaydon Coppice, Chesterton Wood, and Bowshot blank.

*January 12th, Radway Grange.*—Drew blank Kinton Holt, Watt's

Gorse, and the Oaks. Found at Miller's Gorse, ran along the hill towards Arlescote, but turned to the right, and ran to the Sun Rising, and along the hill as if for Tysoe; sunk the hill as if for Pillerton Gorse, but turned to the right as if for Kineton Holt, turned again to the right, and went by Miller's, and ran to ground at the hill, after one hour and a half. As we were going to draw White's Bushes we were holloed on to a fox which had just run through it, ran him thirty minutes without a check, and killed in the open near Wroxtton.

*January 16th, Idlicote.*—Drew all the Idlicote coverts and Spencer's Gorse blank. Found at Oxhill Gorse, got away on good terms with the fox, and ran very fast towards Tysoe, but turned to the left at the back of Oxhill Village, kept turning to the left, and just went by the top of Pillerton Gorse, and kept on for Pillerton Village; turned short to the left, and recrossed the Banbury and Stratford road, down the hill, over the brook, and straight to Fullready; forty minutes up to there and only one check. Ravager\* soon hit it off, and we travelled at a slower pace—very acceptable to our horses—to Idlicote House, and by the top of Hell Brake, and across the Vale to Kirby. Here we had two, if not three, foxes before us, and two couples of hounds got on another line, the whips' horses being tired. On we went as if for Broom-hill Gorse, but the fox was headed by a policeman just by the windmill, and he set his head for the Dingle, went over the bottom, and turned along the hillside above Tysoe, his point evidently being the main earth in Sun Rising Gorse. The dog hounds, however, were gradually gaining on him, and pulled him down just over the Banbury and Stratford road, not twenty yards from the earths, after running for two hours and a quarter.

The following poem, by Lord North, describes perhaps the same run :

## I.

You may tell, if you please, of the Quorn and the Pytchley,  
The deeds of the Vale, and the Belvoir record;  
But for genuine sport we have no cause to wander,  
While we have the hounds of the Warwickshire Lord.

## II.

Though my nerve is all gone, and my eyesight is failing,  
My love for foxhunting burns bright all the same;  
And Willoughby's cheer sets my heart in a flutter,  
And his "Forrard away!" sends a thrill through my frame.

## III.

Hark! Hark! they have found him, now wakes the sweet chorus,  
What music can equal the note of the hound?  
Jack's viewed him away, don't you hear his view holloa?  
It's a fox that will lead us a dance, I'll be bound.

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\* Ravager, by Lord Coventry's Rambler, dam Skylark (1880), was, I think, Lord Willoughby's favourite dog. He was a good drawer, threw a beautiful tongue, always ran at head, and was a true "huntsman's friend" in a difficulty, or on a cold scent.—W. R. V.

## IV.

One blast of the horn, and they're free from the covert,  
Like meteors they stream o'er the glorious Vale.  
The scent is breast high, what a head they now carry!  
Oh, would I were Surtees to tell you the tale.

## V.

Down the lanes, through the gates and the gaps I must scuttle,  
But I'll lay ten to one I shall see all the fun;  
For I know every turn, every twist of the country,  
And though I can't ride it, I'll yet see the run.

## VI.

For fifty fast minutes they race o'er the pastures,  
And lengthening tail shows the pace is severe;  
But Broke leads the first flight of resolute horsemen,  
While grief and disaster perplex the vex'd rear.

## VII.

We must make for the ford, there's a brook in the bottom.  
If they turn to the left we are "out of the hunt;"  
But his point is Edge Hill, I will wager a guinea,  
And if I am right we'll be well to the front.

## VIII.

What's that in yon field? It's the fox! there's a holloa,  
Now up to the right, and we'll save half a mile,  
Now short to the left, there's a gate in the corner,  
If you keep to the right there's a thundering stile.

## IX.

There! now we can see them; by Jove, what a scatter!  
There are only ten with them, who they are I can't see;  
But the leading man's Broke, on the grey there's my lady,  
And yonder comes Jack through the gap by that tree.

## X.

They are close to us now; they are turning towards us!  
Their bristles are up! see they run him in view,  
Who-whoop! they have got him! a glorious finish,  
A finish that's witnessed by only a few.

## XI.

Now I'll give you a toast which is equally suited,  
 To bumpers of claret or tankards of ale:  
 Here's happiness, health, and long life to the Master,  
 And long may he rule o'er the Warwickshire Vale.

The original negative of this very excellent photograph was executed for some agricultural journal. Lord North very kindly put on his hunting coat and cap, thinking that only the upper part of his person would appear. The photograph was, however, taken full length, and presented rather a comical appearance, as his lordship had on a pair of trousers, with the bottoms turned up, and a very old pair of shooting boots. It appeared thus in the journal in question, we are told.

*January 18th, Lower Shuckburgh.*—Found at the hill; got away with a fox with nine couples of hounds, and ran towards Priors Marston, but turned to the left over the Braunston Brook, and pointed for Staverton; the fox turned short back, and, casting back, we met the other hounds being brought on by the second whip; we also met the fox, and got on good terms with him, and ran him up to the Daventry Road, as if for Braunston Gorse; he was headed by the second horseman, and turned up for Staverton Village, and then to the right for Catesby, near which place the hounds marked him to ground in a drain in the Bicester country, after running one hour and a quarter. Found again at the hill, and ran there for some time; at last he broke in the direction of Flecknoe with the hounds close to him. He left Flecknoe on the right, and made for Braunston Gorse, and was run into in the middle of a grass field in the Pytchley country, after twenty-five minutes, without a check. The first whip got a bad fall near Flecknoe, receiving concussion of the brain and breaking two ribs. Ada and Tally did first rate all day.

*January 22nd, Goldicote.*—Found at Wellesbourne Wood, ran to Smatchley and back, and out at the bottom of the wood, and away to Charlecote Park, across that and Mickle Meadow, and through Alveston Osiers, and over Alveston Hill, thence to Tiddington, but did not cross the Stratford Road; he turned a sort of ring back to the Pastures, but could not reach them, and was run into in the open, about two fields from the covert, after one hour and ten minutes. Found again at Briekkiln Gorse, and away close to the fox, and raced him towards Combroke New Covert; he turned back on Oxhouse Farm just before he got to the brook, and went by Lower Pillerton, through Briekkiln again, and nearly to Fullready, turned to the left, and went straight to Oxhill Gorse. Time up to that, one hour without a check. My horse was blown, and I got into the Oxhill Brook, which delayed me for five minutes, and when I got to the covert, the hounds had thrown up in the middle of it, just over the artificial earth, which was stopped at one end, and the covert was so thick that I could not find the other, so could not tell what had become of the fox, but they had either killed him and eaten him, or

**Lord North.**

**From a photograph by Dickinson and Foster.**









run him to ground. Only five of the field got to Oxhill Gorse. Sunshine and Amity did well all day.

On *January 23rd, Wolford Wood* was drawn blank, a very rare occurrence. Dunsden Coppice, Aston Hales, and Barton Grove were also drawn blank, and the hounds did not find till nearly 3 o'clock at Whichford Wood.

*January 25th, Ufton Wood.*—Found a good many foxes in the wood, got away with one, and ran him into Southam, and killed at Doctor Rice's house. Found at Ladbroke Gorse, and ran, leaving Hodnell on the left, towards Nunn's Bushes; turned short back from there, over Ladbroke Hill, across the Welsh Road, over the canal, and through the extreme end of Shuckburgh Hill without dwelling a moment, and went on across the Vale to Catesby; turned to the right, just under the house, and came to the first check close to Helidon Village, after running one hour without a check. There were several foxes about the dingles, and the pack at last got on the line of one that had been gone some little time, and we gave it up near Badby Wood. Sunshine did well.

Mrs. Walter Verney rode a wonderful mare of Major Bird's, called Mayfly, in this run. Mayfly was afterwards bought by Mr. Holland Corbett, and sold to Major Longstaffe. Mr. Sheldon, of Shipston, wanted to buy her, and was so sure that he was going to have her that he built a new box for her in his stables, without a manger, as she was a crib biter.

An account of the same run appeared in the *Field*, February 3rd, 1883 :

Ufton Wood, the 25th January, was the fixture of these hounds; and not having seen so much notice in your paper as the doings of this pack for this season have deserved, I send you a few jottings of this red-letter day. There was rather more company than usual at the trysting-place, where the noble master, Lord Willoughby de Broke, arrived to be welcomed by his lady pack. [Here follows an account of a short run from the Wood to Southam, where they killed in a wood pile, after which:] A move was made for the well-known Ladbroke Gorse. There music was soon heard, and a "Gone away" at the top end told us that a fox had broken towards Hodnell, making as if for Watregall. He went under Hodnell, but, turning before reaching the Banbury Road, made as if back for the gorse. But no! Over Lady Hill, across the Southam and Priors Marston road as if for Calcott, raced the little ladies, but, being headed as he neared Napton Folly, our fox ran under the village, and, leaving it on the left, bore towards Marston Doles, then along Beacon Hill, where we hoped to get a pull at our blowing nags. There had been only one slight check, and the pace and heavy ground had caused many to cry "Enough." But there was no check here; our fox was too hard pressed to dwell. So on down the hillside (Shuckburgh) flew the pack, with the horsemen making play as best they could in the rear. The field was now very select, only the noble master and a very few others being on anything like terms with the hounds. We kept on by Catesby (Pytchley country), with Helidon on the right, up to Badby, where our fox was lost. The distance the

hounds ran would be twelve miles at least. The pace was very fast throughout, and, though the run was mostly over grass, the country was very heavy, and the fences big and untrimmed, as everyone acquainted with Warwickshire knows. By the time Catesby was reached the field was spread out after the manner of the tail of the late comet. The noble master was in his usual place—the first throughout—and I must add that one lady of the Verney family went like a Bird.\*

ST. HUBERT.

### Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary :

*January 30th, Weston House.*—Did nothing in the morning. As we were coming home, a fox jumped out of a hedge just before the pack, and close to Kirby, and ran down by Oxhill Village nearly to Tysoe, and turned to the left, and went by Spencer's Gorse to Brailes Hill, at the top of which we stopped the pack with difficulty, after thirty-five minutes without a check.

I remember well hearing about this run. Miss Carew† was the only one who saw it, with the exception of the Master and his staff. They were coming home by Kirby when a fox jumped out of the hedge. His lordship shouted "Let 'em go," and away they went. There was a good deal of chaff that evening with Miss Carew, who was riding her celebrated mare Dutch Sauce, bought from Mr. Holland Corbett, as she declared that her mare was much too fast for her leader's horse, and that she had the greatest difficulty in not jumping upon him, as his horse rapped every bit of timber. His lordship declared it was all the other way, but those who remember how Dutch Sauce could gallop and jump and never tired, know which to believe.—W. R. V.

*February 8th, Lower Shuckburgh.*—Found at the hill, ran towards Napton, turned to the left, and passed Priors Marston to the left, and pointed for Priors Hardwick, but got run out of scent near the canal, after running thirty minutes. Found at Ladbroke Gorse, ran by Nunn's Bushes, and swung

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\*Mr. Stirling Stewart (Mr. Everard's nephew), who was a desperate man to hounds about this time, rode very hard in this run. I remember taking the lady mentioned in the *Field* account to a meet at Shuckburgh. She rode a blood horse of Mr. Ford's that had never carried a lady, and perhaps very few men. We had a sharp scurry from Sawstidge to Flecknoe. I was standing on the hill when she came up. Her face was all scratched, her horse's head was all over mud and grass, her breastplate was broken, and she was carrying her stirrup in her hand. "Where have you been?" I said. "Oh, I've been following Mr. Stewart." "So I should think!" was the natural rejoinder. Very few could beat him as long as hounds ran perfectly straight. He only rode in one steeplechase in his life, and then he was nearly killed.—W. R. V.

†The six best horsewomen I have ever seen are this lady, Mrs. Tyrwhitt, Lady Alexander Paget, the Hon. Mrs. Mundy, the Duchess of Hamilton, and Miss Naylor.—W. R. V.

round for Watergall, but kept turning to the left and went nearly up to Scriven's at Wormleighton; turned short back from the canal bridge, and went through Ladbroke Covert, and away for Ladbroke Village, where he was headed, and went to Nunn's Bushes again, over the railway, and away for Itchington Holt, through the corner of that, and were run out of scent near Oakham Coppice.

*March 1st, Lower Shuckburgh.*—Found at the hill; got away close to a fox at the end of it, but he was headed, and turned towards Napton; the pack checked in a large grass field full of bullocks and sheep, and the field drove them all over the line. When we hit the scent off we crossed the high road below Napton, and pointed for Stockton, left that on the right, and kept on for Ufton Wood. Near Stoney Thorpe the hounds checked, and I could not hit off the line again. This was a good hunting run, and would have been a good thing if the field had allowed the hounds to settle at first. Found at Ladbroke Gorse, and went away by Radbourne, over the canal towards Priors Hardwick, turned to the left, and went straight to Shuckburgh Hill; thirty-five minutes without a check. The fox was only fifty yards before the pack into the covert,

*March 6th, Wolford Village.*—Drew Wolford Wood, Dunsden Coppice, and Whichford Wood blank, and found only one fox at Wolford Heath.

*March 17th, Brailes House.*—Found the second fox at Oxhill Gorse, got away close to him, and ran a ring round the Vale, and up to the Blackthorn Covert at Honington, and on in the direction of Shipston; but he turned back, and was killed in the Blackthorn Covert, after a good thirty-eight minutes.

*March 20th, The Grange, Fenny Compton.*—Found a hobtail fox at Mollington Wood, and ran him across the Great Western Railway nearly up to Wormleighton Village, turned to the left under the village, and went by Mr. Scriven's house as if for Watergall, but turned to the left again, and ran into him in the open close to Fenny Compton Village, after a good run of an hour.

At the annual meeting of subscribers to the Warwickshire hounds, held at Wellesbourne on March 21st (Sir C. Mordaunt in the chair), proposed by Sir C. Mordaunt, and seconded by H. S. Lucy, Esq.: "That the meeting record a cordial vote of thanks to Lord Willoughby de Broke for the handsome manner in which he has hunted the country, and for the fine season's sport he has shown." Carried unanimously.

Lord Willoughby agreed to hunt the country during the ensuing season, the sum of 1500*l.* being guaranteed him for that purpose.

Proposed by Colonel Paulet, and seconded by H. W. Alfrey, Esq.: "That the thanks of the meeting be given to Sir C. Mordaunt for his able conduct in the chair, and also for the trouble he has taken as regards Oxhill Covert,

and for the excellent sport which has been shown from that covert.”

An open winter and a very fine season's sport. Hunted 114 days. Killed seventy-three foxes, and ran thirty-five to ground. No blank days. Last day of hunting on April 13th.

It was a very cold spring, and not very warm afterwards for our summer jaunts, and the autumn in Scotland was very severe, with a great deal of snow on the hills. I killed eighty-one stags during thirty-one days deer-stalking, sixty-one of which averaged 15st. 2lb. in weight, and on my best day I got ten stags which averaged 14st. 7lb. in weight.—C. M.

#### SEASON 1883-1884.

From Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary :

First day of cubhunting, September 13th, at Bowshot. The harvest was very late; a great deal of corn still standing. Foxes still in the crops.

A French baron said he liked the Warwickshire hounds the best, but he preferred hunting with Mr. Lort Phillips, because Lord Willoughby was so “*brandy*.”

From the *Leamington Spa Courier* :

THE WARWICKSHIRE.—The first meet of the season of this “crack” pack was at Wellesbourne last Monday, and judging from the variety of interests represented there, a happy augury for the future of the “noble science” still exists, under Lord Willoughby at least, despite the carpings of its critics and the milk-and-water attacks of its enemies. Sad indeed will it be for our country when

The gorse be uprooted,  
The foxhounds be dumb.

At Wellesbourne were congregated all conditions of men to whom *the* sport is as the breath of their nostrils—the lord and his lady, the squire, farmer and labourer, the parson, the publican, the doctor, lawyer, and others besides from town and country, all met to pay their homage to the master and his hounds. And right well was the establishment of Lord Willoughby turned out. The men were mounted only as servants can be mounted who have the jealous attention of a sportsman—their master. The hounds were in the pink of perfection, and the *tout ensemble* showed that care and attention had not been wanting in a single particular. Jack Boore still continues as kennel huntsman, backed by Charles Lowman and E. Parrott. It is pleasant to hear such good reports of the abundance of foxes, and that Lord Willoughby has the entire sympathies and support of the farmers over whose land he rides, and of the landowners whose coverts he draws. With such good understanding and favourable prospects we shall hope to hear that the season of 1883-84 is in

advance of any of its predecessors. Among those present were Lieutenant the Hon. Rupert Leigh, Hon. Rowland Leigh, Lady Willoughby, Sir C. Mordaunt, Sir R. Pileston, Miss Peach, Mr. and the Misses Chance, Miss Verney, Miss Allfrey, Messrs. R. Milne, H. P. Jackson, Chamberlayne, of Stoney Thorpe; Rev. W. R. Verney, Rev. V. K. Fortescue, Colonel Pardoe, Colonel Ashton, General Bloomfield, Messrs. Lea, of Thelsford; G. Smith, of Ailston; Clifford Chambers, J. Rose, H. Ford, W. Fairbrother, Reading, Fenny Compton; J. Griffin, Burton Dassett; O. Hills, Holland Corbett, Admington; Captain Godson, E. Hobson, F. Shaw, G. Turner, Kingsley, Sampson Lloyd, R. Mann, J. W. Hassall, Misses Wade, and many others. The intention was to have drawn Fir Tree Hill, but the absence of Mr. Lucy from home prevented this, and Lighthorne Rough was first visited, but without finding Master Reynard at home. Bishop's Gorse was the next draw, and here, after some delay, a fox stole out at the bottom, towards Chadshunt, which covert he skirted, and, turning to the left in the direction of Gaydon, he touched upon the Southam turnpike, and so on, at a pretty fair pace, to Itchington Holt, crossing the Banbury and Warwick turnpike. In making his way out of this favourite haunt, in the direction of Bishop's Itchington, he was headed back, and the scent getting cold—it was only indifferent the whole day—he was lost. The "beauties" were then rattled through Chadshunt Coppice, and drove a sly one out, who took a circuitous route by Lighthorne and Verney's Gorse, back to the coppice, and out again in the direction of Bishop's Gorse, but he managed to foil his pursuers; and with a very select field, and at a late hour, a move was made to the Osier beds, in the direction of Radway. We were pleased to see so many foxes at Itchington Holt, which is in the preserve of that keen sportsman, Mr. Chamberlayne. A noticeable feature of the day was the large number of empty saddles, which might be accounted for by the blindness of the fences, but, fortunately, there were no accidents.

### Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary :

*October 30th, Weston Sands.*—Found at Rumer Hill, got away with a brace of foxes, ran one hard for twenty minutes, and killed in a farmyard; the other went on, and was run to ground near Pebworth Covert. Found at Pebworth Spinney, got away with an old fox, and ran very fast to Cleve Banks. The fox crossed the Avon, and held straight on for Wood Norton in the Croome country, and was killed in one of the large woods there, after a very good run of one hour and a half. A nine-mile point. We went by way of Havington, Salford, and Hipney Hill. It took us five hours and a half to get back to the kennels.

*November 19th, Dorsington.*—Found at Gally Oak, ran round it, and towards Preston Bushes, but turned to the right, and ran right across the Vale to Rumer Hill, turned back by Weston Sands, and ran to ground near where we found, after a very pretty ring of one hour.

*November 22nd, Gaydon Inn.*—Found at Bawcutt's Covert, ran up towards Gaydon Coppice, but the fox was headed on the hill, and went towards Itchington Holt, through it, and away by Checkley's Brake to Chesterton Wood; away directly over Bramsdown Hill straight for Oakley Wood, within a few fields of which the fox was headed and crossed the road, and ran by Tachbrook Village nearly to Whitnash. Here he lay down, and jumped up in view of the pack, who ran into him just below Highdown, after a good run

of an hour. An eight-mile point. Found at Fletcher's Coppice, ran a ring by Chadshunt, Pool Fields, Bishop's Gorse to Itchington Holt, and ran in the covert till it was quite dark.

*November 24th, Rayley Hall.*—Found at Lady Wood. After a lot of dodging about got a beaten fox on the roof of the stables at the Hall. He suddenly disappeared, and we had to leave him. When the man went to wind up the stable clock at 3.30 he found him in the works.

The present Lord Hertford relates in a letter that one hound appeared on the roof of the stables, and jumped down without being hurt into the yard, and that when the odd man went up to wind up the clock (it being Saturday), the fox, or as he thought the devil, jumped out of the works in his face. The fox had gone along the roof and crept through a sort of Venetian shutter into the clock cupboard, but could not get out again, so had this happened on Monday he would have had to stop till Saturday.

*November 29th, Lower Shuckburgh.*—Found at the hill, ran towards Priors Marston, but turned to the right for Napton, over the canal bridge, and by the Welsh Road Gorse to Ladbroke. Charley Lowman got on, and holloed the fox out of the gorse, and we ran him as if for Marston Doles, but he turned short to the left, and ran back to Ladbroke Hill, where he was headed, and turned to the right, and ran across to Napton, in which village he was lost, after a good hunting run of one hour and a quarter. Found at the hill again, and got away on bad terms with the fox, and hunted him a good line, over the canal bridge, under Napton, and nearly to the Southam Road. Here we got a holloa from some gentlemen going home, who had seen the fox cross the Welsh Road, and we got closer to him; they ran him very pretty for about twenty minutes back to Ladbroke, and round it for some time. At last, when quite dark, the fox slipped away without our seeing him.

*December 14th, The Highlands, Twinnarton.*—Found the third fox at the Keeper's Covert at Wroxton, and ran nearly to Neithrop, turned to the right, and went straight to Harman's Gorse, over the Wykham Brook. Lord Chesham jumped it from bank to bank,\* and the master rode in and out, the only two who reached the other side. The pack ran on leaving Harman's Gorse on the right, down to Bloxham, and thence back along the bottom of Wykham Park to Bolicote, where he got to ground in a drain, after one hour and ten minutes.

*December 21st, Bitham House.*—Found at Perry's Covert, got away, and sunk the Vale as if for Bawcutt's, turned to the left by Marlborough and Old Leys, and straight on for Knowle End; on nearing the latter he turned short to the left, and ran along the Vale nearly to Mollington Wood, but turned to the right and went to Page's Gorse; time up to this, nearly two hours. At

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\* This was an extraordinary jump, as the Wykham Brook at this place contains more than twenty feet of water. The Hon. Mabel Verney had a shy at it, but her horse swerved, and did not jump far enough. We believe Lord Camperdown jumped it once.



Page's we got on the line of a fox who had heard us coming, and we left our hunted fox there. The fresh fox waited for us at White's, and went away towards Hornton, but turned to the right, and went through Arlescote Wood, down into the Vale and through Mollington Wood, and down over the Great Western Railway, leaving Claydon on the right, and crossed the Cherwell by Appletree, and went straight to Edgrote. Here we got close to him, and viewed him dead beat in the spinneys, but he managed to get into the main

## WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1883.

LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
Agile .....	Ringleader (79) .....	Agnes (78)
Artemis ...	The Grove Roswal .....	Ardent (79)
Chancellor } ..	Archibald (79) .....	Charity (79)
Chandler } ..		
Chaplet } ..	Rifleman (79) .....	Dowager (77)
Damper } .....		
Dealer } .....	The Belvoir Fencer .....	Duchess (78)
Delia } .....		
Delicate * } .....	Fallible (79) .....	Amity (81)
Fearless } .....		
Fencer } .....	The Belvoir Founder .....	Rosalind (78)
Flasher } .....		
Furley } .....	The Belvoir Fencer .....	Ransom (77)
Funnylass * } .....		
Primate } .....	The Brocklesby Primate ...	Audible (78)
Prizer } .....		
Proctor } .....	The Belvoir Pugilist .....	Frailty (80)
Prodigal } .....		
Rarity .....	Ravager (80) .....	Affable (78)
Rapture .....	Artifice (79) .....	Restless †
Respite } .....	Ravager (80) .....	Rosemary (78)
Regal } .....		
Tablet } .....	Lord Coventry's Tradesman	Alice (78)
Talbot } .....		
Tancred } .....	Lord Coventry's Tradesman	Royalty (79)
Traffic } .....		
Wakeful } .....	The Belvoir Weathergaze ..	Fanciful (79)
Warlike } .....		
Waspish } .....		

\* Delicate, Funnylass, Amice, and Facile won the first prize for best two couples of entered bitches at Peterborough, 1884. It is worthy of note that the Warwickshire won this prize two years in succession, and with four different bitches, it having been won in 1883 by Abbess, Brilliant, Handsome, and Banish.

† Restless, by Mr. Lane Fox's Rector, out of The Milton Sulphur. Bought at a sale of some of the Milton Hounds at Peterborough, in 1881, by Lord Willoughby de Broke.

earths not fifty yards before the pack, who must have had him if he had stopped above ground. Time from White's, one hour and a half; and from Perry's, three hours and a half.

*December 26th, Honington.*—Drew the Honington Coverts, the Idlicote Coverts, Eatington Grove, Rough Hill and Knavenhill; all blank. A blank day.

*December 28th, The Kennels.*—Found at Kington Oaks, and went away at once at a great pace over Herd Hill, leaving Pillerton Old Covert to the left, and Lower Pillerton to the left, over the brook by the Foss Farm, by Walton House, through Smatchley Brake to Wellesbourne Wood. A capital forty minutes without a check. At Wellesbourne Wood there were several foxes, and we lost near Thornton Wood. Found a fox in the Oak Tree in the Rough, and ran him by Meadow Lane to Chesterton, by Ewefield, and lost near Kingston.

*January 10th, Compton Verney.*—Found at Lighthorne Rough, and ran well by Lighthorne Fishpool, through Chesterton Wood, out across Old Sitch Field, and by Verney's Gorse to Gaydon Gorse, where the fox turned short back, and was lost near the Red House. Found at Watergall, ran towards Wormleighton, but turned to the left, and went by Hodnell Hill, through Nunn's Bushes, Ladbroke Village and Ladbroke Gorse, away as if for Shuckburgh, and killed the fox just over the Welsh Road after a very good thirty minutes.

*January 15th, Wolford Village.*—Found at Wolford Wood, got away at once, and ran a ring by Barton and back to the wood; out again directly, and ran fast as if for Weston, but turned to the right, and ran a very pretty ring by Barton Grove back to the wood. Again away, and ran very well along the grass to Long Compton, through Long Compton Wood, and away by Rollwright Coombes, over the hill, and nearly to Salford Osiers in the Heythrop country; turned back from the mill, and went by the top of Barton Grove, by the Four-shire Stone into the wood again; out again, after a turn round it, and the pack marked the fox to ground near the Four-shire Stone, the horses being all beat. We were running hard for four hours with very few checks. A very hard day for hounds and horses. Sir Charles Mordaunt's horse fell under him, and could not be got on his legs for nearly an hour.

Towards the end of the run, when it was getting late, no one remained with the hounds except the master, the Rev. W. R. and Mrs. Verney, and Jack Boore, who were in the next field to them, and the Rev. C. P. Causton, of Stretton-on-Fosse, and myself, who were in the same field. My grey horse, Forester, who was a very good stayer, did not feel sufficiently tired at the time to give cause for what happened, but he appeared to have a sort of seizure, and suddenly fell through the outside branches of a fallen elm tree on to me. I called out to Mr. Causton, who was some distance off, the field being a large one, and he with great difficulty pulled the horse's head and neck sufficiently up to enable me to get from under him, as he was quite inanimate, and remained so for nearly

an hour, and after getting home he did not recover for six weeks.\*—C. M.

*January 14th, Charlecote Park.*—Found at Snitterfield Bushes, ran out as if for Gannaway, but turned back through the Bushes, and out again towards Welcombe, and ran clean into him, after forty-five minutes without a check, just under the monument. Found at Sear Bank, and ran again, without a check, towards Snitterfield Bushes, through Red Hill, along the bottom of Luscombe Wood nearly to Bleaken, turned to the right, and ran towards Sherborne, and on to the Coplow, and again for Luscombe Wood. Stopped the pack in pitch darkness, and I should think they killed their fox, but could not make out for certain. Very good scent.

*January 18th, Radway Grange.*—Found at Miller's Gorse, got away towards Arlescote, turned to the left, and sunk the hill by Arlescote, ran by Harbage's House, Old Leys, Owlington, and in front of Chadshunt House, passed Fletcher's Coppice on the left, and went straight to Itchington Holt, through it at once, and away as if for Watergall, but scent seemed to die away, and we lost him. Found at Mollington Wood, and ran very hard as if for Farnborough, but kept turning to the left, and went nearly to Page's Gorse; left that and Angel's Piece on the right, crossed the Banbury Road, and ran to ground near Clattercote, after twenty-five minutes without a check.

On January 21st the meet was at Ragley Hall, and while the hounds were running through the park a very serious accident happened to Lord Hertford. No one was very near him at the time, but he was found insensible, his horse having fallen on him. The ground appeared to be quite even, without any cause for such a fall, and it is probable that the horse had some sort of seizure, as he was, when found, in a nearly inanimate state. Lord Willoughby de Broke, on hearing what had happened, at once took the hounds home. Lord Hertford, it is sad to relate, never recovered consciousness, and he died on Friday, the 25th. He had succeeded to the title as fifth Marquis of Hertford in 1870. He was very fond of hunting, and he rode hard up to an advanced time of life. The horse on which he was riding when the accident happened was a perfect hunter, and his particular favourite. Lord Hertford's loss was deeply deplored by all classes, with whom he had made himself most popular, for he was indeed the pattern of what a country gentleman should be. He was an ardent supporter of the Conservative cause, and was for

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\* I remember I gave the horse all the whiskey left in my flask, which, I dare say, was not much.—W. R. V.

many years the president of the South Warwickshire Conservative Association. A special meeting of the Council of this Association was held on February 6th at Leamington, and was attended by Lord Willoughby de Broke, Lord Brooke, M.P., Sir Charles Mordaunt, the Hon. and Rev. W. R. Verney, Mr. Cove Jones, Archdeacon Holbech, and many others. Sir Charles Mordaunt, who as vice-president occupied the chair, said they had met that day under circumstances of a more distressing kind than had ever occurred since the formation of the South Warwickshire Conservative Association, and it was with feelings of heart-felt sorrow that he moved the following resolution of condolence with the Marchioness of Hertford :

“That this council, representing the Conservative party in South Warwickshire, hereby places on record its deepest sense of the irreparable loss it has sustained by the lamented death of its president, the Most Noble the Marquis of Hertford, G.C.B., whereby Her Majesty the Queen loses an old and faithful servant, the Conservative party a wise and able counsellor, and the county of Warwick a genial landlord, a devoted and hospitable friend, and a true gentleman. And this meeting earnestly desires to convey to the Marchioness of Hertford, the Earl of Yarmouth, and the several members of the family, its very sincere sympathy in their great affliction.”

In mourning the deeply lamented loss of the late Marquis of Hertford, they mourned the loss of no ordinary man, and when they expressed their sincere sympathy with Lady Hertford, Lord Yarmouth, and all the members of the family, they could not forget that, great and irreparable as his loss must have been to them, it would be deeply felt by every member of the Conservative party throughout Warwickshire, to which he had been a tower of strength, and it must therefore be considered as nothing short of a calamity. He (Sir Charles Mordaunt) felt sure that he was expressing the feelings of all members of the association when he added that they the more deeply deplored

the loss of their departed friend, because one of the dearest wishes of his life could not now be fulfilled—namely, that he should live to see Lord Yarmouth regain the seat which was lost at the late General Election. It was not for him to speak of his domestic virtues and his blameless life, of his devoted attachment to his Queen, of the gallant soldier and true gentleman, but rather to recall to their remembrance the time when he first came amongst them, and when he soon saw, with his usual tact and sound judgment, and zeal for the cause of his party, that, in order to counteract the influence in high quarters on the part of his political opponents, the Conservative party in this division were greatly in want of a leader, and he at once consented to become president of the association, and from that time until his death the welfare of the party and of the constitutional cause had been his unceasing care. And he regarded this, as he did all other duties entailed upon him by his distinguished position, as an hereditary trust, which he fulfilled to the last with loyal and patriotic devotion. Indeed, it might be truly said of him that he had left behind him that which is “*Momentum ære perennius*,” the bright example of a long and honourable career unselfishly spent in doing good deeds for the sake of others, and an imperishable name, which they would cherish in fond remembrance as long as the association existed.

The resolution was appropriately seconded by Mr. Cove Jones.

Archdeacon Holbech briefly moved that the resolution be forwarded to the Marchioness of Hertford, and that it be engrossed upon vellum. He said that although the resolution had been placed in his hands to propose, he was confident that they were only trying to express what was really beyond words, and that the feelings of all were at that moment written deep in the heart.

The Rev. William Miller ably seconded the resolution, and made especial reference to the tact with which the late Marquis had succeeded in uniting the several classes of Conservatives into a compact whole, and said that every

Conservative of the association should endeavour to imitate their departed leader in that respect at least.

It was said by an ancient Greek writer that "The memory of the departed who have served their country well is a thing to cherish for ever."

Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary :

*February 1st, Eurnborough.*—Found the third fox at Shemington Irons,\* and ran by Sugarswell nearly to Tysoe, and then all along the bottom of the hill, nearly to Radway; then across the Vale to Kinton Holt, through it and the Oaks, and stopped them at dark near Pillerton Old Covert. All the horses beat.

*February 2nd, Dorsington.*—Found at Pelworth Spinney, and ran slowly over the first few ploughs, and turned to the left by the village, when they fairly raced over that beautiful grass vale, by Broad Marston up to Mickleton Wood, through that and on to Hidecote, where we joined packs with the North Cotswold. We then took a turn round Ebrington, and then left the hills, passed Paxford Blakemore Covert on the left, went by Aston Village, between Aston Hales and Cadley Arbour, and on nearly into Moreton-in-Marsh; turned rather to the right here, and went into the grounds of Sezingcote House, with the fox close before us. They threw up close to the house in some thick laurels, and we could not lay our hands on the fox, though no doubt he was somewhere on the premises. This was a very fine run of thirteen miles from point to point. We were running about two hours and a quarter. Only five that started from Pelworth got to the end: Sir Charles Mordaunt, Mr. Green, from Yorkshire; Mr. George Smith, of Weston Sands; the Master, and the second whip. Hounds all there but one bitch short of work.

An Ilmington farmer said he preferred Lord Willoughby to Mr. Rushout. The latter, very civil, says, "Good morning, Mr. Williams," asks about the wife and baby, &c., and then messes about all day, breaking the fences, and riding over the crops; the former comes up, blows us all up well, and then *goes about his business*. "I like Lord Willoughby best."†

From Sir C. Mordaunt's diary :

On *Saturday, February 2nd*, there was a bye day at Dorsington. The hounds found at Pelworth Spinney, and ran slowly at first, but on nearing the village they began to go at best pace over the Vale, and ran by Broad

\* A small piece of Gloucestershire cuts into Warwickshire by Shemington, and in this parish, as in others, at one time long ago, foxes were the object of slaughter by the churchwardens. In the parish of Ruardean, in Gloucestershire, amongst "payments for killing vermin" settled out of the parish and church funds, 235 foxes were paid for, at rather under one shilling a mask, between 1768 and 1787, and twenty-seven in the year 1783.—H. C. N.

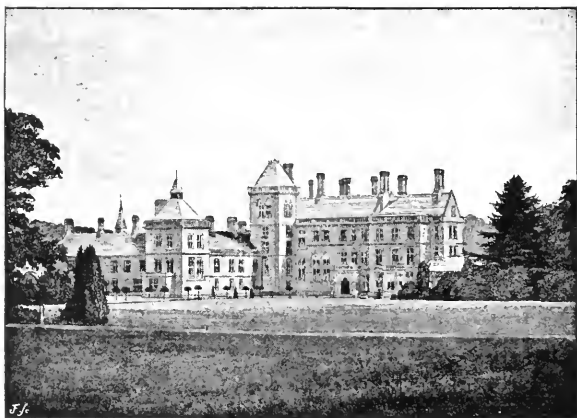
† I always said that if we could have had Lord Willoughby and Mr. Rushout rolled into one, we should have the best huntsman in England.—W. R. V.

Marston and through Mickleton Wood without dwelling in it a moment, thence to Hidecote Quarries, near which place we met the North Cotswold hounds, and both packs joined and continued together by Elbrington and again into the Vale. They ran together for twenty minutes, after which time the North Cotswold were completely outpaced by the Warwickshire, and the last time I saw the master, Mr. Rushout, he was capping on one couple of his hounds which alone were left out of his pack. The Warwickshire ran on by Paxford, Blakemore Covert, and over the river Stour near Aston, and thence nearly to Moreton-in-Marsh, where they turned to the right and ran into the laurels in the garden at Sezingcote House close to the fox, but never hit his line off again, although he cannot have been far off. This very fine run was thirteen miles as the crow flies, and only the master, Mr. Green, Mr. George Smith, of Weston Sands, the second whip, and C. Mordaunt saw the finish. The first forty-five minutes was without a check, and the entire run was two hours and ten minutes.

Mr. George Smith's diary also contains an account of this great run. Getting up the Hill at Mickleton, after crossing the Vale, must have been something like

GOING UP BRAILES HILL.





WALTON HALL.

In all strife where courage is tested and power,  
 From the meet on the hillside, the horn blast, the find,  
 The burst, the long gallop that seems to devour,  
 The champaign, all obstacles flinging behind.

*Lindsay Gordon.*

A horse, a horse! my kingdom for a horse!—*Shakespeare, Richard III.*

And next I saw them saddled lead  
 Old Cheviot forth, the Earl's best steed;  
 A matchless horse,—*Marmion, Canto XVI.*

Palmaque nobilis  
 Terrarum dominos evehit ad Deos.  
*Horace, Od. I. i.*

## CHAPTER XVI.

THE GREAT RUN FROM POOL FIELDS OSIERS, FEBRUARY 4TH,  
 1884—A RUN FROM UFTON WOOD—A DAY IN THE COTTES-  
 MORE COUNTRY—SUBSCRIBERS TO THE HOUNDS—FINE RUN  
 WITH THE PYTCHLEY HOUNDS—COMPLIMENTARY DINNER TO  
 LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

It is now more than ten years ago, so fast old Time slips away. Aye, he speeds faster even than the old dog pack on a scent. Much sport have we seen with the Warwickshire hounds since that eventful day; many a time have we coursed an old greyhound fox from scent to



view, and run into him in the open, with only a few left, and those struggling hard to be there; many a time have we stood in the charmed circle around the baying pack, while Jack Boore performed the last obsequies of the chase, and said one to another, as we turned our hard breathed horses to the wind, "This is the best day we have had for years." Many a first rate run have we had since then, with Lord Willoughby still acting as huntsman, but no great run in my opinion has ever come up to this one for country, time, distance, and finish. I have read Colonel Anstruther Thompson's account of three great runs, and I marvel somewhat that he failed to include this one in his volume. I think if he had heard all about it he would not have failed to have done so. It has struck me therefore that I may be doing some benefit to "The Annals of the Warwickshire Hunt," and perhaps cheering some future young sportsmen to a deeper love both of their country and their hounds, and the gallant sport of foxhunting, if I aid in recording one of the chief of past glories of the Warwickshire hounds. I am fully conscious that I am perhaps one who is not quite fitted for the task I have undertaken, for, starting as I did that day under peculiar advantages, I failed to be one of the gallant few, who, struggling on to the end, "undaunted, unwearied, untiring still," saw their fox pulled down at Hodnell. I have no credit to claim to myself, rather the contrary; for, riding as I was a thoroughbred horse in the top of condition—a horse, too, that had not left his stable till nearly two o'clock—with a little more determination, a little more cunning, or a little more experience, I might also have been there. Still, I will tell what I can, as I consider that a run is always best told when you give your own description and your own experience of it. Of one thing I am certain, that if anyone should live and hunt to the end of the natural limit of man's existence, he may see a day equal to this, but he will never be able to say that he has seen one to surpass it. Let me take the country to begin with—Leicestershire without the hills! The run was nearly all in the bonny

vale of the Red Horse ; the going was sound, and only a trifle on the deep side ; the fences were all fair and strong ; there was no dread thrill then, no ominous “ whisper of wire ; ” you could take your place where you liked, and you had no fear even of a boggy landing or a second ditch. About three ploughed fields were crossed, and one of these only at the end, and the hounds only entered one covert, if that tiny spinney, Verney’s Gorse, can be so dignified. There was only one check, and that near the finish, and although the point from where they found to where they killed was not more than nine miles, hounds must have travelled in pursuit not less than twenty-five, while the time, as will be seen by Sir Charles Mordaunt’s diary, was two hours and twenty minutes. I refer you to his account for an easy computation in arithmetic, showing the average of the sustained pace kept up throughout. I may say that there were only two drawbacks to the whole day, though they rather add to than detract from the quality of the run : (1) That more sportsmen did not get to the end ; (2) that two horses died, and a third was never much used again. And now to my own account. If I omit, as I shall, the names of very many, I hope I shall be excused, as more than ten years have elapsed, and though I asked friends to send their names, not very many have responded to my appeal. I even forget what sort of morning it was, but as far as I remember it had been a little stormy, clearing up, and turning out warm. I had been attending the Board of Guardians at Southam, eight miles away to the eastward of my home, and I told my groom to meet me at the corner of Chesterton Wood about two o’clock with old Chance. Chance was, as I said, nearly clean thoroughbred, and had once won the Queen of Naples’ Cup at Towcester. He was bought by Lord Willoughby, and gave him the worst fall over some rails at Bloxham Gorse he ever had in his life. He had a curious depression in his withers through an accident, and had a nasty habit of galloping into any open ditch in a field, and turning end over end. Lord Willoughby sold

him to Mr. Walter Marshall, of Hambleton, near Oakham, who rode him with great success at Market Harborough, and afterwards with the Cottesmore for several years, and then he gave him to me. No stouter, bolder hunter ever looked through a bridle, though when I had him his best day was just a little passed. I got on him at Lighthorne just at two o'clock, and trotted away towards Bowshot. When I got near to the Ash, or Dog Kennel Coppice at Compton, I saw them going along the other valley to draw Pool Fields. My run really started from there, for I never loosed bridle again till Chance stood still with me in Old Sitch Field at Chesterton an hour and ten minutes afterwards. When I got to Pool Fields, galloping as hard as I could, the field were just disappearing at the other end of Chadshunt big field. My old horse's turn of speed served me well, for I gradually got up, and at Itelington Holt I got sight of the hounds. They skirted the Holt on the west side, this gallant fox not having entered it,\* and struck across the Vale for Bawentt's, which they just passed, leaving it on the left, and we crossed the Gaydon Road, and, as hounds swung to the left, we had to jump the Chadshunt Brook. I charged the first eligible place I saw, and had my nose nearly cut off for my pains. Across the East and West Junction Railway we sped with undiminished speed, and his point now seemed Edge Hill; but beyond Marlborough, where we jumped a high flight of rails out of a big field, he turned a bit to the right at Old Leys, as if he meant Kineton Holt. Short of the Banbury Road he kept right-handed again, and, leaving Owlington just on the right, recrossed the railway. As we came up the big grass field to the Kineton and Gaydon road, still at best pace, I turned round in my saddle to see how Lord Willoughby's

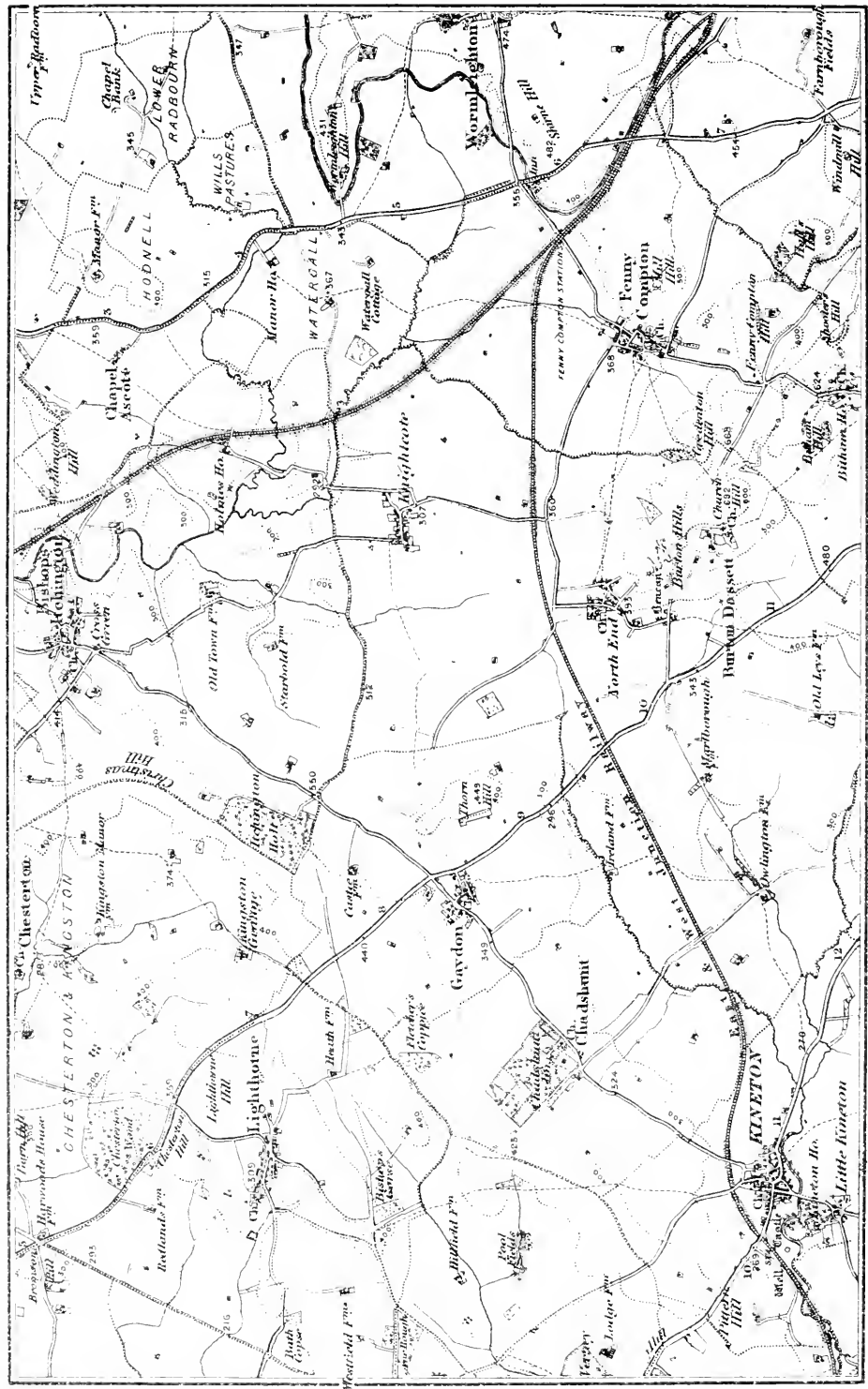
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\* Lord Willoughby, in his *Badminton* article, Nov. 1895, says that they went into the Holt, and that he saw and heard Ravager throwing his tongue as they came out. It is curious that both Sir Charles and myself were nearly certain that the main body at least never went in. I suppose the explanation is that the fox ran just inside the covert, or just down by the hedge, and then went through the brake or spinney at the bottom.—W. R. V.

horse was going, as I knew he was very short of work, and I remember saying to myself, "He seems all right." We jumped into and out of the road just where the big pond is in the large field next to the Lodge, and the point then seemed to be Chadshunt Coppice. I remember dear old Squire Lucy ranged alongside on his favourite grey horse, and I said to him, "This is the day for thoroughbreds, Spencer." I think he made some characteristic answer, and as I shook up my old horse he felt as if he would have gone for ever. It was the hill, if you call it a hill (it would not go by that name in some countries, and it was the only one we went up that day), which stopped several horses here, and Lord Willoughby's Black Prince stood still, and soon afterwards died. He had been laid up for six weeks with a varicose vein, and ruptured a blood-vessel on the liver. It was most unfortunate that Lord Willoughby happened to ride him for the first time in such a run. He was a black horse, bought from Mr. J. M. Richardson, of great power and breeding, and the master was very fond of him. I remember stopping somewhere near Bishop's Gorse Farm to speak to Lady Willoughby, and shouting to her to come and see the end; and then I rather pressed my horse, as I thought it must be near. Fortunately, or unfortunately, they had changed foxes at or near Verney's Gorse. I think Colonel Paulet saw the fox go away, but I did not see myself what happened, as I was then on the left, for I was debating as I rode on, whether I should go down and get another horse. I had got another in the stable, a young black horse belonging to Captain Beauchamp Scott, but he was rather lame with a spavin, and I decided to go on. Leaving Lighthorne on the left, and the Little Housen on the right, they crossed the Banbury Road into Old Sitch. Hounds were now beating us, and I lost touch, but still kept on, when all of a sudden old Chance stuck his legs out, and gave the most awful groans. John Creed, the keeper, was there, and I gave him the reins, and asked him to lead the horse back when he got his wind. I ran



# THE GREAT POOLFIELDS-OSIERS RUN.



Reproduced from the Ordnance map by permission of the Controller of H.M. Stationery Office  
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 London, Sampson Low, Marston & Company, Ltd  
 London, Stanfords (eng) Estab.

on to the end of the field, and got on a gate, and could see them going away with only a very few with them, the other side of Kingston Manor House, pointing south-east again. Here my account must end. I have always regretted to this day that I did not get out the black horse directly I got home, as even then I might have got in at the death, or if I had trotted gently on with old Chance, who soon got his wind, I might have been there. Colonel Paulet and Mr. Berkeley Luey came into the rectory, calling loudly for whiskies and sodas. We got talking about the run, and the opportunity was lost for ever.—W. R. V.

Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary :

*February 4th, Wellesbourne House.*—Found at Combroke Rides, ran through Clark's Hill to the Lodge Farm, and back through Brickyard Coppice by Brookhampton, the New Covert, through the Slinket, Bath Hill, Eight Men's Marth, over the Fosse Road, and lost him at the New Covert. Found at Pool Fields Osiers a brace of foxes, ran through Pool Fields Gorse, Chadshunt Coppice, to Itchington Holt; through that without dwelling at all, and on towards Knightcote, turned to the right, and went by the corner of Bawcutt's Covert, over the railway, left Marlborough on the right, and Old Leys on the left, and pointed as if for Miller's Gorse; turned back rather short, and left Owlington on the right, crossed the Kinton and Gaydon road close to Kinton; time up to this, one hour, with only one slight check. On over Chadshunt Hill, and straight to Chesterton Wood, turned to the right in Old Sitch Field, and went by Kingston over Christmas Hill Farm, left Itchington Holt on the right, and pointed as if for Bawcutt's Covert again, turned to the left when near it, and left Knightcote on the left, and went as if for Fenny Compton. Turned to the left when past Watergall, over the brook and Great Western Railway, over the Southam Road, and ran into him under Hoduell Hill, after two hours and twenty minutes. The distance quite twenty-five miles as the hounds ran; they hunted very close, and ran remarkably stout and well. The master's horse injured himself at a fence, burst an artery, and died. No one got to the end on one horse. Sir C. Mordaunt, Mr. Green, Mr. Brand, the Master, and first whip alone saw the kill. One of the very best runs ever seen. (See Map.)

From Sir Charles Mordaunt's diary :

On *Monday, February 4th*, the meet was at Wellesbourne House. The hounds found the first fox at Combroke Rides, and ran round Compton Verney and Walton, and back to the New Covert at a great pace for an hour. During this time I remained in the roads, thinking that with such a scent as there was my first horse, Brown Holland, would be of more use to me when we should get into a better country, and I started with him quite fresh when the hounds found again at Pool Fields Osiers. Two foxes went away, and the pack started close to the second, and ran at best pace through Chadshunt

Coppice, skirting Itchington Holt, without any check, and on towards Knightcote; but turned to the right, and left Bawcett's Covert just to the left, crossed the East and West Junction Railway, passed Marlborough on the right, and Old Leys on the left, and turned to the right just before reaching the Banbury and Kineton road, and left Owlington on the right; recrossed the railway and the Chadshunt Brook, and crossed the Kineton and Gaydon road to the right of Kineton. Up to this time they had been running for an hour without a check. Loose horses and dismounted riders were to be seen in every field, and only about ten people remained with the hounds out of a large field. In jumping out of the next field to the road, Lord Willoughby de Broke's second horse, which had carried him in the first flight throughout, injured himself at the fence, burst an artery, and died. He asked me, in case I should get my second horse, and should see the end of the run, to bring the hounds home. After crossing the road, the pack ran on as hard as ever to Verney's Gorse, through which they went. Here Mr. Grazebrook, who had been going well on one of my horses, saw what he thought was a fresh fox go away, with the hounds close to him. Next morning a fox was seen by the shepherd to crawl out of an old barn very tired within one field of the gorse. This was no doubt the hunted fox, who had done his utmost and saved his life, for he could not have stood before the pack any longer if we had not changed foxes. \*The chase continued to the right of Lighthorne Village nearly into Chesterton Wood. Here the pack swung round to the right in Old Sitch Field, and went by Kingston, leaving Harbury Heath on the left, over Christmas Hill, left Itchington Holt on the right, and crossed the Kineton and Gaydon road. Here they ran rather slower over three ploughed fields. At this time only Mr. Lyett Green (now master of the York and Ainsty Hounds), and Mr. Grazebrook, and myself remained with the hounds,\* and my second horse Cheviot was well brought up just at the right time. I shall never forget the delight of that moment, as I knew then that a period of time had arrived for me which had not occurred before, and was not likely to occur again during a lifetime. The master, who had got on his first horse again, had persevered on the line, and had seen my second horseman going into Chesterton Wood; he told him that he was quite sure the hounds had gone towards Itchington Holt, and it was entirely owing to him that Cheviot was brought to me. He was a nearly thoroughbred chesnut horse by Stockinger, and was not unlike his grandsire, Stockwell. Mr. Green and Mr. Grazebrook, in order to ease their horses, went into the bridle road leading to the Watergall Lane, and I went on alone with the hounds. As soon as they got on to the grass again they began to run as fast as before over a beautiful line of country, pointing for Bawcett's Covert, but when near it they turned to the left, passed Knightcote on the left, and ran so nearly to Femy Compton, that Mr. Knott, when on his farm, heard them plainly; they then turned left handed, and crossed the Watergall Brook and the Great Western Railway. On the line the pack had a very narrow escape from a fast train, which was stopped just in time by the Westinghouse brake, and a famous hound called Artifice hit off the line for fifty yards down the railway, and then up the embankment. On reaching the top, the pack again began to run at their best pace, and, leaving Watergall Covert two

\* The last man remaining with the hounds besides ourselves was Mr. W. M. Low, who I saw in Old Sitch Field leading his horse. He had gone very well up to that time.—C. M.



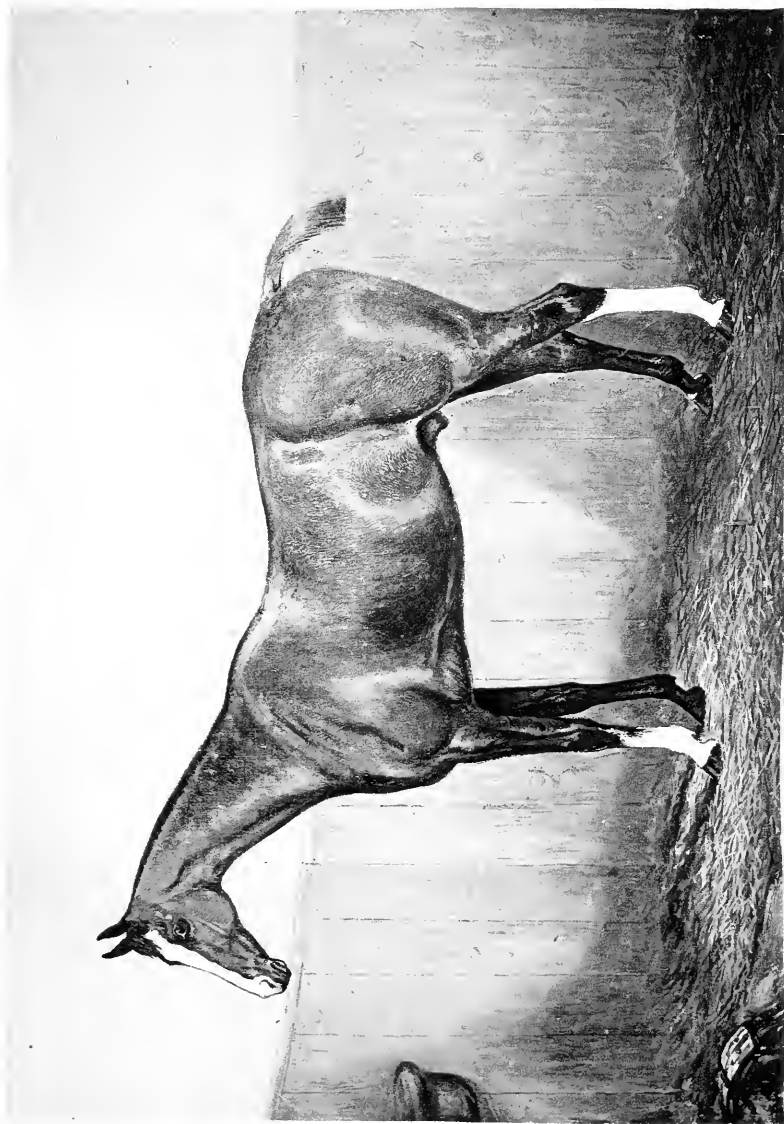
**Portrait of Cheviot.**

**1884.**

**By F. Clifton.**

**From the picture at Walton Hall.**







fields to the right, crossed the Southam Road, and went straight towards Chapel Ascote. Mr. Green, hearing the hounds when he was in the Watergall Lane, had joined them again, but his horse was dead beat, and he left him at Chapel Ascote Farm, and continued on the line of the hounds on a butcher's pony, which he hired at that place. His horse, a splendid hunter, was brought next day to Alveston, where he died. From Chapel Ascote the pack ran as if for Ladbroke Gorse, but turned to the right, and came to a check in a steam ploughed field. Mr. Green, not long afterwards, joined me, and I tried in vain, with his assistance, to hold the hounds forward. After a quarter of an hour, just as we were about to get them together to take them home, the master came up, and with him Mr. Brand and Jack Boore, the first whip. Lord Willoughby at once held the pack forward, and they hit the line off, and



after running a few fields further they killed this gallant fox in the open under Hodnell Hill, two fields from Ladbroke Gorse, which he failed to reach. His head is at Hodnell Farm, and his brush, given to me by the master, is in the hall at Walton.

This famous run lasted two hours and twenty minutes, including the check of a quarter of an hour near the finish, and although less than ten miles at the furthest point,\* it extended over quite twenty-five miles of the cream of the

\* This distance from the point where the hounds turned to the right before reaching the Banbury and Kington road to Hodnell is nine miles straight.

Vale of Warwickshire, only four ploughed fields having been crossed, and only two small coverts run through. The pack did their work throughout almost without assistance, thus showing to the utmost advantage their speed and hunting powers and splendid condition. Only two couples, of hounds were absent at the finish, and the pace throughout was so sustained that, not including the check of a quarter of an hour, the entire distance was traversed at the rate of nearly twelve and a half miles an hour. Taking these facts into consideration, it is not too much to say that this was the finest run ever seen in Warwickshire, if not in any other country.

#### THE RUN FROM POOL FIELDS OSIERS.

FEBRUARY 4TH, 1884

Farms unlet, and prices low  
 Proclaim a doleful story  
 Of the land unfairly rated,  
 And of its waning glory.  
 This year the flocks diseased,  
 No wool nor price shall yield;  
 On Knightcote farm thrice fifty beasts  
 Lie 'neath a single field.

From Wolford Wood to Rugby,  
 All through that splendid vale,  
 No shepherd's seen to head the fox,  
 Nor cow to send for sale.  
 And when for seven seasons  
 The constant rains were sent,  
 There came a time of golden prime  
 For sport, to heart's content.

Best of these seven seasons  
 Was eighteen-eighty-four;  
 And better the run from Pool Fields,  
 Than any seen of yore.  
 This year, you may remember,  
 All others doth outshine;  
 When at dinner,\* after hunting,  
 You drink its splendid wine.

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\* The superstition of thirteen at dinner. Dr. Kitchener said he could never see anything unlucky in it, except there happened to be only dinner enough for twelve.—H. C. N.

**Sir Charles Mordaunt,**

**1884.**

**From a miniature by C. Turrell, at Walton Hall.**









This morn, from Wellesbourne House,  
A start is made, and Jack  
In get-up neat, with upright seat,  
Rides first to guard the pack.  
Best of all kennel huntsmen,  
And good at whipping in,  
At all times near his lordship's horse  
He stays through thick and thin.

The way the woods were ringing,  
Proclaimed a scent of course.  
The sportsman wise, of high emprise,  
Has rightly saved his horse.  
He knows his lordship's keenness,  
He knows he will not sleep  
Before he's seen his favourites  
Launched on the grassy deep!

Close by the turn to Lighthorne,  
The well-known keeper, Eales,  
Brings tidings which are good enough  
Each one who knows him feels.  
A greyhound fox this morning,  
In distant woodlands bred,  
Has entered, as he thought unseen,  
The Pool Fields Osier Bed

So when into the covert  
The eager hounds are put,  
Old Rainbow's voice makes doubly sure  
That Charley is on foot.  
Oft the cry that customer  
Has heard before to-day,  
And ere the pack together get  
He's half a field away.

Hark to the horn! and forward  
Over the grass they carry  
Such a scent as is a warning  
To sportsmen not to tarry.  
Here thrusters are, and funkers,  
And some, who never turning  
From fences, still their horses save,  
When scent's breast high, and burning.

By Chadshunt, and just skirting  
The Holt, and far away,  
For Knightcote, and thence down the valley,  
As far as Old Leys, whence a sally  
Of troopers, and a gallant rally  
Was made in Edge Hill's fray.  
Thus well nigh to the high road,  
From Kineton town, and back,  
By Owlington, to Verney's Gorse,  
Still see the flying pack!

And now dismounted riders  
And horses loose, are seen,  
Whilst various disaster tells  
How great the pace has been.  
Ten alone still hold their own,  
Who have outstayed the rest ;  
Each for himself, for life is short,  
Riding like men posses't !

From Verney's Gorse to Lighthorne  
As if to order made,  
O'er grass, and nothing else but grass,  
A perfect line is laid.  
'Twixt Chesterton and Checkley's,  
And thankful shall they be,  
Who when the hounds by Knightcote pass  
Their second horse may see !

O'er the Great Western Railway  
And Chapel Ascote mead,  
Right handed leaving Watergall,  
The fox maintains his lead.  
And near to Ladbroke Covert  
He thinks that not in vain,  
He will his utmost strength put forth  
To reach some open drain.

Louder yet ! and yet more loud,  
He hears that constant cry ;  
Dread sound of fear, his end is near,  
To us 'tis melody !  
And welcome sight, the huntsman  
Rides up his pack to cheer ;  
Black Prince lies dead upon the plain,  
But Willoughby is here.

Though Artifice and Ardent  
Have led us all the way,  
Close hunters, too, if needs require,  
Quorn Alfred was their noted sire,  
Yet youth will have its day.  
Landlord and Rifleman acquire  
The lead, and full of dash and fire,  
With hackles up, press on to head,  
No need to quest or stoop;  
The gorse scarce reached, his bolt is sped,  
They have him now—Who-whoop!

The master gives him to them,  
And faithful Jack is there;  
But of the large well mounted field  
The cry is where? Oh, where?  
The gallant five\* shall cherish  
Of all remembrance past,  
The Pool Fields Osiers glorious run  
As long as life shall last.

Five-and-twenty miles of vale  
In twice an hour were done:  
And the pack already famous  
Still greater fame has won.  
Their speed and staying powers  
Have stood the highest test,  
And of all the days that sportsmen praise,  
We still call this the best!

C. M.

I have a letter from Mr. Vere Allfrey, who writes that he was out from Hemingford with the late Mr. H. W. Allfrey, Captain Allfrey, and Mr. Lycett Green, in which he says that it was the only day he had with the Warwickshire that year, and that when he returned to America shortly afterwards, the memory of the run returned to him many a time round the lonely camp fire. He rode a horse from Ansell's, and went well, but did not get to the end. I have also a long and most interesting

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\* "The gallant five": Lord Willoughby de Broke, Sir Charles Mordaunt, Bart., Mr. Lycett Green, Mr. Andrew Brand, and Jack Boore.

communication from Major Chambers, R.H.A., who writes that unfortunately he sent his hunter home before the run, that he thought Sir Charles Mordaunt was fortunate in not changing horses sooner, and that as he came on along the line he was much struck with the distinctness with which it was marked, a man and a beaten horse being in almost every field. He passed Lord Willoughby's dead horse, and found Charlie Lowman (second whip) standing on a hill, who said, "I have got this horse up this hill, and now I can't get him down; I think he's going to die, and what is worse, he belongs to Squire Lucy." Charlie also said, "Goodness knows where they are now, they were running as hard as ever towards Chesterton, and there will be nobody left at all with them if they don't stop." It must have been Jack who found old Brocklesby and Squire Lucy's groom, for he was the horse Lord Willoughby finished on. Major Chambers goes on to say that riding on towards Chesterton he came on Willie Low "trying to pour something out of a flask down *his horse's* throat," and in the next field Henry Allfrey sitting on a gate looking at his horse "dead beat." At Chesterton he went home, and met the late H. T. Caine, who had come down from town, and was looking for the hounds. Major Chambers adds that, after the great run with the York and Ainsty of December 23rd, 1893, he rode up to Mr. Lycett Green, congratulating him, and remarking that it was probably the finest run he or anyone else out that day had ever seen, and that he is bound to say that though Mr. Green had hunted the hounds himself, and killed his fox handsomely in the open, his reply was at once: "The second best, that run we talked of with the Warwickshire in 1884 was a greater run."—W. R. V.

Mrs. Paulet, then Miss Clerk, went very well for the first hour till she was hung up in a gate, and had to stop.

Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary :

*February 7th, Bishop's Itchington.* — Found at Ladbroke, ran by the village, over the brook near Dupper's Bridge, and very well to Ufton Wood ;

through it, and out into the village, back again through the wood, and out by Stoney Thorpe, and back by Dupper's Bridge, and lost near the lineworks; the first forty minutes very good. Found again in Itchington Holt a brace, and the pack divided; the main body ran very nicely to Chesterton Wood, by Lighthorne Village, Bishop's Gorse, Pool Fields Gorse, and to Chadshunt. Near the park wall a fresh fox got up, and they ran him back to Itchington Holt, where we were joined by the rest of the pack, who had run a ring round by Bawentt's Covert, Gaydon Hill, and back. Stopped them as the horses were beat.

*February 8th, The Kennels.*—Found at Watt's Gorse, got away close to the fox, and ran him very well over the Kinton and Banbury road by Chadshunt, Pool Fields Osiers, Compton Verney to ground, almost in view, in Eight Men's Marth, after a good forty minutes. Found in the Slinket, ran through Hitchcock's, Walton Wood, Brickkiln Gorse, and on towards Idlicote; but turned to the right, and ran through Eatington Park, Eatington Grove, Rough Hill, and down to Hounds Hill Coppice. The fox turned away from the wire, and went back, and was killed in Knaven Hill after an hour's run.

*February 14th, Ufton Wood.*—Found at Debdale, got away close to the fox, and ran him very pretty by Long Itchington, over the river, and nearly to Hummingham Coppice; bore to the left, and passed Print Hill on the left, and ran him into a drain under a gateway close to Offchurch Osiers in the North Warwickshire country; poked him out with a pole, and killed him.

I remember staying in Sussex at the time when a large portion of the county had just been made into a new hunting country. The first day's hunting took place on the day when I arrived at my host's house. On my asking him what sport they had been having, he replied: "We've had a tremendous run of fifteen miles from point to point, and ran to ground in a drain in the neighbouring hunt of Surrey." I said, "That's capital, all except that the fox was not killed." I do not think he had hunted much before that day, for he at once replied, "Oh! but he was killed; *we dug him out and killed him.*"—C. M.

*February 26th, Wolford Village.*—Found at Wolford Wood, got away at once, and ran very well by Dunsden, Todenham, and through Blakenore Coppice, and by Blockley Station to Northwick Park, and on to Norecomb Wood, where the hounds divided, and there were several foxes on foot; got away, after running round the park and wood, with sixteen couples, and ran hard back to Wolford Wood, through it, and away for Weston, turned to the right, and I stopped them, pointing for Rollwright Coombs. Jack's horse was beat, and we had only twelve couples with us, as the sixteen couples had divided again in Wolford Wood. We had been running hard for four hours. The three and a half couples who left us at Norecomb Wood ran their fox

nearly to Evesham, and joined the North Cotswold, who were hunting near that town. A good scenting day.\*

*March 10th, Billesley Hall.*—Found at Aston Grove, got away at once, and ran nearly to Stratford, but turned back, and ran through Bearley Bushes, Rick's Bushes, just through the corner of Snitterfield Bushes, and away to Gamaway and on to Hatton Station; did not cross the line, but turned back for Budbrook Barracks, and back nearly to Grove Park, and marked him to ground near there after a hunting run of two hours and a half. Did not find in Bleaken, but there were baited traps in the covert, and Benedict dropped dead, as if from poison.

On March 12th the annual meeting of subscribers to the hounds and owners of coverts took place at Wellesbourne.

Proposed by Sir C. Mordaunt, and seconded by H. S. Lucy, Esq.: "That this meeting record a vote of thanks to Lord Willoughby de Broke for the handsome manner in which he has hunted the country during the past season, and for the sport he has shown." Carried unanimously.

A testimonial in the shape of a silver hunting horn was presented to Lord Willoughby by Sir Charles Mordaunt, on behalf of many friends hunting with the Warwickshire hounds, for the capital sport shown during nine seasons, for which time he had hunted the country.

Lord Willoughby agreed to hunt the country for the ensuing season, a sum of 1800*l.* being guaranteed him for that purpose.

*March 13th, Lower Shuckburgh.*—Found at the hill, and ran towards Flecknoe, but turned to the right, and ran back across the Southam and Staverton Road, and past Catesby House as if for Helidon, but the fox doubled back there, thus making a complete loop, and crossed his old line, and went to Catesby Bottoms, where we had a long check. A very good thirty minutes up to there. Got on him again by Catesby House, and hunted slowly to Staverton Wood, where he went to ground in the main earth.

March 19th, 1884.—About this time there were two questions which everyone was asking in Warwickshire. One was, "Are you going to ride in the point-to-point?"

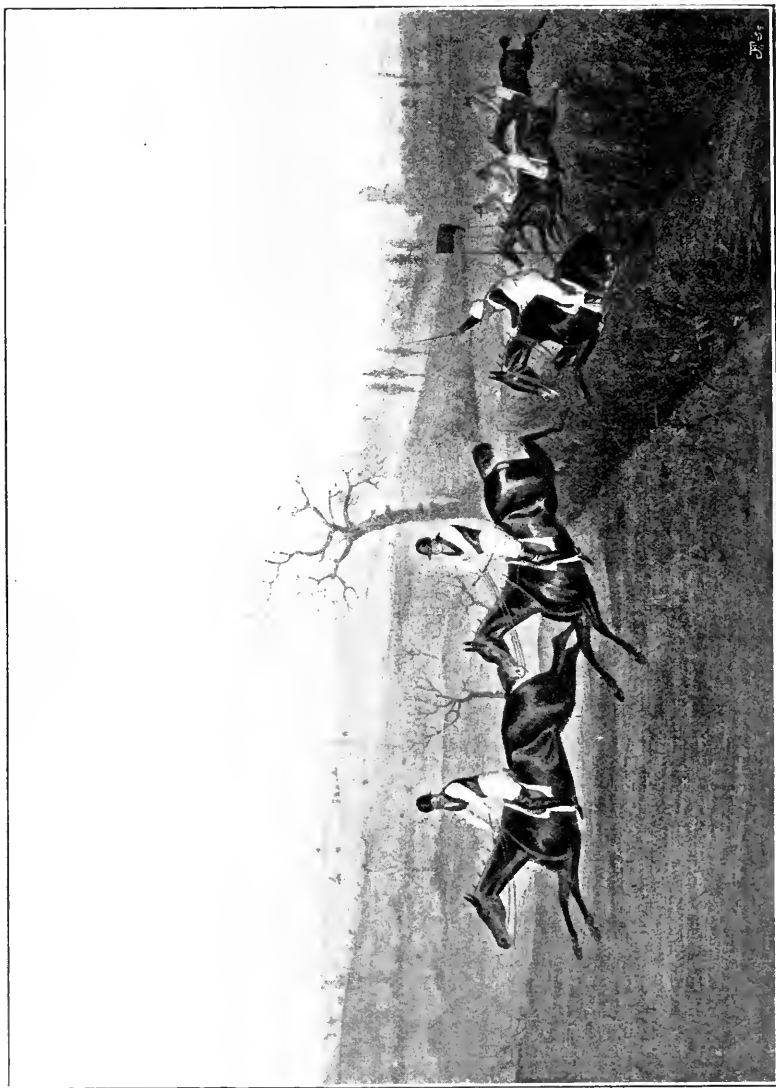
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\* Scent depends upon the state of the atmosphere, the quality of the soil, and the course taken by the hunted animal. Damp, cloudy weather spreads the scent horizontally, instead of absorbing it perpendicularly, the effluvia of the hunted animal being more widely diffused under the former circumstances. In stiff soils the fox carries more or less of the soil sticking to his pads, which is adverse to good scent. This often happens after a frost.—*Sporting Magazine*.



And the second, "What are you going to wear at the fancy ball?" No two events ever caused greater excitement in the county. Point-to-point races were then in their infancy, and created more interest, from their comparative novelty, than they do at present, when people have got tired of going to look on, often at a great distance, at people doing what they dare not or cannot do themselves. Besides which, the practice of keeping special horses in training for these special events have done much to discourage the sport. They are capital things for soldiers, but in a hunt they are apt to become a little monotonous, though the opportunity of giving a good holiday to farmers and occupiers of land is one which should not be always missed. The idea, I believe, originated somewhere near Kinton, and Captain "Tom Benyon" and Captain "Billy Becher" were deputed to choose the course. They picked a line in the Cherwell Valley, starting near the Little Bourton Dirt House, leaving Hanwell to the left and Mollington to the right, and finishing in Mr. Reading's field just between Page's Gorse and Shotteswell, the Farnborough Brook, of course, coming into the line. I could not be there myself, but Lord Willoughby told me that when they were drawn up at Banbury Cross, waiting for two young men from Oxford, all their courage kept running out of the heels of their boots, and they only kept up their spirits by chaffing Mr. George Campbell, who was supposed to have a horse not quite eligible for the competition. Mr. George Drake, whose fiftieth birthday it was, started a little mare, and when asked, "What, *you* going to ride, George?" said, "Yes, and I shall p'raps look in at the finish." When started, the late "Gillie" Leigh went off at a great pace, and jumped the brook at once, followed by Jack King and several more, Lord Willoughby and the rest keeping on the east side. About half-way down Lord Willoughby found a gap made up by some strong rails, and having to charge the fence, had a fall. George Drake, who had been waiting on him, caught his horse, and said, "Look sharp, Willoughby: we can't

be here all day, and I can't go on without you, for I don't know the way." These two landed first into the winning field, Mr. Gilbert Leigh having been pumped out, Mr.



OLD PORTRAIT OF THE FIRST RACE AT BANBURY—NOW AT SWALCLIFFE PARK.

George Campbell having gone astray, and Mr. King having got into a difficulty with some bullocks. The superior speed of Mr. George Drake's mare, Soothing Syrup, won

the light-weight race (catch weight, over 12st.) pretty easily at the finish ; Lord Willoughby, on Bellringer, being second ; and Mr. George Campbell, on Snuff, being third. The heavy-weight race, which was run with the farmers' race (catch weight, over 14st.), was won by Captain Beecher on his chesnut mare Mayfair ; Mr. C. B. H. Whitworth, on the Cardinal, being second ; and Mr. Hatfield Harter, on Marmion, being third. The farmers' race was won by Mr. J. W. Lea.—W. R. V.

These Midland Sportsmen's Point-to-Point races were open to the horses regularly hunted with the Warwickshire, Bicester, and Heythrop Hounds. The North Warwickshire, Pytchley, and Grafton, were included when they were revived in 1888, and they were held twice at Kington, once at Chacombe, and once at Rugby, but never in the Pytchley or Heythrop countries.

#### LIST OF ENTRIES.

Mr. Hatfield Harter's Marmion, 14st.	Lord Willoughby de Broke's Beaver, 12st.
Captain Beecher's Mayfair, 14st.	Hon. G. Leigh's Conqueror, 12st.
Mr. C. H. Whitworth's Cardinal, 14st.	Mr. Leonard Noble's Benedict, 12st.
Lord Rodney's Wadding, 14st.	M. H. Gerard Leigh's Brown Horse, 12st.
Captain Caine's Santerne, 14st.	Mr. Arthur Cox's The Stag, 12st.
Mr. E. Hopwood's John Moore, 12st.	Mr. D. Guthrie's Comet, 12st.
Mr. William Low's Patrick, 12st.	Hon. C. Trefusis's Proctor, 12st.
Mr. G. Wright's The Dwarf, 12st.	Mr. P. Barnett's Crosspatch, 12st.
Mr. G. Dawkin's, Gardenia, 12st.	Mr. G. Campbell's Snuff, 12st.
Mr. H. Fergusson's Clown, 12st.	Mr. C. Gilliat's Gone Away, 12st.
Mr. G. Powell's Fox, 12st.	Mr. G. Drake's Soothing Syrup, 12st.
Mr. T. H. Blacklock's Quicksilver, 12st.	Captain Scobie's Gamebird, 12st.
Sir Charles Mordaunt's Cheviot, 12st.	
Lord Willoughby de Broke's Bellringer, 12st.	

#### Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary :

Last day of hunting on March 27th, when it became too dry to continue.

A fine season's sport. Hunted on 106 days ; killed sixty-seven foxes, and ran forty to ground. Had only one blank day. Were not stopped by frost at all.

#### From the *Leamington Spa Courier* :

#### PRESENTATION TO LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

On Wednesday, March 20th, a number of farmers in the Warwickshire country presented Lord Willoughby de Broke with a handsome silver-mounted riding whip in appreciation of the manner he had hunted the

country during his mastership. The presentation took place at the White Lion Hotel, Banbury, and Mr. W. Fairbrother occupied the chair. Amongst those present were—Messrs. J. Harbage, C. Savage, C. E. B. Fry, J. Cooper, J. M. K. Elliot, C. French, Macgreal, Mann, &c. The Chairman said he had been asked that morning to perform a very pleasing duty, and begged his lordship's acceptance of the hunting whip as a small testimonial from the farmers—he perhaps might call them the Friday hunting farmers—of that neighbourhood. He had used the word duty because the farmers considered it was a duty that they owed to his lordship for his very hard work, his great trouble for so many years, and the great sacrifice he made in showing them such capital sport as he had done ever since he had been master of the Warwickshire hounds. He begged also to say that the farmers would try to assist his lordship in every way in making sport by preserving foxes and doing everything he wished them to do to promote that very best of sport—the kingly old sport of foxhunting. His lordship had acted in the most satisfactory manner ever since he had had the mastership, and therefore he asked him, in the name of the farmers, to accept the gift. They thanked him for the sport he had shown, and wished him long life and prosperity to enjoy the sport of foxhunting, which he (Lord Willoughby) so much enjoyed. He would simply say, with John Gilpin, that when his lordship used the whip with the hounds, "May they be there to see it." (Cheers.) Lord Willoughby de Broke, in replying, said he was very much obliged to them for the kind present they had made him. He hardly knew what to say to them for giving him the nice present which had been handed to him in such flattering terms by Mr. Fairbrother. He would like to see more farmers out on Fridays, and he remembered the time when they had something like a hundred farmers out on that day, a great many of whom rode horses worth 150*l.* or 200*l.*, and anybody who wanted to buy a good horse could find one at their Friday's meet. They had had bad times, unfortunately, and he was sorry to say that many of their old friends were unable to join them in the sport, fewer farmers joined them, and this, in his opinion, accounted for the dearth of foxes, more or less, of late years. He had himself always said that the farmers were the best fox preservers, and in this very country, in which nearly all the coverts belonged to farmers who could shoot about them, and though the coverts were small, and the farmers might suffer inconvenience in their going there, yet they got on very much better there than in some of the gentlemen's coverts, where they might expect to find more foxes. (Applause.) He was quite sure he should ever remember the friends he had made amongst the farmers in the Warwickshire Hunt, and it was very gratifying to him if he was enabled to show them good sport. He had made friends with many farmers around him, and he might have lived a lifetime and never made one if it had not been for foxhunting, and if he had not followed the foxhounds he would never have been so well known. If it had not been for foxhunting, he (Lord Willoughby de Broke) would not have seen so much of the chairman, and should not have been able to appreciate his worth. He concluded by stating that nothing would give him more pleasure than to see his fields larger, and he thanked them from the bottom of his heart for their kind gift. (Applause.) The following inscription is engraved on a silver plate on the handle of the whip: "Presented to Lord Willoughby de Broke by the farmers hunting with the Warwickshire Hunt."

### From Sir C. Mordaunt's diary :

There was a very fine, warm spring until May 6, when it turned cold, and there was a heavy fall of snow in Scotland, where it lay six inches deep for four days. All the young grouse were destroyed. On August 12th there was a terrific thunderstorm, which lasted eleven hours, and a tree close to our house was knocked all to pieces by lightning. I had very good deerstalking, and during twenty-seven days killed eighty-seven stags. Three of these weighed 18st. each, and one had a very curious head, with three separate horns.

### From Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary :

#### SEASON 1884-85.

First day's cubhunting on September 2nd.

*September 27th.*—Found the second fox at Warwick Park, but a man from Lamington rode into the middle of the hounds, and his horse kicked Banish, and smashed her thigh. Stopped the hounds, and took them home.

*October 30th, Pebworth.*—Ran to ground in a drain near Welford. Flasher went in and killed the fox, and we dug down to him, and got them both out. Talbot and Nonsuch were both missing, and we could make nothing out, but heard that they were seen running a fox further on. Next day I sent Jack, who had the drain up, and got them out at five o'clock. They had been over thirty hours in the drain, and fifty-six hours without food. They both recovered. A most wonderful October. Hardly a drop of rain during the whole month; the ground as hard as iron now, so that many packs have not advertised for next week, and many others have left off cubhunting; the pools in the fields all dry, and the brooks lower than I ever remember in the hottest part of the summer. The weather is as warm as June, and the leaves are all on the trees and hedges.

First day of open hunting *November 3rd, Walton Hall.*—Three or four foxes in Walton Wood.\* Took one to Thornton Wood, and ran him to ground close to it. Found a ringing one at Moll's Grave: lost near Combroke. Found at Pillerton Old Covert, ran hard to Brickkiln Gorse, where the fox stopped, and was nearly killed. Ran back, leaving Pillerton Old Covert on the right, through the Oak Fields and Kineton Holt to Miller's Gorse—a very pretty gallop. The earths all open and gates all locked up, so we could do no good at the Hills.

*November 14th, Wroston Abbey.*—Found at Claydon Hill, ran a ring nearly to Shutford and back, and lost at Wroston. Found at Hanwell Coppice, and ran very well for twenty-five minutes to White's Bushes, and

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\* A remarkable incident is related in the *Sporting Magazine* of 1840 as having taken place near Walton Wood. Even foxhounds which have before been steady, after too much rest frequently become wild and ungovernable. Some years ago, when Lord Middleton hunted Warwickshire, and the above pack stood as high in the estimation of fox hunters as any in the world, a most unfortunate occurrence took place, and which is a convincing proof that during any part of the year, when the pack are not at work, they cannot have too much strong exercise. After a long and severe frost, the hounds met at Walton Wood, and having forced a fox into the open, were running him hard with a fair scent, when suddenly they changed his line for that of a dark red coloured dog, which had no doubt been coursing him, and fairly ran into him and ate him before anyone could get to them to stop them.

killed. While we were breaking up the fox, another went away, and they hunted him very pretty up to Miller's Gorse, through that, and away across the Vale, to ground almost in view at Avon Dassett. A good day's sport.

*November 20th, Illicote.*—Still hard and dry. Found at Hell Brake, and ran slowly to Spencer's Gorse, and on to Broom Hill, and killed. Found at Oxhill Gorse, and ran well to Pillerton Old Covert, and across to Kington Oaks, where we changed foxes and ran up Edge Hill, and lost just above Ratley.

*December 11th, Long Itchington.*—Drew Debdale blank. Found at Ufton Wood, and after one or two turns round it they got away and settled down as if they meant running. They pointed as if for Ladbroke, and left Depper's Bridge on the right, and went over Ladbroke Hill, and down to the canal where the road to Napton crosses it. They all flashed over except Amity, who put them right, and they ran along the canal side as if the fox did not mean to cross it. He did so a few fields on, and the point then seemed to be Priors Marston; but they turned to the left again as if for Shuckburgh Hill, skirted the bottom of it, and went nearly to Catesby; turned rather short to the left here, and crossed the road half-way between Shuckburgh and Staverton, near the bridge over the brook. On over the brook, now being in the Pytchley country, and up to Drayton Spinneys, where there was a longish check, and we never really ran afterwards, the pace up to there having been good, and the hounds having only been cast once. When they hit off, we hunted him over the Daventry Road as if for Bragborough or Welton Place. He tried a drain a few fields from the road, and finding it stopped, turned back for Braunston Gorse, near which place we lost him. Twelve miles from point to point: seventeen as the pack ran. All there at the finish.

#### From Sir Charles Mordaunt's diary :

On *Saturday December 11th*, the hounds had a splendid run from Ufton Wood, from which no such run has been seen for many years. The meet was at Long Itchington, and Debdale, a much more favourite covert, was drawn blank, thus causing Ufton to be drawn. A holloa at the end of the covert nearest Ufton Village drew a large number of the field there, and many of these did not see the hounds again. This had the effect of clearing the south end of the covert, where the fox broke. No one but one of the whips saw him,\* and he said he was a very long, thin, greyhound fox; this perhaps accounted for his staying powers. About a hundred of the field started near the hounds, but these soon began to be scattered by the pace, the first obstacle being the river Itchen, one mile from the wood. Several rode at this and got in, and some did not ride at it at all, and got no further; but those who knew the country skirted the river, and went round by Depper's Bridge, and thus gained a great advantage, the hounds crossing the road from Southam to Harbury just in front; they ran with a burning scent, pointing at first as if for Ladbroke Village, which they left on the right, and then went over Ladbroke Hill, and thence to the canal close to Napton Hill, where the first check occurred at the end of forty minutes, during which the pack had run, as they went, eight miles. The field at this time

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\* Sir Charles is not quite correct here. I had a good sight of him, and he was the longest, leanest, blackest fox I ever saw.—W. R. V.

was reduced to eight, comprising the master, Hon. E. C. Leigh, Hon. and Rev. W. R. Verney, Mr. Edgar Hibbert, Captain Green, Mr. Lowe, of Easington, Mr. Caine, and C. Mordaunt. The check lasted four minutes, and enabled a few others to join in. The pace after this time was not so fast as it had been, but still the pack carried a good head along the side of the canal for a few fields, then crossed to the right, and pointed towards Priors Marston, but turned to the left, and ran just through the bottom of Shuckburgh Hill and nearly to Catesby. At this point they turned to the left, and crossed the Southam and Daventry road and the brook, as well as the bottom, which proved a very inconvenient jump at that time of the run. The pace continued good up to Drayton Spinneys, in the Pytchley country, where there was a check for some time, and after that the pack ran very slowly nearly to Bragborough, and then turned back for Braunston Gorse, near which covert they lost the fox. The run lasted two hours, and extended over eighteen miles of country. The distance from point to point was twelve miles, and this gallant fox had disdained to enter any covert. Before finding at Ufton Wood, Captain Riddell said: "Now for a gallop to my house, and I shall be satisfied." Unluckily, he who would have so much enjoyed the run, did not get away with the hounds, but they managed to carry out his desire within two fields. Rode Forester.

THE RUN OF DECEMBER 11TH. BY THE HON.  
E. C. LEIGH, Q.C.

On Thursday, December 11th, the Warwickshire hounds had a run that merits more than a mere passing record. The meet was at Long Itchington, and the famous Debdale covert was drawn blank. Lord Willoughby then determined to go at once to Ufton Wood, an extensive covert, difficult for hounds to get through, uninviting, unpopular, which about once in twenty years yields a wonderful run. Ufton is situated about four miles from Leamington. The foxes generally make for Print Hill, or sometimes for Oakley Wood, over a deep, sticky country, but now and then they get over the Ladbroke and Shuckburgh grazing fields, than which no finer line exists. The wind to-day was in that direction. After rattling about the wood for twenty minutes or so, a fox went away over half a dozen ploughs, holding and sticky, with ragged fences and deep ditches, up to the brook, which out of plough was quite unjumpable. Captain Green, however, boldly charged it, and, although he went in, he got out on the right side, and I am informed two others did the same; but Mr. James was sadly out of luck, as his horse got away, and out the wrong side. Lord

Willoughby, Sir C. Mordaunt, and others found a bridge a field to the right, whilst Mr. Hibbert, Mr. Chandos Leigh, and Mr. Graham, on the left, came to a cattle ford in their line just as hounds swung round to them. And now the pack were well on the grass. Crossing the Southam and Harbury roads, they ran merrily, leaving Ladbroke Village on the left, over the water jump, and rose the hill somewhere near Nunn's Bushes. Over the crest of the hill they swept on in the direction of Watergall, and crossed the Welsh Road between Southam and Priors Marston. Every field was grass, and the pace good; hounds were never lifted. At the Canal under Napton a check ensued for two or three minutes, the fox doubling back a little, not wishing to face the water. This was a lucky turn for those who had lost ground at the start, as it let in some twenty of the field. The run had been three-quarters of an hour up to Napton, the point being about seven miles. Although the cream was over, there was still much in store, for hounds went on for Shuckburgh Hills, but they never got into the Shuckburgh Coverts: skirting along the bottom, which runs at the foot of the hills, they held on at a fair holding pace to Catesby. Here difficulties began: the master's horse tired, the whips were beat some time before, the scent began to fail, when information came that the fox was a quarter of an hour ahead, making for Staverton Wood. Mr. Manning, of Bury Fields, who had heard the hounds, offered his fresh horse to Lord Willoughby, who gladly accepted it, but the chance of a kill was gone, and the run was really over when the Daventry Road was crossed, one and a half miles from Daventry, a distance from Ufton Wood of twelve miles straight: but hounds and horses must have gone at least seventeen miles. Of the field who saw it all through we may mention Lord Willoughby, Sir Charles Mordaunt, Captain Green, Mr. Hibbert, Mr. Chandos Leigh, Mr. Caine, Mr. Lutwyche, Mr. Graham, and three or four others. Mr. Dagleish, Mr. Greig, and Mr. Wilson got to the hounds soon after they started by a



turn to the left, and were with them afterwards; whilst Messrs. Clay, Rainsford, Goodman, Fawcett, and Ferguson were the first to catch them at the check, and were up at the finish. The field\* in the morning was considerably over a hundred. The Rev. Walter Verney saw the cream of the run up to Napton on a young horse (a four year old,† I am informed).

### Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary :

*December 12th, Broughton Castle.*—Got away close to a fox from Gulliver's Osiers, ran nearly to Claydon Hill, and back by Shutford, and nearly to Shenington, and then nearly to Broom Hill Gorse, then back to Shutford Spinneys, and nearly to Shenington again, and killed him in the Shutford and Upton road, after a good run of nearly two hours.

*December 24th, Weston Sands.*—Found at Pebworth, got away at once, and they settled down as if they meant running; went by Dorsington, and on for Long Marston, and then nearly to Quinton, and up to Meon Hill; just skirted the base of it, and went up to Mickleton Wood, through it, and sunk the Vale again as if he meant to go back to Pebworth, turned to the right by Norton Hall, and ran a ring round Mickleton Village, and up to Mickleton Wood, where the pack ran into their fox, after running for an hour and a quarter without a check. Beadsman did very well.‡

### From the *Leamington Spa Courier* :

On *Friday, December 26*, it had attempted all morning to snow, but in a

\* When Captain Riddell, who did not get away with the hounds, got home to Bragborough, Lady Evelyn Riddell congratulated him on such a splendid run. "Run," he said, "where to?" "Well, Lord Willoughby has been here with the hounds," was the reply, "and had some lunch, and gruel for the horses." I heard that the keen captain, and a keener never crossed Northamptonshire, never said a word all the evening.—W. R. V.

† My brown mare Bestshot, by Locksley, dam by Makehaste. I believe she was only a three-year-old then. She went wrong in her feet, and I had to keep her in a field with a long coat on, and give her beans. The last time I rode her Mr. Willie Low's second horseman brought her to me at Ladbroke, and fell off in the field just as the fox went away. I rode up and said, "All right, don't get on again." We ran for twenty-five minutes as hard as we could split, and killed in a pigstye at Wormleighton Hill. She only had one fall in her short but merry hunting life of only four seasons. You could not throw her down if you tied her legs together. I picketed her once, when camped out with the yeomanry in Ragley Park in the Jubilee year, and she broke the new Government picket ropes fore and aft like carrots, and it took the hangers on of the regiment two hours to catch her.—W. R. V.

‡ Cecil (Cornelius Tongue) has a very amusing account on p. 268, 1854 Ed., of a day he had with Mr. Pinches, the master of the United Pack, who hunted a portion of the country now claimed by the Wheatland Hunt, about 1830. The meet was at Willey Park, and at the master's heels (he hunted the hounds himself) he saw a powerful, good-looking hound, but awfully disfigured by having one ear cropped close to his head, and his stern docked to within three inches of the stump. Mr. Pinches explained that he was the best hound in England, had been given to him by Mr. Jones, of Maesmawr; and that he was docked and had his ear cut off that he might not be stolen. He would have made a curious figure on the Peterborough benches.

very perfunctory manner. Neither the roads nor the fields exhibited any effect from this treatment. About ten it ceased altogether, and by that time Southam was reached on the way to Shuckburgh. Here we came into winter. The hills had evidently caught the storm, for right away past Badby the roads could be tracked like a winding sheet, and every knoll and slope bore its white burden. For all that we went into it, and moreover worked a fox to death in less than an hour. Whether poor Reynard had been dining somewhat sumptuously, whether his feet balled, or whether the craft and quickness of the huntsman was too much for him, nevertheless it remains a mystery how it happened that he lost his brush without either being pressed or the struggle unduly prolonged. These suppositions, however, must not be allowed to interfere with the undoubted ability which so undeniably contributed to bring about the consummation of a fox being pulled down in the open within a hop, skip, and a jump of the village of Priors Marston. Hounds could run whenever they came to a clear field, but on ground covered with snow, of which there was the larger portion, they could do nothing. Lord Willoughby did not hesitate to throw them forward over this with rapidity. Nothing succeeds like success, and it would be ungracious in any way to detract from the performance. Was it not a fox handsomely accounted for? Unfortunately, this run was to take its toll upon the person of one of the hardest riders and most liberal and ardent supporters which the Warwickshire numbers among its members. The pack, after leaving Shuckburgh Hill, flew along over the fields in the valley. Sir Charles Morlaunt was on his favourite grey horse, and was sending it along with all the confidence which a good mount inspires and unshaken nerves afford. A ditch and a fence in that country are not to be trifled with, but when another ditch is added, the obstacle calls for the most serious efforts to be made. A hunter must go boldly and freely at them, and chance nothing. As luck would have it, the spot chosen in the obstruction had been trampled on the landing side by cattle, to the production of a sensational leap, or a certain catastrophe. The grey perhaps cleared everything it could see, and something to spare, but it was not enough, and the fall which ensued broke Sir Charles's collar bone—an accident nothing very serious in itself, but more in the vexation and irritation caused by a total abstinence in the sport which is his greatest pleasure.

If this gallop had not entirely eradicated all sense of chilliness from the frame, it departed under the warm greeting with which the inhabitants of the little village welcomed us no less than Christmas, and at Ladbroke we had left the region of snow behind. Pity it was the fox found here should have at once struck out for the plough, for over the pasture through Nmi's Bushes the pace was excellent. Hence up to Ufton Village is all arable, yet the pack ran the whole distance in thirty-three minutes, to lose all scent by the railway at Harbury Village. The brook was crossed not far from the scene of the gallant exploits in the great run, but to-day all on the wrong side had time to go round. Coming on to Whitnash Bushes the covert undoubtedly held more than one fox. Hounds never had a better start. They and their prey crossed the Fosse Road almost together. There was a promise of a gallop. They coursed him over the plough, and must have forced him on to the grass, when a drain presented itself. Truly out of the frying-pan into the fire. Home, gentlemen, after a good day, considering the weather? And these same elements brought ample satisfaction to the observant mind. They had the effect of taking away a great deal of paint, leaving exposed to view the

## WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1884.

## LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

NAMES.	SIRE.	DAM.
Anchorite } Anxious } Bachelor } Balmy } Barbard } Bashful } Bribery *	Dexter (78)	Amice (81)
Challenger Client } Clipster } Conjugal * Dahlia * Danger * Daffodil Denmark } Despot } Devious }	The Milton Solomon	Banish (81)
Diaper * Flora * Foreman * Forelock Governor * Nimble *	The Blackmore Vale Bridegroom The Quorn Rallywood Archibald (79) . . . . The Bramham Conqueror The Oakley Singer The Belvoir Traitor Dexter (78) . . . . The Belvoir Weathergag Mr. Chaplin's Grasper The Belvoir Weathergag The Brocklesby Flasher The Belvoir Fencer . . The Belvoir Trojan The Milton Nigel . .	Lord Portsmouth's Capable Their Charity Comely (79) Their Harmony Their Daffodil Their Dulcimer Aconite (80) Duchess (78) The Quorn Dagmar Their Favourite Their Rantipole Ransom (77) Their Gleeful Lord Middleton's Languish Their Priestess The Brocklesby Restless Rosy (77) Their Rosy Their Skylark Rosemary (78) Rival (77) Their Relish
Pilgrim * Radical * Rantipole Redwing * Ruler * Rutland Safety Sepoy * Solomon Somerset } Sophy } Stormer *	The Grove Lawyer. Lord Middleton's Raglan The Belvoir Fencer . . The Pytchley Rupert The Belvoir Rifle Artifice (79) . . . . The Bramham Smoker The Milton Solomon . . The Milton Solomon . . Duke of Beaufort's Speaker Lord Zetland's Trader . . . . The Belvoir Weathergag The Pytchley Feudal . .	Lord Middleton's Languish Their Priestess The Brocklesby Restless Rosy (77) Their Rosy Their Skylark Rosemary (78) Rival (77) Their Relish Ada (79) Lord Portsmouth's Redwing His Rachel Facile (82) Their Whimsey
Trojan * Willing Windermere } Weaver *		

NOTE.—This year there was perhaps the best looking entry ever seen at the Warwickshire Kennels. Forelock, and a dog called Clinker, brother to Client and Clipster, were second in the class for best couple of mentered dogs at Peterborough. Clio (a sister to Clinker) and Safety were second in the class for best couple of mentered bitches, and in the opinion of almost everyone except the judges, should have been first. The old hounds also did well, as Funnylass (83), Delicate (83), Facile (82), and Amice (81), won first prize for best two couples of working bitches, and

sterling old English oak of foxhunting—landlord and tenant. The field was small, but lay this to your hearts, good pessimists, it was mainly composed of farmers. Right well they showed us the way, to the detriment of their own wheat (a fact), but not to the damage of fence or timber. That destruction they left impartially, and methinks somewhat unkindly, to those that followed them—though few cared to do this—to the lead of Messrs. Scriven, jun., and Lambourne. I can scarcely part with the day without the mention of the presence of two strangers—strangers only in the rarity of their appearance. Two finer representatives of country gentlemen could not be found than Sir Rainald Knightley, and our senior and respected member for North Warwickshire, Mr. Newdegate.\* The latter has evidently not lost his aptitude for crossing a country; the fire of youth may burn less fiercely, still there remains a ruddy glow.

With respect to the outbreak of rabies, *vide infra*, Lord Willoughby does not say anything of the incessant care and attention he devoted to his hounds at this terrible crisis (only the second, I believe, in their whole history), nor of the faithful and brave way in which he was seconded by his kennel huntsman, Jack Boore, who had himself been bitten, his whips, and Fred Battine, the excellent and careful feeder, who has been for so many years with the pack.

From Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary :

*January 15th, Compton Verney.*—Found at Bishop's Gorse, ran hard by Clark's Hill, Combroke Covert, and down to Brookhampton, crossed the brook and the railway, and ran right up to the kennels; turned short back across the brook and the railway, and over Pittem Hill, and over Chadshunt Hill, left Bishop's Gorse one field on the left, and Piper's Bath on the right and went to Moreton Village, turned to the left through Moreton Wood, and nearly to Newbold Pacey Village, and on as far as some open earths near Fir Tree Hill, but they could not mark him to ground. Time, about two hours.

From the *Leamington Spa Courier* :

Over a country which a Belvoir man said spoilt him for his own, the same four, with the addition of Banish (81) and Clio, took the Champion Cup given by the Earl of Portsmouth for the best three couples of bitches of any age. Alas, about the end of July, rabies showed itself among the entry. They were at once divided into lots of about three hounds and confined in small kennels hastily run up. The fatal disease lasted nearly two months and carried off about eight and a half couples, including the beautiful Clinker and Clio. It was necessary to get ~~some~~ young hounds to go on with, and other M.F.H.'s behaved very kindly. Those purchased by or given to Lord Willoughby are marked with an asterisk. The eleven couples of young hounds were kept separate till after Christmas, and about January 1st were put into the pack about a couple at a time, but were kept strictly separate from the rest both as to *feeding* and *sleeping* for the rest of the season.

\*The late Mr. Charles N. Newdegate, of Arbury Hall, represented North Warwickshire in Parliament for over forty-two years. He died in 1887, at the age of seventy-one. He was at one time a very hard rider, and he always rode young horses. He always hunted. I remember, with our hounds on the day after the Hunt Ball,—W. R. V.

Warwickshire made on Friday, January 16th, a point of ten good Ordnance miles. The ground rode superbly, and what was not grass was squitch—a difference not distinguished even by the agricultural connoisseur when hounds are beating horses. Soil famous to all time was galloped over to-day. Nearly two and a half centuries since on this spot Cavalier and Roundhead fought it out for king and country. Kineton Holt is situated on the plain, at the foot of the Edge Hills, and the fiercest of the struggle went on around it. How did the mounted portion manage to charge across the fields is a question which occurs to us most forcibly. Possibly the hedges were not there, but this same brook must have flowed as coldly and muddy as it does now. How did our ancestors negotiate it? We are weighted with nothing more serious than whip and spurs, with horses in the pink of condition, and with every incentive to urge us to jump. No lusty trooper awaits us on the other side with keen broadsword and pistol, ready to cut and thrust, or shoot, as it best suits him. Yet the pitiful ditch in the nineteenth century drove nearly all the cavalry to seek a ford, and with no enemy except their own hearts to oppose the passage. We must have deteriorated.

But to go back to the find and the day. The meet was at the Kennels, and the morning was a hunting one save the dreadful east wind, which blew in squally gusts, and left its mark in royal purple on many a fair face and hardened feature. The fox, when first on foot, amused itself by perambulating backwards and forwards between the Holt and the plantation—a matter of two fields. Nevertheless the hounds could not hunt him, and we then—for once—gave the infantry, not the usual imprecations, but their due. I can't say whether the wind dropped, but I fancy it did, and all of a sudden we discovered ourselves through the plantation, and hounds carrying a good head. A holloa sent them flying down the brook towards Radway. Not for long though. In another minute they were across to the right, and double tonguing it up the wheat stubble towards Pillerton Gorse. There was a cluster at an easy place, and the body of the horsemen hustled each other right strenuously. The pack were streaming away, and Mr. Lowe and the Hon. and Rev. W. Verney, who had jumped the stream higher up, were well up to them on the right. We, however, were to be shown the way in which they ride in Limerick. Captain Allfrey was the demonstrator, and he was not satisfied unless he led by at least half a field. He never hesitated a minute all day, and certainly not at this point. He drew away from the ruck, and those above mentioned, who were wasting time opening gates. The gallant grey\* was striding over the fences. Then the rough straggling hedge by the side of the little spinney afforded him further advantage, for it forced those in the rear into single file at the weakest spot, and they were delayed by a runaway chesnut, which, bearing down upon it at the rate of forty miles an hour, took it at the obliquest of angles, and that safely. On the plough by Pillerton Gorse there was a check. We had run this in eight minutes. Six minutes were lost, and we then went on to Oxhill Gorse, in another eight minutes. They took up the line on the other side of the turnpike, and set to work to drive. We could keep with them through the open gate, but the leaders all recoiled from the stake and bound in the valley. But they had it at the second time, attacking it in half a dozen places—on the right, Messrs.

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\* This was not Captain Allfrey's well-known horse "Smith," but another grey he bought for £13!—W. R. V.

Grazebrook and Hodgson, in the centre, Captain Allfrey and Mr. Bonch succeeded Lord Willoughby. Not fifty yards to the next fence, stern and unyielding, but as the van rose in the air a glimpse was caught of hounds shaking the water from their backs not another fifty yards ahead. The grey plunged in and out, and Lord Willoughby followed the example. Messrs. Bonch and Grazebrook faced it on the left, to get over with falls, whereas Mr. Hodgson landed with feet to spare. The next fence saw two refusals, leaving Captain Allfrey half a field in front of Mr. Grazebrook, with Mr. Hodgson lying next. So they journeyed over the slope to catch up the rifleman as he walked his horse, after dismounting, through the little gate, and to see another cheek within a few yards of Oxhill Gorse.

Another five minutes were lost here before a holloa told that the fox had gone through. Up to the Kirby Farm the pace was slower than it had been. Reynard ran round the house, and, before starting towards Compton Wyniates, succeeded in alluring the majority of the field on the wrong side of the brook. They had no pleasant task to extricate themselves. A sheepdog evidently changed this good fox's intention, and, apparently regretful for his misconduct, joined the pack in their endeavours to pick up the course pursued. But his reformation was not appreciated, and he may thank his stars that he got off without the application of the whip thong which misapplied energy had fully reserved for him. We were in full swing again at the lane below Idlicote House. The gallant soldier bored us a way onward, and under his guidance the coverts were passed on the right, and in another ten minutes we were over the turnpike, and at the foot of Brailes Hill. Again we were indebted to the same individual, and again we followed gaily. But the hounds were quitting horses now, and they disappeared over the snowed summit as we dismounted to crawl up a slope as steep as a house. How the men roared; most of them were broken winded! A learned Q.C., who in a court of law can speak for a day or two, hadn't enough breath to climb twenty yards, and we left him, but not alone, in his glory. The thing was to catch hold of your horse's tail and let him pull you up, but unfortunately the moment you dropped the bridle he turned his head down hill. Sliding and slipping, the descent was made into the valley by the village of Sutton. The inhabitants were merry. Seen hounds? "Why, they be at Weston by now." Such a tone of derision, too! Then the gauntlet had again to be run through Cherrington. Of course we were now keeping to the road, and from all accounts the pack must have run by its side. Anyhow, they were not sighted until they were discovered in Weston Park, where the fox was lost. This was a tame ending to so excellent a gallop, but Brailes Hill accounted for it. Altogether the time occupied was about two hours. The Leamington division had twenty-two miles home, and I never saw so many returning after such a long and severe run.

### Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary :

*January 19th, Charlecote Park.*—Found at Hampton Wood, got away close to the fox, who crossed the river directly. We galloped round by Sherborne and Barford, and nicked the hounds by Watchbury Hill. They went on into Warwick Park, over the river again by the bridge, across the Park, again over the river, and went away by the Asps across to Oakley Wood, through that, and by Hentheote Farm, nearly to Fir Tree Hill; turned to the right, and ran very fast to Watchbury Hill, where the fox was all

among the hounds, and I made sure they would have him, but the lazy rascal of a keeper had left the main earths open, and he got in after a run of an hour and three-quarters. Found again at Chesterton Wood, got away, and ran very fast by Lighthorne Fish Pool, turned to the left, and ran by Ewe Field and Kingston, nearly to Itchington, and back to Chadshunt; turned again to the right, and ran to Bishop's Gorse, and gave it up in the dark by Meadow Lane, after running hard for an hour and twenty minutes.

*January 26th, Snitterfield.*—Found at Lingey Furlong, ran as if for Grove Park, turned short to the left towards Gannaway, but turned to the right again, and went through Grove Park, and out, leaving Budbrook Barracks on the left, and went down to Warwick Racecourse. Here a fresh fox jumped up close to the hounds, and they ran him very well along the grass meadows nearly to Morville, and turned back from the Coplow, and went back to Luscomb Wood and Lingey Furlong, and out at the bottom, but we could make nothing more of it. A good ring of two hours.

*February 3rd, Weston House.*—No sport in the morning. As we were going to draw Oxhill Gorse a fox jumped up in a field near Kirby, and they ran him hard to Oxhill Covert, out again, and into the village, where he was nearly caught; out towards Tysoe, and at a merry pace up to Sun Rising Covert, where he saved his life by getting to ground, after a very good thirty minutes over a nice country.

*February 10th, Golden Cross.*—Found the third fox at Wolford Wood, and the hounds were soon in three or four lots. At last one lot got away and ran hard by Dunsden, and kept turning to the right along the Stour, but they turned to the left under Todenham, crossed the river, and ran nearly to Shipston, turned to the left, and went nearly to the Golden Cross, where we caught them, and found there were only six and a half couples. On they went by Compton Scorpion, by Foxcote House and Hidecote Quarries, and over Mickleton Tunnel (where I viewed the fox, and should have killed him if I had had more hounds), through the Tunnel Gorse, and by Norton Park, and down into the Vale again. I stopped the lot at Honeybourne as my horse was beat, and only three of the field were there, whose horses were as tired as mine. Ten miles from point to point; time, one hour and a half. All the hounds but a couple got home that night.

*February 16th, Compton Verney.*—Pouring rain all day. Not much sport in the morning. Found in the afternoon at Pillerton Gorse, and ran him hard towards Pillerton, turned to the left over the road, and sunk the hill, over the brook, through Oxhill Covert, and away to Tysoe, left it just on the left, and went up to the Sun Rising, where the scent failed, and we lost near Upton. A very good thirty-five minutes.

*February 25th, Lower Shuckburgh.*—Found at the hill twice; ran the second fox towards Flecknoe, but turned to the right, and went as if for Braunston Gorse, over the brook, left the gorse about three fields on the left, and swung round to the right through Staverton Wood, and ran to ground in the main earths in Badby Wood. A good forty minutes. A very large field out, but the old dog hounds kept out of their way.

*March 5th, Barford.*—No sport in the morning. Found a fox in the afternoon at Itchington Holt, ran as far as Harbury Heath, turned short to the left, and went across Bunker's Hill by the New Coppice, to Kingston; thence by the Manor House, and leaving Itchington Holt on the left, passed by Bawcutt's Covert on the left, and across the Vale to Fenny Compton

Village. Here the fox and the hounds jumped the wall into Knibb's Garden together, but he managed to beat them into an earth, between there and Farnborough, after a capital forty minutes.

At the annual meeting in March, of the subscribers to the Warwickshire hounds and owners of coverts, the usual vote of thanks was passed to Lord Willoughby de Broke, who undertook to hunt the country for the ensuing season, the sum of 1800/ being guaranteed him for that purpose. It was further agreed that the sum of 2000/ be given to Lord Willoughby out of the surplus now in hand.

*April 6th. Eatington Cross Roads.*—Found the second fox at Bishop's Gorse, ran very fast by Hill Field, turned to the right, ran through Lighthorne Rough, and on towards Piper's Bath straight to Bramsdown Hill, over the high road near Harewood's House, and on towards Chesterton Windmill; turned back by the Rifle Butts, and, leaving Chesterton Wood on the right, went through Checkley's Brake, and through Fletcher's Coppice and Chadshunt Coppice, and across Pool Fields to Bowshot, through the rides to the New Covert, where we lost him after a good run of an hour and a half.

On this day I saw a man get a fall, and when on the ground he appeared to be quite enveloped in smoke; he rolled about, but this only made matters worse. At last he got up and took his coat off as quick as he could, and stamped upon it. His fusee box had gone off in his pocket!—C. M.

*April 14th. Ilmington.*—Drew six coverts blank. Found at Oxhill Gorse, ran towards Fullready, but turned to the left towards Idlicote, just skirted Hell Brake, and ran on towards Tysoe; leaving Oxhill on the left, crossed the road between Tysoe and Oxhill, and kept bending to the left till we got to Pillerton Gorse, turned to the right, ran over Herd Hill, and lost at the Oak Fields, after a very good thirty-five minutes.

Hunted on 113 days; killed fifty-nine foxes, and ran forty-eight to ground.

#### SEASON 1885-86.

First day's cubhunting on September 5th at Chesterton Wood. Considering the dry weather, cubhunting was very successful. Thirty-three foxes were run to ground, and twenty-one were killed.

First day's open hunting on November 2nd at the Kennels. Found in a field near Pillerton Old Covert, ran him a ring into the covert, where the hounds got close to him and ran him, leaving Oxhill on the left, in a half circle, and lost him near Sun Rising. Found at Oxhill Gorse, ran over the brook towards Pillerton Old Covert, but turned to the right, and went the same line as the first fox. He lay down in a field near Tysoe, and the hounds had a view, and very nearly killed him. Ran him very fast nearly to Kineton









**Portrait of Harper.**

**By Lucas.**

**From the picture at Kinton House.**

Oaks, turned to the left within a field of it, and ran by Herd Hill, and to the left of Oxhill Village into Oxhill Covert, where they killed him after a good run of one hour and ten minutes.

*November 5th, Lower Shuckburgh.*—Found at the hill; got away at once

## WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1885.

LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
Active	The Bramham Sailor	Abess (82)
Antony } Ancient } Annual }	Archibald (79)	Aconite (80)
Coroner } Coxcomb * } ..	Furley (83)	Choral (81)
Fabulous } Factions † } Fairmaid } Farewell } Faultless † }	Archibald (79)	Fanciful (79)
Fleece	The Belvoir Fencer	Ardent (79)
Harper *	The Milton Solomon	Handsome (82)
Promise } Prophetess } Proxy }	The Belvoir Proctor	Affable (78)
Sailor } Saucebox }	The Bramham Sailor	Asenath (79)
Seaman } Senior } Secret }	The Bramham Sailor	Facile (82)
Royal } Roguish } ..	The Bramham Sailor	Roundelay (79)
Rosary } Social } Stentor }	The Belvoir Spartan The Bramham Sailor	Artemis (83) Frailty (80)

\* Coxcomb and Harper took first prize for the best couple of unentered dog hounds at the Peterborough Show.

† Factions and Faultless took first prize for the best couple of unentered bitches at the same show.

Sophy, Windermere, Delia, and Safety took second prize for entered bitches.

The Champion Cup for best three couples of bitches of any age was won by Windermere, Safety, Factions, Faultless, Anice, and Funnylass. Factions, Faultless, Fairmaid, and Promise took first prize for the best two couples of entered bitches at the Peterborough Show, 1886.

Factions, Faultless, Fairmaid, Delicate, Handsome, and Petulant, a young bitch, won the Champion Cup in 1886 for the best three couples of entered bitches.

The Bramham Sailor, 1879, by Mr. Chaplin's Sailor—Mistletoe. Mistletoe by Monarch—Dulcet. Monarch by Manager—Woodbine. Manager by Mr. Leigh's Merryman—Streamlet by Belvoir Stormer. Dulcet by Fencer. Dahlia by Lord Poltimore's Warrior—Dimity. Fencer by Belvoir Fairplay—Their Rapture. Dimity by Mr. P. Williams' Dreadnought—Bantling. Bantling by Baronet—Concord by Belvoir Comus. Baronet by Belvoir Prompter. Woodbine by Roman Winifred. Winifred by Mr. P. Williams' Helpmate—Woodbine by Mr. Foljambe's Wildboy.

at the far end, and ran at a capital pace towards Ladbroke, and by Napton towards Marston Doles, thence to the right, and nearly to the Welsh Road Gorse; turned to the left, and ran over the Welsh Road, and, leaving Ladbroke Gorse one field to the right, continued at a capital pace over Hodnell Hill, and over the Great Western Railway near the bridge; turned to the left, and over the Watergall Brook as if for the Binton Hills, and by Knightcote, and, passing Baweutt's Covert on the left, came to the first check on Gaydon Hill, where the fox was coursed by a dog, and we lost him, after running ten miles, as the crow flies, in an hour and twenty minutes. Found again at Watergall, ran towards Fenny Compton, but turned to the right and went up Burton Hill, through the Old Covert, and by Fairbrother's house, down into the Vale, and by Old Leys up to Miller's Gorse, where we gave it up after another capital run of an hour.

*November 12th, Long Itchington.*—Found at Debdale, went away towards Hill, ran by Broadwell and towards the Leam, kept all along by Kites Hardwick, Grandborough, and Sawbridge, nearly up to Flecknoe, and thence towards Shuckburgh Hill, and by the village, along the canal side, through Calcote Spinney and up to Napton Village, where the hounds killed him, after a good run of one hour and ten minutes over a splendid country.

*December 17th, Lower Shuckburgh.*—Not much sport in the morning. Found at the Welsh Road Gorse, ran as if for Napton, but turned up the side of the canal, pointing for Southam; turned to the right, and crossed the Southam and Daventry road as if for Calcote, but recrossed it near Napton, just skirted Shuckburgh Hill, and went by Catesby into Dane Knoll, where, unfortunately, they changed foxes, and ran straight on to ground on the top of Edgelow, near Charwelton, after a very good run of one hour and five minutes over a splendid country.

*January 14th, 1886.*—First day after the frost. Ran the second fox well from Itchington Holt nearly to Baweutt's Covert, turned to the right, and ran hard along the valley straight for Kineton, but turned to the right, near Owlington, left Chadshunt on the right, crossed the road, and the pack divided near Pool Fields, ran on by Kineton and Pittern Hill, and lost near Brickyard Coppice.

*January 15th, Ham Bridge.*—Found at Ladbroke Gorse, and ran very fast towards Radbourne, turned to the left, and ran up to Shuckburgh Hill to ground. Twenty-five minutes without a check, or a ploughed field. No sport afterwards.

Were stopped by frost from January 18th to the 27th.

*January 28th, Lower Shuckburgh.*—Found at Calcote Spinney, ran well towards Broadwell as if we were going to Debdale, turned to the right, and ran by Grandborough and Willoughby, across the Leam and through Willoughby Osiers, kept turning to the right, and at last ran to ground at the top of Cleves Hill, near Ashby St. Legers, after a good hunting run of one hour and a half. Found at Shuckburgh Hill, ran very fast to Flecknoe, and back to the hill, got on terms with him there, and raced him out at the far end as if for Priors Marston, but turned to the right near Radbourne, and ran nearly to the Welsh Road Gorse, where we stopped them when running hard at 5.30, after a capital thirty minutes. There was a great deal of snow on the ground all day.

*February 2nd, Brailes House.*—Found the second fox at Oxhill Gorse,

ran at a great pace by Upper Pillerton and Brickkiln Gorse, nearly to Walton Wood, turned to the right, and ran a ring by Pillerton, and back to Oxhouse Farm, to ground.

Were stopped by frost on February 8th and 9th.

*February 10th, Lower Shuckburgh.*—Fine cold day and a good scent. Found at Calcote Spinney, got away close to the fox, ran towards Shuckburgh Village, turned short back, and ran, leaving Calcote on the left, towards Grandborough; turned left-handed, and ran towards Southam, bore away to the right again and ran to Debdale, and killed the fox just as he got inside the covert, after a first-class forty-five minutes without a check. Found again at Shuckburgh Hill, got away with a bad start of the pack, who got away close to the fox, and ran him at a rare pace nearly up to Helidon; turned to the right, and went by the top of Priors Marston and across the Vale to Lower Boddington, and killed him in a patch of gorse on the top of Boddington after a splendid run of an hour. An eight-mile point. Altogether a fine day's sport. (See Map, p. 332, Vol. I., runs printed in orange ink.)

On this day Lord Clarendon got into the brook during the first run, and the late Lady Clarendon, who went well, was only saved from a bad fall at the same place by the cleverness of her horse.\*

This was a remarkable day's sport, only spoiled by the misfortune which prevented our getting away with the hounds from Shuckburgh Hill in the second run. If I remember right, hounds divided. The second whip went on with the leading hounds, which ran clean away from him. Jack Boore was sent back to bring the rest of the pack on from Shuckburgh, and of course saw no more, though, faithful to his trust, he overtook his master on the way home, near Wormleighton. The head was then hanging to my saddle, where it remained till I was close to Lighthorne, when I discovered it was gone. I had shown it to the two second horsemen at Gaydon Inn, with Pigg's words: "Ar's gotten his head i' my pocket;" so I determined to go back for it. The mare,

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\* One day Lord and Lady Clarendon came to stay at Compton Verney to hunt. The men got drunk at Gaydon Inn and fell off, and the five horses got loose, and were brought to Compton one by one. They kept arriving all the evening, which caused a good deal of amusement. Mr. John Lant, the brother of the well-known master of the North Warwickshire, tells me a good story of Mr. Richard Lant and a foolish groom. The master sent the man with a message which required haste. As no answer came back in an hour, Mr. Lant went into the stable, where he found the man mounted, with his horse tied up to a ring. "Where the —— have you been all this time?" "I'm afraid I've been a long time, sir; but I can't get this bloomin' 'orse to move."—W. R. V.

after a few yards, stepped out as game as a pebble, and in about a quarter of a mile I found it, and it is now in my hall at Lighthorne. She was a thoroughbred chesnut mare named Betsy Baker, bought by Lord Willoughby from Mr. Henry Baker, and given to me. She had had a broken leg, which had been reset. A gamier bit of stuff never wore a bridle, and she was the only horse who went through both of these severe runs. She has bred some good hunters for Lord Willoughby. At the time that her leg was broken she was put to the stud, and bred Truelove, a very favourite hunter of Lady Warwick's.—W. R. V.

*February 19th, Swalecliffe Park.*—Hard frost; could not hunt till 11.30. Found at Bloxham Gorse, ran very fast towards Bloxham, passed it on the left, and ran down to South Newington, and along the brook side to Newington Osiers, where we turned to the right and ran back, leaving Wiggington Heath and Swalecliffe Common on the right, and Sibford on the left, and killed in the open just beyond it, after a very good run of an hour, with only one check. Found at Wiggington Heath, got away close to the fox, ran towards Bloxham, turned to the left, and killed at the Highlands, Tadmarton, after twenty-five minutes, without a check. The best scenting day I almost ever saw. I do not think it would have been possible for a fox to get away from the hounds.

A meeting of the subscribers to the hounds and owners of coverts was held at Wellesbourne on March 17th, when the usual vote of thanks was passed to Lord Willoughby de Broke for the handsome manner in which he had hunted the country during the past season and for the sport he had shown. Lord Willoughby agreed to hunt the country during the ensuing season, being guaranteed 1800*l.* for that purpose.

*March 23rd, Knossington, at 11.30.*—A day in the Cottesmore country by invitation. Sent the horses over night to Harborough, and took the hounds by special train to Tilton. A lot of bad foxes at Ranksborough Gorse, got away close to one, and ran him hard up to Cold Overton, and back to the covert. Got away again towards Whissendine, and took a short ring back to the covert, went away again, and killed him in three fields. Were holloed on to a fox near Overton Park Wood, ran him back to Ranksborough, out again, and fast up to Cold Overton Hall, and back to Ranksborough, but I stopped the hounds, as I wanted to show a run if possible. Did not find in Owston Wood until too late to do any good. Bertram was left out, and



found his way back to the kennels by road.\* He returned on the 31st, none the worse, and hunted on April 6th.

From Sir C. Mordaunt's diary :

On *March 23rd* the Warwickshire hounds, by invitation, had a day in Leicestershire, in the Cottesmore country. I left Easington Station at 5.30 in the morning, and got back there at 10.30. I much looked forward to a day in the country where I had formerly hunted, and I little thought at that time (in 1864) that it would be possible to leave home and see Ranksborough drawn at twelve, and have a long day's hunting, and return. Although, owing to the bad foxes at Ranksborough, and a long blank draw afterwards of Launde Wood, Overton Park Wood, and Lady Wood, we did not have a good day, the Leicestershire field, consisting of about 450, were much pleased by seeing such a pack of hounds as the Warwickshire. We got away with a good fox from Owston Wood, and the hounds were running quite well enough down the Twyford Vale (that most beautiful part of Leicestershire) to have continued, if we had not had a false holloa on the railway. The man who holloaed said the fox had crossed the line, whereas he had gone down it for a short distance, and came back again. The master had some distance to go to an arch under the line, and to return after having found the fox had never crossed it. By that time it was too late, but the hounds showed a line down the Vale. Only Mr. Claridge, of Warwick, besides myself, were out from our country.

This notable expedition was arranged and *personally conducted* by Mr. Walter Gore Marshall, the squire of Hambleton. I have heard it said that several of those hunting that day, I will not call them the Cottesmore field, never found out all the time that they were not hunting with the usual pack. Viscount V. told me that some one asked the farmers what they thought of Lord Willoughby, and that they answered that "they thought he was a very good huntsman and a very affable gentleman." Mr. Algernon Rushout, Master of the North Cotswold, had a day given him on this Tuesday in Wolford Wood. I believe he had a very fair day, but did not kill a fox.—W. R. V.

From Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary :

*March 25th, Upton Wood.*—Found at Debdale; got away at once, and ran nearly to Leamington Hastings, turned to the left, and went nearly to the Leam, and by Leamington Hastings and hill straight for Calcote, but turned to the left before getting there, and ran straight for Flecknoe. The fox was

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\* A very remarkable performance. This hound was away for a week, subsisting on any food he could get, and returned to the Kennels from High Leicestershire, a distance of not less than fifty miles. Mr. Fred. Hamlyn told me another hound was left out.—W. R. V.

headed by some men on the canal bank, and ran down to Sawbridge, the other side of which the first check took place, after running very well for about forty minutes. Hit it off, and ran along the Leam side nearly to Braunston Covert, but turned back from the canal to Willoughby Village, where we lost him. Found at Ladbroke, ran rather a pretty ring nearly to Wormleighton, and gave it up at Radbourne.

Last day's hunting on April 9th.

Hunted on 103 days: killed sixty-six foxes; ran forty to ground. Not a fine season's sport, but the best of it was in the Shuckburgh country. There was a good deal of frost.

Captain David Beatty came to Rugby about this time from Cheshire. As everyone knows he is a splendid horseman, with a wonderful quick eye for hounds, and he sailed over the wide pastures of Northamptonshire and Warwickshire with as great ease as he negotiated the more cramped country of Cheshire. Captain Smith told me a good story about him. He mounted one of his stable boys on a four-year-old just to show him hounds. By some chance only this boy and the first whip got away. They ran like distraction for twenty minutes, and the whip got down. At the first check, the first to arrive was Captain Beatty, with his horse's tail shaking. At this moment the hounds hit it off. Master and man came to a big bullfinch, with a gap made up with a plough, a rail, some loose thorns, and several other miscellaneous articles. "Get off Jack, and pull it down," says the Captain. The boy rides at it, and flies the whole lot, and in the air looks back at master with these words: "Not for the Lord Liftinant." They had, horse and boy, never been out hunting before.

This reminds me of why Mr. Holland Corbett engaged Coffey, and how a faithful connection was formed which will last for life. Coffey was then riding second horse for Captain Henry Wombwell, at Melton, and they found a fox at Barkby Holt, and ran down over the brook, and very fast for about twenty minutes, till they threw up in a turnip field. Coffey came up to Mr. Corbett, and said: "Wasn't that splendid, sorr, and did ye see the Captain in the brook; me little horse, he took it like a bird." Mr. Holland Corbett determined to engage him whenever he could. We have no space for the numerous anecdotes told of Coffey and the

sporting Squire of Admington. After a rather wet night at Upton House, when reproved by Lord Willoughby for not holloaing a fox, he said he could not, as he had lost his voice. When still more peremptorily asked why he had lost it, he answered, in the most unabashed and off-hand manner, "Too much beer last night, my lord, and a little gin!"—W. R. V.

One night an unexpected guest slept at Admington. The next morning he was awakened by a bucket of water being thrown over him by Coffey, who did not know that the guest had been put into a groom's room.—W. R. V.



FOX CUBS.

Reproduced, by permission, from a Photograph by Smartt and Son, now of Leamington Spa.

In April a litter of the extraordinary number of eleven cubs was found on the Alveston Hill estate, the property of J. Hirom, Esq. Neither the vixen nor the dog fox were ever seen near the earth, and the young foxes were fed by Mr. Hirom's keepers until they were old enough to take care of themselves. It was an extremely pretty sight to see them at play, as represented in our engraving, from a photograph by Mr. Smartt, of Stratford-on-Avon, and many people came long distances to see a sight which might never again be witnessed.

Talking of hard riders, and a good many come out from the Pytchley side when the hounds meet at Lower Shuckburgh or Long Itchington, Captain Smith\* told us a good story of a true incident which happened to Mr. George Parker, who has hunted so many years from Melton. He had a heavy fall, and a man jumped on him; another man jumped on both. Mr. Parker, naturally enough, began to abuse the last comer, who retorted, "Don't swear at me, sir, there was another man between us."

We hope we are not transgressing the boundaries of the hunting countries when we tell another of Captain Smith's of the celebrated Tom Firr. He was very much persecuted by two very hard riders, Mr. S. and Mr. T. One day Mr. T. was not out, but Mr. S. was very persistent in his attentions. At last Firr could stand it no longer, so he halted opposite a very impracticable place, and said to his attendant: "If Mr. T. was out I should not have to wait for someone to make a hole for me." Mr. S. took the hint, and disappeared head over heels into the next field. Tom then cast the hounds the other way, as he had intended to do, and saw his tormentor no more that day. We have heard it said that this truly great man would have been Prime Minister, if fortunately he had not been brought up as a huntsman.

Lord North kindly sent us the following particulars: "On one occasion we were going to draw Itchington Holt from the Harbury side. Having some business to talk over with Mr. Chandos Leigh, I had lagged behind. Mr. Leigh, on reaching the Holt, rode on, but I changed my horse, ate my sandwiches, and then dawdled on into the main ride, expecting to see it lighted up as usual with scarlet coats. Not a soul to be seen! not a sound to be heard! So on I trotted towards Gaydon, where I met a

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\* Curiously enough Captain Smith has only hunted once in his life with the Warwickshire, and then he went to Lord Willoughby at a long check, and said, "A man here saw the fox." The hounds did not own it. It turned out afterwards the man had seen a fox there a week ago.—W. R. V.

man on foot, who told me they had gone to Chadshunt. At Chadshunt not a soul to be seen, nor yet a sound, so I thought they were either gone to the Osiers or on towards Bowshot. They were not at the Osiers. On I went towards Kinton, when I met a man in a cart. 'Oh yes, they were over the hill towards Compton.' Then it struck me for the first time that they might have found! 'Lor, yes; they was running like mad.' So off I went as hard as I could for Compton. As I came in sight of the house I heard a holloa, and saw a man standing near the bridge, so I at once rode towards him. He was evidently a tourist. 'Hi! young man, Hi!' bawled he. 'Which way are they?' holloaed I. 'Which way's what?' was the answer. 'Hounds, of course,' said I. 'Oh, I've not seen them.' 'Then why the devil did you holloa?' 'I want you to tell me whose beautiful seat this is.' I don't exactly remember the answer I gave; I expect *he* does. Off I went again towards Bowshot, where I met Mr. Whitworth's second horse coming along from Moreton Wood direction at a pace his master would not have liked at all. 'Oh, dear, my lord, what a *carpital* run. Wherever master be I don't know, nor do I know where the hounds are.' But just then Mr. Corbett came towards us, and told us, and then we saw they were between Friz Hill and Wellesbourne. They were all standing in a field, and I thought they had killed him, but it turned out Willoughby had staked his horse in the nose. What had happened at Itchington Holt, I believe, was this: They hit on the line of a fox near Christmas Farm, and ran right through the Holt, and on by Chadshunt to Staple Hill."

"On another occasion, having found in Oxhill Gorse, and run down to Oxhill Village, I galloped through the village; the hounds crossed the brook, and ran up towards the Banbury Road, heading to the right. There I found I had cast a fore shoe, and so pulled up into a walk. In the Banbury Road I met a clergyman driving with a very buxom-looking young lady in a gig, into which they just fitted, and no more. 'Beg your pardon, sir,' says I.

‘have you heard the hounds?’ He replied, in a very deep, and what I term a parsonic voice, ‘Not only have I heard them, but I have seen them.’ ‘Oh, thanks,’ says I; ‘when and where?’ ‘Well, about an hour ago I was passing through Kineton, and I saw them all out in a field with two of their *keepers*, and one or two of them barked.’ Then, as the ‘Pink ‘Un’ says, the band played. I went on to Tysoe, and got my shoe on, but did not find the hounds again.”

The late Captain Benyon, of Banbury, who was mentioned about the year 1880 as one of the good riders in the county, married the beautiful Miss Christina North, the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady North. He was an universal favourite, a fine sportsman, a most entertaining companion, and at one time he rode as hard as anyone in England. He set his own leg in the Wicklow Mountains, which got broken when in pursuit of Fenians, and made a capital job of it; and one night he went over the rope at the Alhambra or Crystal Palace on Blondin’s back, because a friend had made a large bet that he would. Blondin said to him, “If you sit still you are as safe as in an arm-chair, but if you stir, I will throw you down.” Blondin made a great mistake if he thought he had got hold of a coward, for Captain Benyon “knew no fear.” He was a modern Bayard—*sans peur et sans reproche*.

From Sir C. Mordaunt’s diary :

There was a very severe spring and cold summer, and the deer in consequence in Scotland were late in getting into condition. During twenty-eight days’ stalking I killed eighty-five stags. My landlord insisted on having traps of great size set for the foxes, which had killed some lambs, and the consequence was one of the large ospreys was caught. He measured 7ft. 8in. across the outstretched wings, and to look across his back when he had been stuffed was like looking across the back of a large collie dog. At the same time, during the severe weather, two marten cats were also unfortunately caught in the traps. These are now very rare animals. One of them was so slightly injured that my forester thought that I should like to have him alive in England, so he put him overnight in a box, meaning to send him to me next day; but the marten cat scratched his way through the box, and then through the floor of the room, which was made of wood, and came up all safe on to the gravel walk outside, and got clear away. I was very glad to hear of this, as there cannot be many of them left.

## SEASON 1886-87.

## Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary :

First day of cubhunting at Bowshot on September 2nd at 5 o'clock.

Killed during cubhunting thirty-four foxes; ran to ground five.

First day of open hunting November 1st, at Tachbrook.

*November 2nd, Idlicote.*—Found at the Blackthorn Covert, ran towards Kirby, but turned to the right, and went to Spencer's Gorse, where there were several foxes on foot; ran to Broom Hill, and about the hills for a long time, and at last got away with one which ran by Tysoe, and straight on towards

## WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1886.

## LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

NAMES.	SIRE.	DAMS.
Bertha .....	Beadsman (82) .....	Whimsey (82)
Brutus .....	Broker (82) .....	Affable (78)
Clasper .....	Whynot (82) .....	Codicil (80)
Cynthia .....	Furley (83) .....	Choral (81)
Dancer .....	Artifice (79) .....	Delicate (83)
Dissolute .....	Dexter (78) .....	Amice (81)
Dulcet .....	Dexter (78) .....	Amity (81)
Fancy .....	Archibald (79) .....	Fanciful (79)
Fifer } .....	Ravager (80) .....	Fragrant (80)
Fidget }		
Flagrant .....	Ravager (80) .....	Florence (81)
Foiler .....	Beadsman (82) .....	Frailty (80)
Pedlar * } .....	Proctor (83) .....	Abbess (82)
Peeress }		
Petulant * } .....	Pleader (81) .....	Ada (79)
Playmate * }		
Playful }	Ravager (80) .....	Artemis (83)
Raglan .....	Furley (83) .....	Rarity (83)
Ruthless .....	Whynot (82) .....	Facile (82)
Wanton }		
Wary }	Broker (82) .....	Waspish (83)
Wildair }		
Wiseman }	Whynot (82) .....	Redwing (84)
Wilful }		
Wrangler .....		

\* Pedlar and Playmate won the first prize for the best couple of unentered dog hounds at the Peterborough Show.

Petulant [killed on the railway the last day of cubhunting, October 31st, 1887] and a bitch named Bruta [also killed on the railway while cubhunting], sister to Brutus, won the first prize for the best couple of unentered bitches at the same show, Petulant taking the special prize for the best single bitch in the above class.

The Warwickshire again won the prize for the best two couples of entered bitches with Promise, Fairmaid, Factious, and Faultless.

The Champion Cup given by the Duke of Beaufort for the best three couples of bitches of any age was also won by the help of Factious, Faultless, Fairmaid, Delicate, Petulant, and old Handsome. Handsome took second prize for the best brood bitch.

the Oak Fields, turned to the left after crossing the Banbury and Stratford road, and pointed for Pillerton; turned again to the left, and went by Pillerton Toll Bar, and down to Oxhill Village, where he was killed. The hounds had been running hard from eleven o'clock till three, and for one hour and a quarter from the time we left Broom Hill the last time.

### From Sir C. Mordaunt's diary :

There was a very hard frost from December 17th for five weeks, and a heavy fall of snow. The hounds hunted for three days in deep snow at Walton and Bowshot, and on one day they killed three foxes. When the snow is deep and sufficiently hard frozen a fox often gets the worst of it, and is more easily caught, because he cannot easily get his pads out of the snow, over which hounds can run very fast.

### Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary :

*January 22nd, 1887. The Kennels.*—Found at Oxhill Gorse, got away directly, and ran towards Tysoe, but turned to the right at the back of Kirby, and ran very fast to Hell Brake, and through the other coverts, and down the hill as if for Brailes, turned to the left along the valley, and went into Spenceer's Gorse. Time, forty minutes without a check. Went away with a fresh fox, and ran him into Winderton Village. The riding was very bad on the hills, so we came down and drew Watt's Gorse. Found, and away at once as if for Radway, crossed the Banbury and Kington road, and went by Owlington, and right along the valley to within one field of Bawentt's Covert, and thence to Gaydon Inn, where we lost him owing to the second whip not being in his right place, and then interfering and stopping the pack. A very good thirty-five minutes.

*January 24th, Gaydon Inn.*—Found at Chesterton Wood, got away directly, and ran by Lighthorne, and swung right round the village, on nearly to Meadow Lane, by the fishpool, over the Glebe Farm, and back to the wood; out again, and ran nearly to Chesterton Church, through Ewe Field Coppice and Cheekley's Brake, back to Chesterton Wood; out again, over Bransden Hill, and, leaving Oakley Wood to the left, nearly to Highdown, kept turning to the right, and went over Chesterton Windmill Hill, and back into the wood; out again, and away to within a few hundred yards of Itchington Holt, turned to the right here, and ran by Lighthorne to Meadow Lane Coppice, out at the bottom of it, and left Bramsdown Hill on the right, and by Ashorne Hill, leaving Oakley Wood on the right, and to Watchbury Hill, where the dog hounds killed their fox, after running for three hours and a half.

Lady Mordaunt went very well, and was the only lady out of many others that started who got to the end of this severe run, on her favourite horse Marmion, and she was presented with the brush by the master.

*January 25th, Wolford Village.*—Found at the wood, ran nearly to Moreton-in-Marsh, and then along the river side, and across it into Crawthorns, to ground after a very pretty thirty minutes. Found at Dunsden Coppice, ran over the Vale to the Golden Cross, and from there very well towards Todenham; then turned along the river side as if for Aston Hales, passed it on the left, and went by Aston Hales up to Rook Hill, and along the wall of Batsford Park nearly to Bourton Wood; turned to the right, sunk the hill, over the railway and river, and on to Paxford Village, where we









**Portrait of Group of Hounds, all of which are Peterborough  
Prize Winners.**

**By**

**Lucas.**

**From the picture at Kington House.**

stopped them, only the master, first whip, and one gentleman being near. A capital run of one hour and forty minutes. This was a good scenting day.

*January 31st, Compton Verney.*—Found at Lighthorne Rough in a tree, got away to Piper's Bath, and ran very fast by Moreton Village, and near Moreton Wood to Bowshot, Hell Hole, and back to the Rough; through it and Piper's Bath, and Meadow Lane, into Chesterton Wood, through it, and by Barnhill and the Field's Farm into Oakley Wood. Got close to the fox there, and went away towards Ashorne, and by the bottom of Meadow Lane, through Lighthorne Village, by Gaydon Coppice, and nearly to Itchington Holt, turned to the left there, and went to the left of Kingston, and on by Chesterton Windmill to Oakley Wood. We had now been running for nearly four hours, the last hour and a quarter being without a check. The hounds had beaten the horses, who were all over the country, and when we got to them they had checked in Oakley Wood, and we could make nothing more of it.

*February 2nd, Lower Shuckburgh.*—Found the second fox at the Welsh Road Gorse, and raced him up wind towards Ladbroke Village, turned to the left, and went over Ladbroke Hill, and over Radbourne Association Farm, over the canal, and left Priors Hardwick on the right, and into Priors Marston Village, where the first check occurred after thirty-five minutes' best pace over grass. Hunted on at a slower pace over the hill to Helidon, and on to Dane Hole, where the hunted fox had stopped, but there were two others with him. The horses were beat, and we could not prevent them getting on to a fresh fox, and we stopped them near Staverton, after a capital run of an hour and a half.

A special meeting of the subscribers to the hounds and owners of coverts was held at the Warwick Arms on Wednesday, February 2nd, in consequence of Lord Willoughby having expressed his intention of resigning the mastership of the hounds, and was largely attended.

Sir Charles Mordaunt, who was in the chair, stated that Lord Willoughby could not undertake to continue the mastership unless he was guaranteed 2500/. Committees were appointed to collect subscriptions in the various parts of the country, and to obtain, if possible, an additional sum of 700/.

The additional sum of 385/. was collected in the room, and the meeting was adjourned to Saturday, March 5th.

*February 8th, Brailes House.*—Found at Brailes Hill, and did nothing. Found again at Spencer's Gorse, ran towards Idlicote, but took a sweep back, and came up the hill near Winderton, and on to Broom Hill Gorse; and from there ran very well by Tysoe, up to the Banbury and Stratford road, turned to the left, and went by Pillerton Gorse and Oxhill Covert, on for Kirby, and back to Oxhill Village, where they killed him, after a good run of one hour and a half, the last thirty-five minutes very pretty over a good country.

*February 14th. Charlecote Park.*—Ran in the afternoon from Gaydon Gorse down to Kineton Station, and by Pittern Hill and Combroke New Covert, over the railway, and lost near Pillerton.

Lady Mordaunt, when riding home, very soon after leaving the hounds, saw a fox which could not move lying down in a small spinney; this was no doubt the hunted fox, and her groom was very anxious to ride back and tell the master, but she would not let him do so, and when this became known it was a long time before she heard the last of it.

*February 24th. Lower Shuckburgh.*—Found at the hill, got away at once with only three and a half couples, as the others were running another fox. Went to Dane Knoll at a great pace, and caught them up with the rest of the pack. Hit it off over the road, and ran straight to Badby Wood, right through it, and away towards Everdon; turned to the left, over the brook, and down nearly to Welton. Here we came to a check, and a mangy fox jumped up, but there was no scent with him, and we gave it up. Had no sport from Calcote.

*March 16th. The Kennels.*—Could not run in the morning. Found in the afternoon in the new plantation near Pillerton, and ran him hard, leaving Pillerton Gorse on the left, over the brook to Oxhill Covert, got up to him there, and ran him hard back to Pillerton Gorse, and on towards Herd Hill: turned to the right, and ran hard between Oxhill and Tysoe, leaving Kirby on the right, nearly up to Compton Wyniates; turned to the right there, and went through Spencer's Gorse, and on towards Brailes. Here there was a lot of snow, and scent and going became bad, and he beat us, after a very good gallop.

This was a bye day. The run lasted fifty minutes, with only one check, over a beautiful country. The Rector of Lighthorne came out on his Lent horse to find the hounds, and unfortunately got to the covert just one minute after the hounds had gone. The second whip got a bad fall, and Miss May Verney remained with him, and saw him home.

Hunted on 108 days. Killed sixty-six foxes, and ran thirty-three to ground.

At the adjourned meeting of subscribers to the hounds, held at the Warwick Arms on Saturday, March 5th, it was agreed to guarantee Lord Willoughby the sum of 2500*l.* for the season of 1887-1888.

At the annual meeting of subscribers to the hounds

and owners of coverts, held at the Warwick Arms on Wednesday, March 23rd, Sir Charles Mordaunt proposed, and Lord North seconded: "That this meeting record a vote of thanks to Lord Willoughby for the handsome manner in which he has hunted the country during the past season, and for the sport he has shown." Carried unanimously.

Proposed by Lord Willoughby, and seconded by Colonel Paulet: "That Lord North, Lord Willoughby, and Sir Charles Mordaunt be appointed as trustees and joint owners of the Warwickshire hounds." Carried unanimously.

Proposed by Sir Charles Mordaunt, and seconded by Lord Willoughby: "That a vote of thanks be recorded to the farmers for the very kind way in which they have volunteered their subscriptions." Carried unanimously.

The following is a list of subscribers to the Warwickshire hounds for the seasons of 1887 and 1888, and of those who hunted in the country at that time:

#### SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE WARWICKSHIRE HOUNDS,

1887-1888 AND 1888-1889.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Sir Charles Mordaunt	450	0	0	Lord Brooke	25	0	0
Earl of Camperdown	150	0	0	H. Everard	25	0	0
R. N. Phillips	100	0	0	H. Norris	25	0	0
H. S. Lucy	100	0	0	Georgiana, Lady Willoughby de Broke	25	0	0
Cecil Boyle	100	0	0	H. Fane Gladwin	25	0	0
W. M. Low	100	0	0	E. T. Godman	25	0	0
E. Cassel	100	0	0	S. Sanders	25	0	0
Lord North	75	0	0	Brooke Robinson	25	0	0
Lord Leigh	52	10	0	E. S. Greaves	25	0	0
A. Brand	50	0	0	Colonel Paulet	25	0	0
Captain Allfrey	50	0	0	Basil Hambury	25	0	0
Earl of Jersey	50	0	0	W. Bouch	25	0	0
C. Hylton Joliffe	50	0	0	J. H. Blacklock	25	0	0
H. Brassey	50	0	0	W. C. Stirling-Stewart	25	0	0
Ladies of Warwickshire				Marquis Biddle-Cope	25	0	0
Hunt	36	0	0	J. H. Udney	25	0	0
W. H. P. Jenkins	35	0	0	W. Graham Menzies	25	0	0
Captain Benyon	32	0	0	A. Byass	25	0	0
Marquis of Hertford	30	0	0	Colonel Stanley Arnold	21	0	0
C. H. B. Whitworth	30	0	0				

	£	s.	d.			s.	d.
Graham McIvor .....	21	0	0	R. O. Milne .....	10	0	0
Viscount Mountgarret ...	20	0	0	W. King King .....	10	0	0
Archdeacon Holbech ...	20	0	0	Colonel Parker .....	10	0	0
F. Townsend .....	20	0	0	Hon. C. Fitzwilliam .....	10	0	0
Colonel Ashton .....	20	0	0	H. Stephens .....	10	0	0
M. H. Lakin .....	20	0	0	W. F. Carruthers .....	10	0	0
E. Sheldon .....	20	0	0	E. Baker .....	10	0	0
A. Sartoris .....	20	0	0	G. M. Turner .....	10	0	0
A. Markham .....	20	0	0	W. E. Cross .....	10	0	0
G. H. Nelson .....	20	0	0	J. D. Barbour .....	10	0	0
G. Waterhouse .....	20	0	0	Philip Allfrey .....	10	0	0
W. Gibbins .....	20	0	0	Hon. J. Baring .....	10	0	0
Officers, Warwickshire				F. Mildmay .....	10	0	0
Regiment .....	16	0	0	Captain Riddell .....	10	0	0
Viscount Molyneux .....	15	15	0	Rev. A. Hall .....	10	0	0
James Gibb .....	15	15	0	A. H. Fell .....	10	0	0
J. S. Follett .....	15	15	0	J. L. Naper .....	10	0	0
T. A. Perry .....	15	0	0	Captain Hunter .....	10	0	0
J. P. Arkwright .....	15	0	0	Major Crane .....	10	0	0
H. Champion .....	15	0	0	C. E. Flower .....	10	0	0
J. F. Shaw .....	15	0	0	F. J. Shaw .....	10	0	0
A. J. Armstrong .....	15	0	0	Captain Gerard .....	10	0	0
Captain McCalmont .....	15	0	0	Rev. H. J. Torre .....	10	0	0
George Norris .....	15	0	0	Captain P. Thursby .....	10	0	0
F. Dugdale .....	15	0	0	E. R. King .....	10	0	0
Col. Hon. C. Molyneux ...	12	0	0	C. Adamthwaite .....	10	0	0
J. F. Starkey .....	10	10	0	E. J. I. Blyth .....	10	0	0
S. Moore .....	10	10	0	E. M. Lucas .....	10	0	0
E. T. Prichard .....	10	10	0	H. Ford .....	10	0	0
Hon. Rev. W. R. Verney ..	10	10	0	Colonel Wolehouse .....	10	0	0
W. R. Mann .....	10	10	0	F. W. Magnay .....	10	0	0
R. W. Lindsay .....	10	10	0	Colonel Willoughby .....	10	0	0
G. Beard .....	10	10	0	W. J. Blacklock .....	10	0	0
Major H. Scott .....	10	10	0	T. Best .....	10	0	0
Captain Beatty .....	10	10	0	G. W. Cancellor .....	10	0	0
J. D. Greig .....	10	10	0	Mrs. Ford .....	10	0	0
J. Horton .....	10	10	0	Miss Clerk .....	10	0	0
E. L. Lakin .....	10	10	0	Viscount Melgund .....	10	0	0
F. Williams .....	10	10	0	A. Jacobson .....	10	0	0
Major Shuckburgh .....	10	0	0	J. B. Charters .....	10	0	0
Captain Cowan .....	10	0	0	W. S. Chamberlayne .....	10	0	0
R. J. Attye .....	10	0	0	J. C. Rich .....	10	0	0
Captain Chetwynd .....	10	0	0	A. H. Straker .....	10	0	0
S. Bruce .....	10	0	0	C. G. Lefroy .....	10	0	0
C. Andrews .....	10	0	0	W. Hall .....	10	0	0
J. B. Radclyffe .....	10	0	0	C. A. Hanbury .....	10	0	0
C. Palmer Morewood .....	10	0	0	J. Hanbury .....	10	0	0
Rev. B. Potter .....	10	0	0	George Wade .....	10	0	0
H. W. Prior .....	10	0	0	F. H. Freer .....	10	0	0
W. H. Milne .....	10	0	0				



From Sir C. Mordaunt's diary :

After nine more or less cold and wet summers, there at last came one which was fine and warm. It was the summer of the Queen's Jubilee.

The Warwickshire Yeomanry went into camp this year in Ragley Park, in August, for their annual training, under command of Colonel Paulet. The weather was very hot and fine. The experiment was a great success.

The autumn was nearly as fine as the summer, and we had very good grouse shooting and deer stalking. During thirty-two days' stalking, I killed 102 stags, the largest number I ever got in one season. One of them had a beautiful head with fourteen points.

One day I was looking through the telescope, and saw that a herd of deer, about two miles and a half distant, seemed a good deal disturbed, and for some time I could not understand the reason, because it was on a Sunday, and I knew that no one could be near them. At last I saw one of the large sea eagles or ospreys above them. Several of the smallest stags appeared to be the most alarmed, and the eagle by degrees succeeded in driving one of these out of the herd. He then swooped down upon the stag. I expected to see the eagle strike him either with his beak or with his talons, but every time he struck him it was with the centre joint of his wing. Each time after striking him he soared up high in the air, and returned and struck him again, in all about six times, and then the stag fell dead. The eagle probably would not return for two or three days to prey upon the stag, as the former likes his food best in a very decomposed state, and the fox and the raven would have their opportunity first.

The *World* said, about this date :

A portion of Lord Waterford's stud was recently disposed of at Rugby ; but most of his own magnificent lot of hunters, the *crème de la crème* of the stud, are at Limber, where they do not eat their heads off in idleness, as Mr. Richardson keeps them in wind and condition by riding them daily with the Brocklesby pack. His lordship's hounds are temporarily distributed amongst his friends. There are four couples in the Brocklesby kennels ; and Mr. Wemyss, master of the Burton, has taken ten couples. The Marquis of Worcester, Lord Coventry, and Lord Willoughby de Broke have also got some, so that most of the pack gets worked.

We now begin to give an account of some of the interesting point-to-point races which took place in the county. We go back a long way for the first one.

#### AN OLD WARWICKSHIRE POINT-TO-POINT RACE.

JANUARY 28TH, 1832.

The steeplechase for a sweepstakes of 50 sovs., by five subscribers of 10 sovs. each, came off on Wednesday last, but did not turn out so brilliant an affair as was anticipated. It had previously excited considerable interest in sporting circles here, and a numerous assemblage of persons, among whom we noticed several ladies in carriages, were attracted to the scene. The ground fixed upon was from a barn near Oakley Wood to Chesterton Windmill, about three miles. The race was subject to the usual conditions.

viz., that neither of the riders were to open a gate, pass over a bridge, or take a road. The start was at twelve o'clock.

Lord Ongley's Cogniac	Hon. M. Ongley
Mr. Cooke's Creeper	Mr. Campbell
Mr. Cooke's Vivit	Owner
Capt. Montgomery's Cannon Ball	Owner
Mr. Hunter's —	J. Russell, Jun.

All five went off together at a slow pace till they got to the first fence, and in the next field they separated, the Hon. M. Ongley and Mr. Russell taking a direction more to the right, and the others to the left. On taking the second Mr. Russell's mare fell; the others cleared it in good style, and Cogniac shot ahead and kept the lead for about a mile, till they got to Hogbrook, where, from the peculiarity of the ground, Cogniac, Vivit, and Creeper, being unable to clear the stream, were plunged into it. The Hon. M. Ongley, on alighting on the opposite bank, endeavoured to extricate his horse, but the bridle shifted from the head of the animal, and Cogniac got loose, and was not caught for three or four minutes after. In the interim the riders of the other horses had remounted, and a mile farther up they all, except Mr. Campbell, again crossed the brook. That gentleman, taking a direction still further to the right, leapt the hurdles across the bridge near Mr. Bradley's farmhouse at Chesterton, by which means he reached the appointed goal first. There is little doubt that the stakes would have been awarded differently had the second horse belonged to any other person than Mr. Cooke, in consequence of the rider passing over a bridge contrary to conditions. Creeper refused to take the last fence from home, but, being turned, leapt it in good style. Result—Creeper, 1; Vivit, 2; Cogniac, 3.

We have been informed by Colonel Norris that there used to be a steeplechase meeting at Banbury in the old days, in which many of the horses running belonged to farmers and others hunting in the neighbourhood. The first meeting was in 1839, concerning which some very spirited pictures were printed, one of which we publish.\* In April, 1841, the stewards were: H. Norris, Esq., the father of Colonel Norris, now at Swalecliffe Park, and J. Stratton, Esq., who lives now at Turweston, near Brackley. The course ran from the Bodicote Road up to and round Crouch Hill. There was a sweepstakes of 10*l.* each, with 50*l.* added, and another of 3*l.* with 20*l.* added; and Mr. Norris, who is believed to have helped to "design" the course, used, in the latter part of his life, to compare the real sport of a race then, when the line in one place lay "through an ash spinney," and every fence was left

\* See Vol. II., p. 122.

natural, with only a flag stuck in it to denote the general direction, to a race in the eighties, with its trimmed fences, and artificial water and rail jumps. There was another race over the country at the meeting, for "hacks," "weight for inches," in which Barnes Austin, living at Wykham then, and owning some beautiful horses, entered one of them. Stanley, the veterinary surgeon, also ran one in it, than whom there was no better judge of a horse, or a finer rider. He jumped the Wykham Brook with hounds, not far from the place where, in later years, Lord Chesham once jumped it clear, and Lord Camperdown is the only other man who ever accomplished the same feat in the same style. Many have gallantly ridden at it, and "got over," but the three named are believed to be the only leash who ever did bank to bank pat.\* The rules printed on the race card sound curious now. All dogs found on the course were to be "destroyed"; horses were to be saddled "before the stands." The races were evidently patronised by the members of the W.H.C. (just like the annual Cottisford meeting in "Mr. Drake's country" adjoining, which was chiefly for hunters), and the Warwickshire hounds were advertised on the card to meet at "Broughton Park next morning at 10.30."

#### SEASON 1887-88.

##### Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary :

First day of cubhunting on August 30th, at Stoke Wood, at five o'clock.

Cubhunted on thirty-seven days. Killed thirty-seven foxes, and ran twelve to ground.

First day of open hunting November 1st, at Weston House. Awful wind. Frank, the second horseman, had his hat blown off on the way to the meet, and never saw it again. Could not do much in Whichford Wood, as it was positively dangerous. Bad fox at Traitor's Ford; killed him directly. Ran fast from Spencer's Gorse to Compton Wyniates, and lost.

*November 11th. Swalcliffe Park.*—Found at Bloxham Gorse; got away close to the fox, and ran him hard for twenty minutes, and killed him in the open in the Heythrop country, pointing for Swerford. Found at Shutford Spinney, ran hard to Epwell Village, turned to the left, and ran nearly to Swalcliffe; turned to the right over the road, and left Sibford on the left, and crossed the green lane above Traitor's Ford, and went on for Greenhill Gorse;

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\* This is the same brook, I think, jumped by Capt. Jennings and Jack Hicks. See Vol. I., p. 176.—W. R. V.

turned to the right, and crossed the Banbury Road just above Brailes Village, where the fox ran down the road, and caused the first check, after a good forty minutes. Hit it off, and hunted slowly nearly to Winderton, turned to the right, and lost near Broom Hill.

*December 1st, Welford Village.*—Found at Rumer Hill, got away close to the fox, and ran him by Mileote Station, just passed Gally Oak and Preston Bushes on the left, and ran straight to Admington; turned to the left, and ran nearly to Ilmington Vicarage, and went up the hill, leaving Stoke Wood on the right, across the corner of Knebsworth, and on to the Cattle Stumps, where the hounds killed after a good run of one hour and ten minutes, the first fifty without a check. Not much sport afterwards.

### WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY. 1887.

LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

NAMES.	SIRE.	DAMS.
Archer } Artist } Amulet }	The Bramham Sailor	Ambient (81)
Brazen .....	Beadsman (82)	Rantipole (84)
Flavia .....	The Grafton Warrior	Fanciful (79)
Restless } Redstart }	Furley (83)	Rarity (83)
Saunterer } Sapient } Saucy }	The Bramham Sailor	Windermere (84)
Simon .....	The Bramham Sailor	Waspish (83)
Songster } Songstress }	The Bramham Sailor	Funnylass (83)
Statesman } Stainless }	The Milton Solomon	Banish (81)
Starlight }		
Stately }		
Trueman* } Truelove }	The Broeklesby Tapster	Roundelay (79)
Trusty }		
Truthful }		
Webster .....	Ravager (80)	Whimsey (82)
Whistler .....	Whynot (82)	Florence (81)

\* Trueman won the prize at the Peterborough Show for the best single young dog, also the prize for the best hound in the yard, dog or bitch, beating all the old stallion hounds. He was also one of the three couples that took the champion prize for the best three couples of entered dog hounds, the others being Harper, Coxcomb, Pedlar, Playmate, and Wiseman. The first four also won for being the best two couples of entered dog hounds. In the bitches class Funnylass, Delicate, Fauctions, Fairmaid, Faultless, and Promise won the champion prize for best three couples of entered bitches. Delicate won first prize for the best brood bitch.

*December 13th, Honington.*—Found at the small covert near Hell Brake, and the bitches fairly raced him for thirty minutes without a check towards Kirby, then turned to the left, and passed Oxhill Covert on the left, over the brook, and by Pillerton Old Covert, and ran him to ground under a gateway close to Pillerton Village; pulled him out, and killed him.

*December 14th, Lower Shuckburgh.*—Found at the Hill, got away directly, and ran hard for fifteen minutes, to ground close to Priors Marston. Bolted and killed. Found at the new covert at Sawbridge, ran towards Willoughby, but turned to the right, and ran, leaving Fleeknoe a good bit to the right, over the canal by Braunston Gorse, and over the road by Braunston Village, and by Welton Place, and lost at last owing to the fox being coursed by a dog close to Daventry. Found again at Fleeknoe Gorse, ran a ring towards Shuckburgh, and again near the gorse right up to Staverton, through the Village, and on under Staverton Wood, and turned to the left, as if for Braunston; but we were obliged to stop the pack on account of darkness setting in, or I think we should have killed him. A capital day's sport, with three good runs. Coxcomb and Furley did well all day.

*December 20th, Weston House.*—Found at Whichford Wood; got away directly, and what with running hard at times, and going to holloas, we got to Over Norton Park, about a four-mile point, pretty quickly. Here we got on good terms with the fox, but he went to ground. On arriving at Wolford Wood, found all the gates locked. Found a fox, however, but there was not much scent, and on casting about the wood was met by the keeper and ordered off, as there was to be a shooting party next day; so had to get the pack together and go home. Shades of good old Redesdale! What do you say to this?

Mr. Freeman Mitford soon altered all this once more, and hounds are as welcome as ever they were, at all times, to Wolford Wood, and never fail in finding plenty of foxes.

*January 24th, Weston House.*—Found the third fox at Blackwell Bushes; ran very pretty towards Honington, turned to the right, and ran nearly to the Golden Cross, but did not cross the Fosse Road, kept bending to the right, ran through Paxford Blakemore, and up to ground, after a very good run of an hour.

*March 8th, Lower Shuckburgh.*—Found at the Hill, got away close to the fox, and the hitches went at a tremendous pace over the road towards Napton; but turned to the left, and went over the bridle road, and straight for Priors Hardwick, crossing the Welsh Road just by the old brickyards. They passed Priors Hardwick just on the left, and crossed the large grass fields up to Mr. Scriven's House at Wormleighton Hill, having certainly done this part of the run, a six-mile point, in less than half an hour. The fox went to ground in a rabbit spout so close to the hounds that their scratching at it caused him to bolt, and on they went, back for Priors Marston, only lower down the Vale than the way they came. On crossing the bridle road below Wormleighton, they were joined by Captain Benyon, Mr. Goodman, and the second whip, the first named gentleman unfortunately getting a bad fall almost immediately afterwards, and cutting his face badly. They ran on till they came to the place where they had crossed the Welsh Road the first time, where they came to a cheek, and the master, first whip, and most of the field, who had taken a wrong turn at Priors Hardwick, and had not seen a hound since, joined them. A holloa forward set them right, and they marked the fox to ground in a drain near Priors Marston, after a run of one hour and twenty minutes. Bolted and killed him in the village, in two fields. Found again in the Garden Wood, at Shuckburgh, ran towards Staverton, but swung right-handed over the brook again, and crossed the bottom and the Braunston

Brook, through Dane Knoll,\* over the road, and on to the clump of beech trees near Badby Wood, passed the wood and Fawsley just on the left, and ran on at a capital pace to Charwelton, where they came to the first check, and could never get on his line again. This was a good run of forty-five minutes.† It is said that nineteen horses charged the Braunston Brook, and fourteen got in, including the master and first whip.‡ A lot of snow in the ditches made riding bad.

The following is an account of the afternoon run on March 8th, which appeared in the *Field*:

Then, the afternoon run was a delightful event—and more appreciable because amenable. His lordship again drew Shuckburgh; and from the laurels behind the house dislodged another ready traveller. Nobody, apparently, expected a find—this being the only portion of the Hill left undrawn in the forenoon; and nobody could possibly tell in which direction hounds might be breaking. In course of time we made out they had started for Flecknoe; and they favoured us (in consideration possibly of the hard treatment of the morning) by flinging back across the turnpike that we were so blindly clattering. This bend put their heads direct for Catesby; and thither they held them for the next fifteen minutes to reach the coombe of Dane Hole. Over the same description of glorious turf as in the former run, they travelled almost equally fast. A small brook crossed the line after about five minutes—a second, none too awful from the point of measurement, but very brimming with water and presently with men, immediately afterwards offered itself. It is only the Catesby stream, eventually the Braunston Brook. But snow water, when every furrow is splashing with it, is very enticing foothold to a fat and careless hunter. Well, the air was warm now, if the water was cold. The half gale of last night had moderated to a pleasant breeze—and the warm wet earth carried a rattling scent. Dane Knoll has from this side an approach of two ploughed fields; and we are old enough to know that a good March fox is not likely to hang long in so small a place, with Badby Wood only a couple of miles away. So there were various half blown horses recovering their wind on the road above, during the moments between the forward holloa upon the run fox and the arrival of the pack. Now the latter ran on well, and within reason, over the grassy hillsides to Badby Wood—pointing at one time to Staverton, but driven back up to the wood through their fox having met foot people on his way. So they struck through the beech trees on the westernmost pinnacle of the wood; then at full speed crossed the Fawsley estate to Charwelton. At such a time it was no source of regret that gates should make the way easy over these beautiful grazing grounds. Close to Charwelton Church came the first and only real check

\* This place without doubt inherits its curious name from the old Danish conquerors of England. Spelt in our book Dane Knoll, and Dane Hole.—W. R. V.

† The distance was ten miles from point to point, all over a beautiful grass country, and only a few saw the finish of a memorable day.

‡ CONSOLATION FOR QUORNTES AND OTHER SPORTSMEN.—CALCULATION.—In the course of a long day's hunting, it is 10 to 1 that a bold and good rider has no fall; 80 to 1 that neither himself or his horse is hurt; 480 to 1 that his horse and not himself is hurt; 5760 to 1 that no bone is broken; 115,200 to 1 that the hurt is not fatal. Therefore, out of 115,200 persons who go out hunting in the morning, only one is supposed to end his course in that way from the effect of that day's diversion.—*Sporting Annals*, 1823.—H. C. N.

(forty-five minutes). Scent then seemed to vanish, and the hunt came to an end. So must my jottings. But never again let the hypercritic scoff, or the unbeliever shrug his shoulders, at the Shuckburgh rhapsodies of

BROOKSBY.

P.S. I should add that some twenty people went through this second run; and among them I may be allowed to make hasty mention of Mrs. Bouch\* (if I caught rightly the name of the only lady), Sir Charles Mordaunt, Messrs. Leigh, Beatty, James, Ford, Rose, Goodman, Fabling, Jenner, Waring, another farmer from Shropshire, Major Dutty, Capt. Atherton, and, of course, the Master and his man.

### Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary :

*March 15th, Long Itchington.*—Found the third fox at Ladbroke Gorse, ran towards the Welsh Road Gorse, turned to the right, and pointed for Wormleighton; but kept swinging to the right, and crossed the road, but not the brook, and went as far as the Great Western Railway, pointing for Bishop's Itchington; did not cross the line, but kept on over Chapel Ascot Hill, and over the road near Duppers Bridge, and all along the side of the brook till near Stoney Thorpe, when he turned to the left and ran parallel with the Southam Road to Ladbroke Village, where the hounds killed him, after a good run of fifty minutes.

*March 23rd, The Grange, Fenny Compton.*—Found at Knibbs Bushes, and killed at Bitham House. Got on the line of another fox, and ran him at a great pace through Harbage's Covert, turned to the left, and passed Farnborough Pool on the left, and crossed the road, and ran the valley all the way to Knole End; thence by Radway, and ran back at only a hunting pace to Burton Old Toll Bar, and on to Bawentt's Covert, through it, and away close to the fox, who had waited for the pack, towards Gaydon Hill. They ran him very hard for fifteen minutes through Gaydon Coppice, over the road and railway, and killed close to Marlborough, after a good run of one hour and forty-five minutes. Found again at Watts' Gorse, and had a capital twenty-five minutes without a check, going by the corner of the Oak Fields, and pointing for Pillerton, but kept swinging left-handed, and ran to ground in a stone quarry on the top of Edge Hill.

*March 27th, Wolford Village.*—Drew Wolford Wood blank! Found at the Golden Cross Gorse, and ran very well up to Brailes Hill, and got up to the fox at Jenny Swift, and ran him very nicely across the Vale to Idlicote, where we had several foxes on foot. Ran one across to Eatington Park at a good hunting pace, and lost after running nearly two hours.

Last day of hunting on April 14th at Binton Bridges.

Hunted on 106 days; killed seventy foxes, and ran twenty-four to ground.

From the *Field*, April 14, 1888, by "Brooksby":

The "Midland Sportsmen's Races" were brought off on Tuesday,

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\* If I mistake not, Mrs. Bouch was riding her favourite white horse, the "Ghost," purchased from Mr. Henry Ford, of Leamington. She was always very fond, as was Mr. Bouch, of a Shuckburgh meet. One day in November she heard a great ringing of bells, and stamping about, and some language not quite parliamentary. It was our friend "Willie," who had put on flesh in the summer's run, and could not get into his breeches. The chase was finally abandoned for the day, as he could scarcely appear at a Lower Shuckburgh meet in trousers.—W. R. V.

April 10, in as good weather as this cold spring has given us; and were in every sense a success. The idea—by combination of the Masters of the Warwickshire, North Warwickshire, Pytchley, Bicester, and Heythrop countries—was to hold Point-to-Point Chases, in which the members and farmers of the five hunts might compete together. Kington was at the last moment divulged as the rendezvous—Herd Hill (about two miles from the station) being the scene of operations, and all arrangements being perfected under the secretaryship of Mr. B. Hanbury. Lord Willoughby de Broke took personal charge on the ground; and competitors were sent forth on their journey with a complete knowledge of where they were to go (a condition that is by no means invariably attained on such occasions). The start was from the summit of the natural Grand Stand; they then dipped into the valley, disappeared in the far distance to round a farmhouse and prominent white flag, circled a second similar mark to the left, and then “made the best of their way” home to the winning flag in a meadow beneath the Hill. The course was four miles of good grass; the fences of a fair and proper hunting type; and of the field of some thirty horses contending in the first race (the Light Weight 12 stone Sweepstakes), the greater number kept quite as close together as they could have done in a run with hounds. Satellite, who won the Grand National Hunt at Melton a few years ago, was among the runners; and went amiably enough till he was called upon to win, when he protested with a loud neigh. Mr. Hanbury reaped the reward of his labours by carrying off this race with his second string, The Stag, ridden by Mr. King; and Mr. Arkwright rode Mr. Graham’s General Gough a good second.

The other two events, the Welter (14 stone) and the Farmers’ Plate (13 stone) were run together—the Welter being a red coat race, whereas the Light Weight had been run in black. Capt. Middleton came in first with Revenge, after a good race with Mr. Lort Phillips on Mr. S. Davies’ Ulster Chief; and Mr. Johnson won the Farmers’ with British Yeoman, Mr. White’s Sailor being second, and Mr. Goodman’s Roy third. There were few falls, no mishaps, and no hitch, throughout a charming day’s sport.

### From Sir C. Mordaunt’s diary :

This was not a good hunting season, and it was much too dry until March, when rain fell for the first time. There was a great deal of frost and snow at intervals for ten weeks, beginning the third week of November, and lasting as late as March 19th. Altogether it was the severest winter since 1860.

A very successful point-to-point race was run on April 10th from Herd Hill to a point near Radway, and by the Oak Fields Covert back again. It was open to members of the Pytchley, Bicester, Heythrop, and Warwickshire Hunts. The course was very practicable, entirely over grass, and hardly a horse fell. The light weight race was won by Mr. Basil Hanbury’s chesnut horse, ridden by Mr. Ernest King, and run in ten minutes. The welter race was won by Captain (Bay) Middleton, riding his own horse.

It was a very cold, wet summer, and a dry autumn. We had very fair grouse shooting, and during twenty-four days’ stalking I killed eighty-seven stags. On September 13th I killed thirteen, the best day I ever had, and it was curious that the number corresponded with the day of the month.\*

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\* I have heard it said that Lord Warwick, then Lord Brooke, shot seven in the same forest on the same day.—W. R. V.



I heard at this time that on the adjoining ground, a French gentleman had been out with the party for a grouse drive. When the drivers came up to him, they inquired what he had killed? He replied: "Grouse have I none, but of the *moutons sauvages* there are six over the hill." On the other side of the ridge they found six *dead sheep*.

This story was published by *Punch* several years afterwards.—C. M.

#### SEASON 1888-89.

James Cooper came this season to be second whipper-in. He was born at the Belvoir Kennels on March 17th, 1865. During the fourteen years he spent at home he received many lectures and lessons of instruction on hunting science from his father and grandfather. At fourteen years of age he went into the Belvoir hunting stables, where the late Duke was very kind to him, and had him sent out into the hunting field on every possible occasion. He remained there two seasons, and went to Mr. E. P. Rawnsley, Master of the Southwold, for a few months, who soon passed him on to Captain Slingsby, of the York and Ainsty, where he rode second horse to his huntsman, George Gillson, now huntsman of the Cottesmore. He remained there two seasons, and then arrived in Nottinghamshire in the service of Lord Harrington as second horseman, and second whipper-in when required. After two seasons he went into Essex with Captain Carnegie, where he remained one season only. He next went into what he calls dear old Scotland,

"The land of the brown heath and shaggy wood."

where he was second whipper-in under William Shore for two seasons, and has always preserved a keen remembrance of the hunting lore he there learned. He then, as he quaintly says, very luckily came into Warwickshire, and, like most of Lord Willoughby's servants, proved "a sticker," for he has been here eight seasons, and says that he has come to the best county, the best pack of hounds, and the best huntsman he has been with yet, and that here he has seen better sport than in any other county. It

will be seen from the above that Jem Cooper has been most fortunate in being under good men, both masters and huntsmen, who thoroughly understood hunting, and that his progress upward on the hunting ladder has been quick and continuous. He has not had perhaps the good fortune some younger men have of immediate promotion, but the moment an opening occurred, through Jack Boore taking the late John Jones' place as huntsman to the Cheshire, Lord Willoughby put Jem forward at once, and he has quite justified the confidence reposed in him by his master. He is a fine horseman, and on more than one occasion in 1895-96 has hunted the hounds with good success.

His father, James Laing Cooper, who was always known in the hunting world as Jem Cooper, of Belvoir, was educated and prepared for the Scotch Kirk in Aberdeen, but gave it up. The house which was built for his manse is now the Railway Hotel in Turiff.

Mr. John S. Follett hunted from Lighthorne for six seasons from 1889. He rode hard and well. He had a very good white horse, and the last season or two a fine chesnut hunter, and a grey he bought from Mr. Addison, of Hodnell, that took a lot of catching.

From Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary :

First day of cubhunting on September 10th. at Walton Wood, with forty-eight and a half couples of hounds out. Killed two foxes.\*

First day of regular hunting at Ufton Wood, on November 1st.

*November 6th, Birmingham House.*—Found at Birmingham Spinney, got away close to the fox, raced him for fifteen minutes, and killed him in the open, between Birmingham Mill and the Golden Cross. Found again at another of the Birmingham Spinneys ; ran as if for Weston, but turned back from the mill, and went nearly to Mitford Bridge ; turned to the right, and went up Brailes Hill, over the top, and back the same way we came, and over the river, through Weston Park, and nearly to Whichford Village, back through Weston Park and the gardens, and over the river, and again up Brailes Hill, where the fox got to ground, dead beat, just in front of the pack. Found again in a field near Spencer's Gorse, and ran by Idlicote House nearly to Pillerton. A good twenty minutes. Came to a check here, and the fox was chased by a cur, and we never crossed his line again.

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\* It was curious that, although the ground was extremely dry and hard, there was a good scent throughout the cubhunting, which was excellent. During twenty-nine days, thirty-six foxes were killed, and eight run to ground. On many days they could not lose a fox, and the sport continued to be as good up to December 7th, and the scent nearly as good.

*November 9th, Swalecliffe Park.*—Found at Wiggington Heath, got away close to the fox, ran him down to Swalecliffe House, across the road, and along Hell Bottom and by Swalecliffe Common, over the Banbury Road, and nearly down to the new railway, and a wide ring back by Garrett's Bushes, Wiggington Heath, and Swalecliffe House; on across Hell Bottom, towards Traitor's Ford, but turned to the right, the pace increasing all the time, and ran hard to Hook Norton Station, over the railway, and up to Swerford Park. By this time there was only one man and the master with the pack, and they got pounded by the park wall, and lost the hounds for nearly an hour. When they found them they were in a small spinney near Swerford House, all over blood, as if they had killed the fox. Heard on next Monday that they did run into this fox at a place called Dneek Pool Farm, and a man brought the head and brush to Broughton Castle, so we counted him.

We have been informed by Colonel Norris that the large gorse next the Banbury Road has been always wrongly called Wiggington Heath: the covert is in Tadmarton parish, and its proper name is "Tadmarton Heath." By calling it otherwise history is robbed of a fact, for the very soil was thrown up there as a fortified camp in the ninth century, when the Danes were on the march to sack Hook Norton, and as Tadmarton Camp it appears in history, and ought to remain such. "Wiggington Heath" is where the sandpits are, and where the famous little covert is which is called by that name.

As regards the boundary of the Hunt in this part of the country, the line by Nill Farm, Hotley Hill, and Rollwright one way, and back by Milecombe and Bloxham the other, is what we now use, and thus the road is crossed in places, notwithstanding that the road was the old boundary under "Walker's Hunting Atlas" conditions.

*November 12th, Gaydon Inn.*—Found at Bawentt's Covert: ran very well towards Kineton, leaving Gaydon on the right, turned to the right, and crossed the Kineton and Southam Road between Kineton and Gaydon, and went through Chadshunt Coppice; turned to the left on Chadshunt Hill, recrossed the road, and ran as if for Kineton Holt, turned short back through Kineton Village by Frozen Close, across the Lodge Farm, and killed on the lawn at Compton, after a good forty-seven minutes. Not much sport afterwards.

This day was as hot as summer, and after the hounds had killed their fox at Compton Verney, Mr. Cassel gave unlimited champagne to the field, and a good deal of the finest vintage was consumed during half an hour.

*November 16th, Broughton Castle.*—Found at Bloxham Gorse, killed a fox

in each of the gorses, got away with a third, and ran him by Broughton to Claydon Hill, and in a wide circle round Wroxton Village, and killed him in the park. Found at Gulliver's Osiers, and ran at a great pace towards Swalecliffe, turned to the right, and went round the village and Swalecliffe Park, and on leaving Wiggington Heath on the right, by Bloxham Station to Alderbury, and killed in the open just beyond that place, after a capital run of an hour, making the second fox killed in the Heythrop country in a week.

*November 22nd, Lower Shuckburgh.*—Found the third fox at the Welsh Road Gorse, and ran very hard to Ladbroke Gorse, through it, and by Ladbroke Hall nearly to the Lime Works; turned to the left, and over the hill by Nunn's Bushes, and on to Watergall, just skirted the covert, and lost a mile beyond, after a very good thirty minutes.

*November 23rd, Burton Dassett.*—Found the third fox at Angel's Piece, and ran at a tremendous pace along the Vale, leaving Mollington Wood to the right and Warmington to the left; turned to the left near Knoll End, ran to Ratley, turned again to the left, sunk the Vale, went up the other hill, and ran by Page's Gorse, through Warmington Wood, and we stopped them with great difficulty at dark, after running hard for an hour. Only Mr. Holland Corbett and the Marquis Biddle-Cope were near the hounds the last half hour.

At this time Lord North inaugurated an excellent system, by means of which the hunting of the country was greatly improved, and the thanks of all lovers of the sport are due to him for the great trouble he has since taken in thoroughly carrying it out. He established a committee, consisting of twenty-seven members living in all parts of the country, to look after all matters connected with hunting which are not actually undertaken by the master of hounds. In this he was greatly assisted by the farmers, of whom the committee mainly consisted. Local committees were appointed at Banbury, Shipston-on-Stour, Stratford-on-Avon, Southam, Wellesbourne, and Alcester, who undertook the difficult and delicate duty of investigating all claims for loss of poultry, damage to fences, or to the stock and crops, or any other loss caused by hunting. All complaints, after they had been investigated, were forwarded to Lord North, with remarks on each case, by the chairman of the local committee.

*November 29th, Harbury.*—Found at Itchington Holt, got away at once, and ran well towards Chesterton Wood, turned to the left, and went by Fletcher's Coppice, and down to the Kineton and Gaydon Road; turned short back, and ran through Chadshunt Coppice, passed Bishop's Gorse on the left, and went through Lighthorne Village to Chesterton Wood, away at the bottom corner, and over Bramsdon Hill; turned to the right over the road, and went by Field's Farm, through Chesterton Pool, and by the windmill as if

for Whitnash Gorse; turned to the right, and went over the Great Western Railway towards Ufton Wood, but turned to the left, and crossed the Fosse Road, and went up the hill, and by Radford, and killed on the railway close to Leamington, after a good run of two hours and ten minutes. Found again at Whitnash Gorse, and ran as if for Chesterton Wood, but turned back, and went nearly up to Highdown; turned to the left, and went across the flat nearly as far as Hog Brook, turned again to the left over the brook, and went through Chesterton Wood, and away by the rifle butts to Whitnash Gorse again. The fox went away from here in view of the pack, and went to ground in a drain on the Fields Farm not thirty yards in front of them.

## WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1888.

## LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

NAMES.	SIRE.	DAM.
Ahured	Furley (83)	Ambient (81)
Barnaid	The Milton Romulus	Bertha (86)
Dreamer	Prizer (83)	Delia (83)
Dreamy		
Furious	Stentor (82)	Famons (82)
Futile		
Harmless	Harper (85)	Delicate (83)
Harmony		
Heedless	Harper (85)	Rosary (85)
Huntress	Harper (85)	Frailty (80)
Parasol	{ The Brocklesby Weather- gage }	Promise (85)
Patience		
Patroness		
Pastime		
Phoedra	The Milton Richmond	Prosy (85)
Pikeman	Prizer (83)	Rondeau (84)
Pilot		
Pinkie	Rufford (81)	Petulant (86)
Proxy		
Rhymer	The Milton Richmond	Factionous (85)
Richmond	The Milton Richmond	Funnylass (83)
Ruin	Harper (85)	Rarity (83)
Student	Stentor (85)	Flora (84)
Watchful	Whynot (82)	Facile (82)

Rhymer and Alured won first prize at Peterborough Show for the best couple of unentered hounds.

Funnylass, Delicate, Factionous, Faultless, Safety, and Promise won first prize for best three couples of entered bitches, and Funnylass won first prize for best brood bitch at the same show.

*December 4th, Barton House.*—Found the third fox at Wolford Wood, got away at once, and ran very fast by Evenlode Mains, which we passed on the left, and kept on straight for Crawthorne's Covert; left that on the right, crossed the railway and river, and recrossed them both again, as the pack swung to the left towards Adlestrop Hill; they kept on turning to the left, and passed Evenlode Mains a good piece on the left, as if Barton Grove were his point, but turned short to the left back to Evenlode Mains, and went to ground in view in an open drain, after fifty-five minutes without a check.

Rather a ringing run, but a most enjoyable one, and nearly all in the Heythrop country.

Were stopped by frost from December 29th to January 10th.

*January 11th, Farnborough.*—Found the third fox near Harbage's Covert, and ran by Burton Church, across the Vale to Arlescote, and over the hill, down into the narrow vale, through White's Bushes, and back over the Vale to Horton, and lost near there. Found at Edge Hill at 3.30, and the scent improved every minute, ran by Knoll End, across the Vale nearly to Burton Church, turned down again into the Vale, and ran by Owlington, and up the hill again at Arlescote, and down into the narrow Vale, nearly the same line as the other fox ran hard by the end of White's Bushes, and by Shotteswell, over the brook, through Angel's Piece. Here only the master and first whip were left, and the first whip's horse stood still. The master went on and stopped the pack with great difficulty close to Mollington Wood, after a run of one hour and a half with only one check. Darkness alone saved the fox's life.

When near Burton Church a man rode deliberately into the middle of the hounds, and was, in consequence, severely rated by the master, who said to him: "The sooner you get home, and the further you get away, the better," and pointing with his whip, he said, "That is the way to London," but the direction indicated happened to be the way to Birmingham. We remarked that his lordship's language to the gentleman was most justifiable, but he was not quite right in his geography.

*January 14th, Charlecote Park.*—Found in the afternoon at Bawcott's Covert, ran up to Gaydon Hill, and turned short back, and went straight to Knightcote, left that just on the right, and swung left-handed over the Great Western Railway and the brook, just skirted Watgall Covert, and went on over the Southam Road, and on under Hoduell Hill; turned to the left, and passed Ladbroke Gorse on the right, and kept turning to the left, and ran by Num's Bushes, and to the left of Dupper's Bridge as if for Southam, but turned to the left over the road, and stopped the pack at dark, just beyond Mr. Blythe's buildings, after a good run of one hour. The first thirty minutes first rate.

*January 25th, Long Itchington.*—Found the second fox at Ladbroke, and ran by Hoduell House, and over the road towards Watgall, but turned to the left, and went by Wormleighton Spinneys, nearly to Priors Hardwick, passed that on the left, and went on as if for Priors Marston; but turned to the right, and went as if for Byfield Reservoir, leaving Upper Boddington on the right, and went on to Aston-le-Walls, where the fox got into the saddle room chimney in Mr. Podmore's house, and he was ejected and killed, after a good run of one hour and five minutes. The first fox killed in the Bicester country this season.

*February 4th, Chadshunt.*—Found in a tree in the park, ran through the Coppice, Pool Fields Gorse, across Lodge Farm nearly to Kington, then by Pittern Hill and Brickyard Coppice to Compton Rides, and from there by Kington Station; and leaving Kington Kennels to the left, by Tubs End and

near to Pillerton Gorse, but turned to the right there, and killed in Upper Pillerton, after a good hunting run of one hour and a half.

This fox took a curious line, and was very difficult to hunt, and there were several very good casts made by the master before he succeeded in killing him.

On the 10th there was hard frost, and on the 13th they hunted at Bow-shot in deep snow, and killed two foxes.

*February 14th, Lower Shuckburgh.*—Found at the hill, got away soon, and ran towards Priors Hardwick, and passed Priors Marston on the left, and ran right round the village, and up the hill to the left as if for Griffin's Gorse: turned to the left for Hellidon, and killed in a coppice close to the village after a good run of thirty-five minutes without a check. Not much sport afterwards.

Stopped hunting from *February 20th* until *March 14th* on account of the death of the Dowager Lady Willoughby de Broke.

*March 14th, Ragley Hall.*—Found at Three Oak Hill, ran for an hour and fifty-five minutes, and killed a very fine fox with four white feet.

*March 18th, Wellesbourne House.*—Found the second fox at Bishop's Gorse, ran through Fletcher's Coppice to Itchington Holt, where the hounds divided. Part of them had a capital run to Bishop's Itchington, where they turned to the left, and ran back by Kingston to within a field of Chesterton Wood, and by Lighthorne Village to the Rough. The pace was first class all the way, and only three were with the hounds. Balmey was ridden over going away from Bishop's Gorse, and was killed. The man who did it never stopped to apologise, or say a word about it.

A meeting of subscribers to the hounds and owners of coverts was held at the Regent Hotel, Leamington, on March 20th. Present: Sir C. Mordaunt (in the chair), Lord Willoughby de Broke, Lord North, Hon. W. North, Colonel Paulet, Major Green, Captain Allfrey, Mr. Everard, Captain Cowan, Captain Benyon, Mr. Whitworth, Mr. E. Greaves, Mr. Follett, Mr. G. Turner, Mr. H. Ford, Mr. Harbage, and Captain Armstrong, hon. secretary.

Proposed by Sir Charles Mordaunt and seconded by Lord North: "That this meeting record a vote of thanks to Lord Willoughby de Broke for the handsome manner in which he has hunted the country, and for the good sport he has shown." Carried unanimously.

Proposed by Mr. Everard and seconded by Mr. G. Turner, on behalf of the hunting men of Leamington:

"That a special and hearty vote of thanks be recorded to Lord Willoughby de Broke in consideration of the great courtesy shown by him towards the residents of Leamington and the immediate locality, by fixing his Monday and Thursday meets for their convenience as much as possible." Carried unanimously.

Lord Willoughby agreed to hunt the country four days a week for the ensuing season, the sum of 2500*l.* being guaranteed him for that purpose.

For many years past the Warwickshire hounds had met on Thursdays in the Shuckburgh country, when the North Warwickshire hounds hunted on the same day in the same country at their best fixture. The master of the latter pack also altered their days of hunting for mutual accommodation.

Captain Armstrong, of Morville, formerly of the 16th Lancers, now Major in the Warwickshire Yeomanry Cavalry, was honorary secretary to the Warwickshire Hunt for fifteen years. He thoroughly understood every detail of the work, and to his untiring energy and his courtesy at all times the Hunt is indebted in a great measure for the large subscription which has been given to the hounds. When he resigned the secretaryship, at the end of the season of 1894, a cordial vote of thanks was passed to him in recognition of his long and meritorious services. He had a very good brown mare, bought from Squire Drake, which he rode well in front for a great many seasons, and he is still going well on a stout black horse. The Yeomanry week would be pretty dull without Major Armstrong.

*March 21st, Lower Shuckburgh.*—Drew the hill blank. Found at Sawbridge Covert, ran well in a ring as if for Debdale; but kept swinging left-handed all the time, and ran through Calcote Spinney, and over the canal up to the far end of Shuckburgh Hill, and then away very fast to Napton, where we got on a stale line and lost. Found at Ladbroke, and ran very fast towards the village, but turned to the left, and went over Hodnell Hill, and over the Sontham Road, and just skirted Watergall, over the brook towards Feemy Compton Village; but turned to the left and went by the wharf, and a ring round the spinneys, and killed in a pigstye in Scriven's Garden in Wornleighton Hill, after a very good thirty-five minutes without a check. The second fox killed in the Bicester country this season.



*March 22nd, Broomhill Farm.*—Found in one of the Epwell Spinneys, ran the fox a cracker towards Shutford Clump, but turned to the left and went back by Epwell Warren, and across to Brailes Hill, leaving the village on the right, and to ground on the far side of the hill, after a capital run of thirty-five minutes without a check. No sport afterwards.

*April 10th, Bowshot.*—Found at Lighthorne Rough, ran hard down to Moreton Village, and turned to the left, and ran through Moreton Wood, and over the road between Wellesbourne and Newbold Pacey, kept straight on, and just skirted Fir Tree Hill, over the brook and across to Watchbury Hill, and on to Warwick Park. Unfortunately the gates were locked, and after some delay the hounds turned back through the Osier Beds, and ran back, leaving Watchbury Hill to the left, and we lost between there and Warwick Park. The first forty minutes to Warwick Park was very good indeed. Found again in Chesterton Wood, and ran slowly to Itelington Holt, and hard back to Bishop's Gorse, and then by Fletcher's Coppice and Gaydon Gorse back to the Holt, through it, and on to Bishop's Itelington, and ran to ground between there and Harbury Village.

Last day's hunting on April 12th, at Wellesbourne. Good day for hounds. Found at Bath Hill; were ringing about all day, and ended with a good kill.

Sir C. Mordaunt was prevented from hunting during the latter part of the season by a bad fracture of the arm, from his horse having fallen on him.

Hunted on 109 days. Killed ninety foxes, and ran sixty-nine to ground.

A good season's sport, without any very fine run. The spring was very cold, and during the month of April there was not a leaf to be seen on any of the hedges or trees.

From Sir C. Mordaunt's diary :

The summer was more or less cold and wet until July, but the autumn was very fine and dry. We had the best season's sport we have yet had in Scotland, having killed 134 stags and 3110 grouse. During twenty-five days' deer-stalking, I killed eighty-six stags. The average weight of the deer was very high, but their heads were not so good as usual on account of the cold spring and summer.

At this time, John Ferguson, one of the stalkers, used to attend the kirk at Kingussie on Sundays, and as there was no delivery of the post on that day, he was in the habit of bringing back our letters and newspapers. When his father, who was *an elder of the Church of Scotland*, heard of this, he said to him : "Ye may just bring the letters, but ye may nae bring the newspapers on the Sawbath."

#### SEASON OF 1889-90.

From Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary :

First day of cubhunting on August 29th at Lighthorne Rough.

On *October 21st*, shortly after the hounds had gone away from Snitterfield Bushes, Lady Willoughby de Broke had a very bad fall in a barbed wire fence. She was unconscious for some time, and had to be taken home in a brougham. Barbed wire was put up to a great extent for two years on the Clopton side of the high road.

The cubhunting season was extremely good. In thirty-seven days' hunting,

forty-two foxes were killed, and fourteen run to ground. Ten foxes were killed at Walton.

First day of regular hunting at the Kennels on November 1st. Found three foxes in the Osier Bed near Bedlam, and ran very well towards Bawent's Covert, then pointed for the Burton Hills, but kept swinging right-handed, and went by Owlington and back to Kineton, to ground in a drain just before the pack.

*November 8th, Wroston Abbey.*—Found at the Osier Bed near the keeper's house, ran hard towards Neithrop, turned to the right over Crouch Hill, and went down to Bodicote Mill, turned to the right along the brook side, and killed him, after twenty-five minutes without a check. Found again at French's Covert, ran the same line as the first fox towards Neithrop, but turned to the left over the Banbury Road, and ran hard to Hanwell Allotments, and back towards Chamberlain's Gorse. When running along the brook side the hounds caught a view, and killed him in the open, after thirty-five minutes without a check. Found a third fox at Page's Gorse, ran below White's Bushes, over the Vale by Horley Vineyards, and straight for Claydon Hill, but before he could get there he became short of air, and had to lay down to rest, and, jumping up in view of the pack, he also was killed in the open. A good scenting day, although fine and hot.

*November 12th, Idlicote.*—Found in Homington Spinney, ran by Idlicote House nearly to Ettington Park, and back by Mr. Lowe's house, and right across the Vale by Oxhill Covert, Kirby Farm, and Broom Hill Gorse and Epwell Warren on to Sibford, where they ran to ground in a hanging spinney, after a capital run of one hour and forty minutes almost without a check.\* Went back to Idlicote, found at Homington Blackthorn Covert, and had a very good forty minutes in the Oxhill Vale, and by Compton Wyniates, over the Dingle, and gave it up at dark, when going on for Epwell. Another good scenting day.†

*November 14th, Long Itchington.*—Found at Debdale, were a long time getting away; went at last, and ran passing Leamington Hastings on the left, and Bunker's Hill on the left, and crossed the Leam and the brook just below that covert, and held on nearly to Willoughby, where the fox crossed the river as if he would go to Shuckburgh; but the pack were near him and he had to turn back, and was killed in a garden at Wolsecombe, after a most enjoyable run of forty minutes over the finest country in England.

*November 22nd, Farnborough.*—Ran a cracker from Angel's Piece, along the brook side, to ground just above Chamberlain's Gorse; twenty minutes over grass without a check. The fox went to ground not twenty yards before

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\* From the point at which the hounds turned before reaching Ettington Park to Sibford it is ten miles as the crow flies.

† I remember this day well, as I rode a very good little black horse of Sir Charles Mordaunt's. He had a bad fall near Mr. Lowe's house, and I stopped with him till he got his wind. Then I was catching hounds again, when I saw another man come down and let his horse go. "I will catch no more horses," I said to myself, "unless it is my tenant's" (I had just let the Rectory), and sure enough, as I got nearer and nearer, I saw it was Mr. John Follett, so I had to stop again; but the black horse had a rare turn of speed, so I caught them after all under Compton Wyniates. All this November we had very good sport, though it was so warm. I remember I never wore anything thicker than a very light shooting coat and waistcoat.—W. R. V.

the hounds. Found at Mollington Wood, and ran at a tremendous pace again by Ayon Dasset, over the Burton Hills, and down into the Vale, and to ground close to Old Leys, after thirty-eight minutes without a check. Bolted and killed him.\*

*November 26th, Walford Village.*—Frosty morning. Very cold all day, with snowstorms. Found in the wood, got away with a bad start, and ran to ground at Chastleton. Found at Todenham Spinney, and ran at a great pace over the river, and again over it near Tidmington, and lost in a snowstorm near Idlicote. Were hollaoed on to a fox as we were drawing Hell Brake, and ran him at a hunting pace by Whatecote, and left Oxhill Covert on the right as if for Pillerton Gorse, but swung right-handed, and ran by Oxhill Village nearly to Tysoe; turned to the right again here, and the pace improved very much, and we ran back to Idlicote. The last twenty minutes very good. Got close to him at Honington Covert, but unfortunately they got away with a fresh fox, and when we stopped them and turned back we never got on the hunted fox again. A good run of an hour.

Stopped by frost on November 28th and 29th.

*November 30th, The Kennels.*—Found at Pillerton New Covert, ran over Herd Hill as if for the Oak Fields, but turned short back by Moorlands, and, leaving Butler's Marston, Pillerton, and Brickkiln Gorse on the right, ran to Mr. Lowe's house at Ettington; turned to the left, and pointed for Idlicote, but swung to the left, the pace improving, and crossed the brook, and ran into the fox in the open just below Pillerton, after a good hunting run of an hour and twenty-five minutes, all in the open.

Stopped by frost on December 2nd for a week.

## “TO GYNETH.”

“This is Gyneth's waking hour.”

*The Bridal of Tricrain.*

(COPYRIGHT.)

The sportsman implores his lady love, who is as usual occupied in arranging her hair, to join the hunt—in a word, he adjures her to “hurry up,” and not keep her escort waiting. He sees the hounds let out of the kennel, and notes their eagerness for the chase. A large woodland being drawn, he requests the huntsman “to keep his horn going,” in order that he may not be left behind. Having fortunately heard the first whip's “Gone away,” which reached him from a long way down wind, he gets a fair start, and does his best to keep in sight of the flying pack. He exhorts the *Spring Captain*, who has arrived on the scene before his time, not to override the hounds at a check. By careful and bold riding he is one of the fortunate few in at the death. Arrived at home, he receives a welcome and loving greeting, and after a good dinner, at which the toast of “Foxhunting and the Warwickshire Hounds” is duly honoured, he sees the ladies off to bed, and repairs to the smoking room, where he rides the run over again, and comforts himself and friends, on retiring to his virtuous couch, with the thought that they will be sure to hunt again in the morning.

Wake! lady, wake! the dawn is o'er the hill,  
The clouds of night have flown, why slumber still?  
They're melting fast those diamonds of the dew,  
Fearing to match your eyes so bright and blue.

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\* I rode the black horse again this day. Dudley Leigh, Basil Hanbury, and Mr. Cancellor were in front along the Cherwell Vale.—W. R. V.

Twine ! lady, twine thy golden hair in braid,  
Thrice for thy kind caress thy steed hath neighed ;  
Impatient all we wait thee ; dull the day,  
If Gyneth be not there to lead the way.

Open ! Fred, open the kennel door,  
Let the glad pack from out its portals pour ;  
Chide not if here or there some eager voice,  
Shows how they all for liberty rejoice.

Mount ! sportsman, mount ! they've brought thy best to-day,  
First horse the chesnut, then the gallant grey ;  
You'll need the blue blood coursing through each vein,  
Before, the chase well o'er, you slack your rein.

Blow ! huntsman, blow thy horn, and let its sound  
Through the dark forest aisles once more resound,  
To wake bold Reynard from his morning dream,  
And wake him all in fear of thy wild scream.

Speak ! Wildboy, speak ! and let thy challenge fly  
Afar to bid thy comrades score to cry ;  
Huic ! Trampler, huic ! 'twas Talisman that spoke,  
Hark how the chorus rings from oak to oak !

Holloa ! Jack, holloa ! I'll be bound he's gone,  
Though up the breeze the sound is faintly borne,  
Hark ! hark again ! by Nimrod, he's away,  
Yonder they go—now let the coward stay.

Ride ! sportsman, ride ! o'ertake them if you can,  
Five of the best and bravest lead the van ;\*  
Ride straight, though wide the dyke and stiff the rail,  
Fear not the flooded Braunston in the Vale.

Pause ! Captain, pause a moment—there's a check ;  
We know you value not your gallant neck.  
How featly o'er a country you can glide ;  
We came to *hunt*, and not to *see you ride*.

Save ! wise man, save your horse, and in the plough  
Choose the wet furrow ; softly o'er the brow  
Of yon steep hill, then gently down the slope :  
Faster again !—he'll reach the end, we hope.

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\* Messrs. C. Adanthwaite, C. Beatty, C. H. Joliffe, J. Charters, and J. S. Follett.

Now for one dash! the fox is sinking fast,  
 He's turned up wind to die—the earths are past;  
 See Trampler's hackles up—from scent to view—  
 Who-whoop! my boys, who-whoop! by all that's blue.

Home! home once more! and many a greeting sweet,  
 From loving eyes shall each true sportsman meet,  
 And many a gentle voice shall kind declare,  
 "I know they killed—I trust that you were there."

Fill! butler, fill the flowing bowl again!  
 One glass of port, one bumper of champagne;  
 I'll give a toast shall set your souls on fire—  
 "Foxhunting and the Hounds of Warwickshire."

Rest! lady, rest! untwine that golden crown  
 Of fragrant amber tresses; lay thee down,  
 To dream perchance of how some gallant knight  
 Rode all he could to win that smile so bright.

Just one cigar! blame not, if by the fire,  
 The brook grows wider, and the rail is higher,  
 The distance longer, and the time more short,  
 We rode it out, my friends, and *gained our port*.\*

Good-night! good-night to all! 'tis time to part,  
 Parting they say's sweet sorrow, where's the smart,  
 And in November where's the grief or pain?  
 For on the morn we'll hunt the fox again.

REG. WYVERNE, 1895.

*December 19th, Long Itchington.*—Found the third fox at the Welsh Road Gorse, and ran a regular cracker towards Napton; but left it on the right, and crossed the Southam Road, and ran, leaving Calcote on the left, up to Shuckburgh Hill, the pace up to there having been capital. Got away again towards Flecknoe, and ran a ring round the gorse, up to the hill again, and away at the Priors Marston end, where we were obliged to stop the pack, after a first-rate run of one hour and forty minutes. A very large field of some 350 out, all of whom, except the master, whips, and Mr. Goodman were tailed off at Shuckburgh, and never saw the last ring.

*December 23rd, Newbold Pacey.*—A fox jumped up in a field close to the meet, ran him through the corner of Oakley Wood, and left Highdown just on the right, and ran nearly to Whitnash Village; turned back, and went through Tachbrook Grove, and on as if for Warwick Park, but swung left-handed, and ran right round Tachbrook Village, and very fast into Chesterton

\* "Any port in a storm," we heard our graceless nephew once remark on applying to his flask on a very rough day.—W. R. V.

Wood. Got away, and passed Lighthorne on the right, ran through Verney's Gorse nearly to Gaydon, turned to the right, and went by Chadshunt House

## WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY. 1889.

LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

NAMES.	SIRE.	DAMS.
Bailiff } Banker } Bangle }	Harper (85) . . . . .	Bertha (86)
Dubious } Fiddler } Fiery }	Furley (83) . . . . . The Pytchley Prompter	Dulcet (86) Farewell (85)
Frosty } Gracious } Harpy }	Furley (83) . . . . . The Cottesmore Gaylad	Flora (84) Artemis (83)
Hasty } Hermit * }	Harper (85) . . . . .	Rosary (85)
Heiress } Hero }	Harper (85) . . . . .	Ruthless (86)
Hester } Hotspur } Homespun }	Harper (85) . . . . .	Funnylass (83)
Hopeful } Hoyden }		
Nailer } Purity }	The Brocklesby Newsman . . . Prizer (83) . . . . .	Factionous (85) Social (85)
Racy } Sally }	Prizer (83) . . . . . Stentor (85) . . . . .	Rantipole (84) Adamant (82)
Sandal } Spaniard }		
Sparkler } Symbol }	The Pytchley Prompter . . . Stentor (85) . . . . .	Safety (84) Famous (8)
Sympathy } Wildboy * }		
Winifred } Wisdom }	The Pytchley Prompter . . .	Wary (86)
Wistful } Woldsman }		
Wonder }	The Pytchley Prompter	Waspish (83)

\* Hermit and Wildboy took first prize at Peterborough for best couple of unentered hounds (dogs).

Hermit took the cup for best single puppy.

Sympathy and Harpy took first prize for best couple of unentered hounds (bitches).

Sympathy took the cup for best single puppy.

The old hounds did well, as Alured, Student, Rhymer, and Stentor took second prize for best two couples of entered hounds. Harper, Hermit, Wildboy, Stentor, Coxcomb, Rhymer won the champion cup. Stentor first prize for best stallion hound and the cup for the best dog hound in the show.

Harmony, Wilful, Huntress, and Fancy won first prize for best two couples of entered bitches, and the same four, with the addition of Harpy and Sympathy, won the champion cup. Factionous took the brood bitch prize and also the cup for best bitch in the show—the Warwickshire thus winning every first prize but one, and in that class they were second.

**Portrait of Hermit and Wildboy.**  
**By**  
**Lucas.**  
**From the picture at Kinton House.**









to Owlington House, where the fox was killed in the pond after a run of two hours.\*

Stopped by frost from December 27th to January 5th.

*January 7th, Oxhill.*—Found at Oxhill Covert, ran well by Kirby House, and left Tysoe on the right, and kept on as if for Kineton Oaks; but turned to the right up the hill, and away at the top as if for Upton, but turned to the right, and ran to ground just above Epwell, after a good run of fifty minutes. Found at the Blackthorn Covert at Honington, ran towards Kirby, and by Oxhill Covert nearly to Pillerton, and back towards Halford Bridge, and thence to the fox covert at Idlicote, where there were several fresh foxes, and we had to give it up, after a capital thirty-five minutes without a check.

*January 9th, Snitterfield.*—Found plenty of foxes in Snitterfield Bushes, got away, and ran by Bearley Station, over the railway and the canal, and past Aston Cantlow, between Great and Little Alne, nearly to Sperrall Park, and by Bush Wood; through Forwoods Park, by Preston Bagot, over the river, and to ground under the railway near Gamnaway Grove, after a capital run of one hour and a quarter, only touching one small covert.

“*Rusticus Expectans*” had an account of this run in the *Field*:

On *Thursday, January 9th*, we were at Snitterfield, and a good wild fox took us a wide horseshoe ring nearly to Aston Grove, by Aston Cantlow, and back to Wooton Wawen House, to ground under the railway near Gamnaway. If a sheepdog had not run the fox between Wooton Wawen House and Sperrall Park, we must have handled him. A rough-and-tumble country, though Lord Willoughby, who did an extraordinary feat with Balloon, and pounded the field, was never far from them. He got the horse to jump up after him a foot and a half on to a guarded plank over the river, and then led him over. No one else could emulate this Blondin horse feat, so our huntsman had them to himself for a quarter of an hour, and when we caught him, by a lucky turn and hard riding, he went away again in front. If this run had ended with blood it would have been quite good. As it was, the field were distributed all over the country, and those who did not get away from the Bushes hardly saw hounds again. Mr. Eric North was never far from hounds.

“*Rusticus Expectans*,” in the *Field*:

*Friday, January 24th, at Radway.*—“When in doubt play trumps,” said

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\* A curious fact transpired afterwards with respect to this run, which proves we were running the same fox all the time. Squire Lucy saw the fox when out shooting a day or two before the meet at Newbold. He remarked to Masters, the keeper, that the fox had a collar round his neck. Masters thought it must have been a bit of grass out of the hedge. When the fox was killed at Owlington, he was found to have a collar made of two leather garters round his neck. It appears that this fox had been brought to Mr. Hoddinott, of Westfield, Lighthorne, when a cub, and had been tied up with this collar on, but had made his escape, and had never been heard of again. This proves, I say, that we were running the same fox, as he was found close to where Mr. Lucy saw him, though John Creed, the Chesterton keeper, told me that there were two foxes in front of them when they came to Chesterton Wood, and that they must have killed the one they were running there and then if they had not checked in the Long Meadow below Barn Hill. A Warwickshire fox, however, at the end of December is a very stout article, and takes a lot of killing above ground.—“*RUSTICUS EXPECTANS*,” in the *Field*.

Squire Lucy, as we turned away disconsolate from a blank draw at the Kineton Coverts, though we had found as usual on the hills. "When in difficulties for a fox, draw Bishop's Gorse." Years ago it responded seventeen times in one season, and has never lost its reputation.

The foxes here have been well hustled, even till moonlight; so this time one went away very quickly up wind to Lighthorne Rough, and through it, and pointing for Bowshot. At the Dog Kennel Coppice, a turn to the left: what a change came over the field instanter! They sprang to attention, rallied up in line, and began to ride as if life was worth living after all; for, instead of the dark recesses of Walton and the depths of Hell Hole, we were pointing for the grass, and what might be a run over the Vale. How the dog hounds cracked along! Talk about the bitch pack! On a scent I believe the dogs go faster. As we sped over the Compton pastures, the gallant Oxford undergraduates, who had so pluckily followed our draw so far from Banbury, grew more and more anxious. Beautiful grass indeed, and sound going, and hounds running like distraction; but a gate—nay, two or three gates—in every field. The omnipresence of gates was too awful for the undergraduate mind. Was it for this they had paid £2 2s.—for this that they had cut their coach and tutor, and dared the displeasure of the dean and censors? The boundary fence between the Chadshunt and Compton Verney properties gave a momentary relief to their hopes, which were only to be dashed to the ground again, as the hounds swept on by the bridle road, through Fletcher's Coppice, Hit or Miss Coppice, to Itchington Holt. Thirty-three minutes, and six miles if an inch, as given out by the old timekeeper of the Hunt, a little out of puff himself. The undergraduates, to our great regret, here retired, amazed and dismayed, not at the frantic pace, but at the awful quantity of open gates.\*

After a brief interval, the hunt went on over the big grass fields to Chesterton with undiminished pace. At Chesterton Wood the hounds slipped us at the bottom, probably with a fresh fox, and ran a wide ring nearly to Oakley and Highdown, and back by Chesterton Windmill, with no one with them but Mr. Green, of Bransdown, who heard them go by the farm, and jumped on a horse. They got back to the wood, but could not lay hold of their fox. The scent this day was fair in the morning, bad in the middle of the day, when it turned very cold, and first rate in the evening, when the rain came on. A clinking good run, if we could only have caught him, or one.

### From Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary :

*January 30th, Ufton Wood.*—Got away from the wood about a quarter to twelve on good terms with the fox, and ran very hard by Stockton, leaving Calcote Spinney just on the left, up to Shuckburgh Village, where the first check occurred; ran slowly to Calcote, and then to Shuckburgh Hill and back to Calcote; away from there, and ran a very pretty ring towards Grandborough and back to Sawbridge Covert. Changed foxes there, and ran at the best pace, leaving Shuckburgh on the right, over the Staverton Road and the

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\* About this date the Hon. R. G. Verney, M.P., used to bring a large contingent of undergraduates down from New College and Christ Church to hunt with us. When it was time to go back, he used to draw them up in line, and tell them off from the right to see if they were all there. One day the number was short, and a detachment was sent back to find the absentee, who had been badly "dyked."—W. R. V.

brook nearly to Preston Capes; a seven-mile point done in forty-five minutes, without a check. When we hit it off we ran slowly to Fawsley Gardens, where I thought it best to stop the pack, as they had been running since 11.45 and it was then 3.30, and all the horses beat.

The hounds ran for four hours over at least twenty-five miles of country, and only ten saw the finish at Fawsley.

*February 4th, Mitford Bridge.*—Found at Bull's Gorse, ran very pretty by Todenham, over the railway, and to ground in Rook Hill. A nice gallop. Broke my collar-bone half through the run. Found in Wolford Wood, but the fox got to ground just as they were killing him.

*February 7th, Oxhill.*—Were a long time finding at Idlicote, but at last found in a small spinney, and ran at a great pace to Ettington Park, through it and the Grove and Knavenhill, and on to Fir Grove, and through Alveston Pastures and Goldicote Coppice nearly to Wellesbourne Wood. Turned back, and went again through the Pastures, Fir Grove, and Alscot Park, and over the river Stour; left Gally Oak on the right, and killed in the open close to Quinton, after a capital run of three hours.

On this day, Jack Boore hunted the hounds with great success, Lord Willoughby not being well.\*

Stopped by frost on February 13th and 14th.

#### GREAT RUN WITH THE PYTCHLEY HOUNDS.

On February 22nd the Pytchley Hounds had an extraordinary run from Knightley Wood, by Mantels Heath, Hoggs Staff Spinney, Charwelton, and between Boddington Gorse and the Reservoir to Claydon: thence by Clattercote, over the Great Western Railway, by Mollington to Page's Gorse. Here they had two foxes before them, one of which they ran to ground at Arlescote. Intelligence, however, was brought to Goodall, the huntsman, that another fox, no doubt the hunted one, had been seen to leave Page's Gorse, thoroughly beaten. He at once took the hounds back, but was unable to come up with the fox before he

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\* This was a *great* run. Major Cosmo Little went well on Linnet. I had a fall before we got to Halford Bridge from Sir Charles Mordaunt's brown mare. Poor Harry Franklin stopped and helped me up. She was dead lame at Goldicote, and I had to come home. I went to Kineton to get my hack, and his lordship told me to come in and tell him about the run, as all sorts of contradictory reports were coming in. A *Times* reporter was in the smoking-room, getting a *précis* of Mr. Arthur Smith Barry's great speech on the Irish question. Lord W. said: "Come and tell me what you know; never mind the reporter. If some of the run gets into the *Times* it will be much more interesting than Arthur's speech."—W. R. V.

got to ground at Ratley. The distance from point to point was fourteen miles; the time rather over two hours. The actual distance traversed was more than twenty miles.

*February 27th. Long Itchington.*—First time out after my accident. Found the second fox at the Welsh Road Gorse, and ran to Ladbroke, and from there hard by Radbourne, up to Wormleighton Fields, and on to Boddington Gorse, and lost him. Found at Watergall, ran by Wormleighton Spinneys, left Boddington Gorse on the right, and kept straight on as if we were going to Griffin's Gorse, as far as the Byfield and Priors Marston road; thence back nearly to Upper Boddington, and down to Byfield Reservoir, round it, and nearly up to Byfield, close to which place they killed him, after a good hunting run of one hour and fifty minutes.

Stopped on March 3rd and 4th by frost. The remainder of the month was very dry, and scent was not good. Last day of hunting, on April 5th, at the Golden Cross.

Hunted on 116 days. Killed ninety-four foxes and ran forty-nine to ground. A fine season's sport.

At the annual meeting, on March 26th, of subscribers to the hounds and owners of coverts, held at the Regent Hotel, Leamington, a vote of thanks was recorded to Lord Willoughby de Broke for the handsome manner in which he had hunted the country during the past season, and the good sport he has shown. Lord Willoughby agreed to hunt the country during the ensuing season, the sum of 2500*l.* being guaranteed him for that purpose.

The Midland Sportsmen's Point-to-Point Race took place on April 9th, 1889.

#### POINT-TO-POINT RACING NEAR BANBURY.

Tuesday was the day fixed for the Midland Sportsmen's Races, and, as it turned out, a more unfortunate selection could not have been made, for rain fell the greater portion of the day—occasionally very heavily—and when a cessation did take place the light was so bad that little could be seen of the sport. Capital arrangements had been made, but the wretched day upset these not a little. Despite this abominable weather the company was a large and aristocratic one, the county people turning up in large numbers. Amongst those present we noticed: Earl and Countess Spencer, Lord Valentia, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, Lord and Lady Strathallan, Lord and Lady Melgund, Sir Algernon, Lady, and the Misses Peyton, Lord Chesham, Lord and Lady Southampton, the Earl of Camperdown, Captain and Mrs. Middleton, Mr. J. A. Craven, Major Little, Mr. Albert Brassey and party, Lord Alfred Fitzroy, Major Norris, Hon. Mrs. and the Misses North, Mr. W. H. P. Jenkins, Lady Caroline Jenkins, Hon. W. B. Barrington, Hon. Mrs. Douglas Pennant, Colonel and Mrs. Benyon, Captain and Mrs. Beatty, Major Cosmo Little, Colonel and Mrs. Molyneux, Major Waterhouse, Captain H. Alfrey.

Hon. R. G. Verney, Mr. T. W. Thornton, Mr. W. J. Blacklock, Rev. C. H. Legard, &c. The meeting was arranged under the auspices of the Pychley, Grafton, Bicester, Warwickshire, North Warwickshire, and Heythrop Hunts. Last year the races were brought off at Kineton, the weather being then charmingly fine. The course selected was situate about two miles outside Banbury, on the Chalcombe road, and was about three and a half miles over a stiffish bit of very fair hunting country. There were no particularly difficult obstacles, yet so heavy was the going, and so numerous the fences—twenty-eight—that very few of the competitors successfully got the country. There were three events on the card, but the Welter Sweepstakes and the Farmers' Plate were run together. Each of the three items brought out large fields. The competitors first assembled at the Red Lion, Banbury, where Major H. Norris got the twenty-three competitors weighed out for the Light Weight Sweepstakes in fairly good time, and a move was made for the starting point, the party being conducted thither by Lord Chesham, followed by a large number of other horsemen. The lot were got away about three, and at once made for Williamscothe Hill, and from there back to Snail's Hill, over the famous Chalcombe Bottom, across the Chalcombe Road a second time, and into a field a little distance from Mrs. Gibbard's farm, where the winning post was. As before stated, falls were frequent, only about half a dozen getting the country. Mr. Martin, who came down at the third fence, pulled off the opening event on The Captain, a splendid jumper; but Captain Middleton destroyed what chance of securing the Welter he had by going the wrong course. In this race Cricket, three fields from home, got in a grip, and broke its back, and the same fate, we hear, befel Ronachan. The finish for the Farmers' Plate was an exciting one between Sunshine and Clarissa, the first-named, a very smart animal, being well ridden by the owner's son, getting the verdict by half a length. With so much fire did this pair finish, that on passing the post they dashed straight for the "weighing-room," knocking down a couple of lads in so doing. Fortunately they sustained little injury, although smothered in mud, which was about here several inches thick. Bird also lost his seat, but he also found mud, and sustained no injury. The judge was Viscount Valentia; the starter, Lord Chesham; whilst the duties of clerk of the scales and course were undertaken by Major Norris, who as hon. sec. had spared no pains to make the affair the success it undoubtedly was from a sporting point of view. From a spectator's view not much can be said, for but little could be seen of the course, which, as one of the competitors remarked, was "a capital hunting one, but very difficult to find." The huntsmen and whips from the Grafton and Heythrop assisted in clearing the course, &c. Details:

**LIGHT WEIGHT SWEEPSTAKES**, of 2*l.* 2*s.* each, with 20*l.* added, for horses *bonâ fide* the property of subscribers to the Bicester, Warwickshire, Grafton, Pychley, N. Warwickshire, and Heythrop Hunts or covert funds, and that have been regularly and fairly hunted during the present season by their owners or their sons, and that have not been in a training stable since November, 1888. Hunting costume. Catch weight, not under 12 stone.

Mr. J. E. Martin's The Captain.....	Owner	1
Mr. Larnack's Tomboy, 12st. 2lb. ....	Owner	2
Mr. C. Adanthwaite's Rookwood .....	Owner	3

Mr. J. B. Leigh's Scamp .....	Mr. G. Pratt	4
Mr. E. C. Worsley's Sheelah .....	Owner	0
Earl of Camperdown's Honest John .....	Owner	0
Mr. C. Church's Brooklands, 12st. 6lb. ....	Owner	0
Mr. T. N. Graham's General Gough .....	Owner	0
Mr. B. Hanbury's Reptile .....	Owner	0
Mr. Hanbury's The Stag .....	Mr. Arkwright	0
Viscount Melgund's Juliet, 12st. 2lb. ....	Owner	0
Lord W. de Broke's Tootie Wagtail II., 12st. 1½lb. .	Owner	0
Mr. Ansell's Bugler .....	Owner	0
Mr. J. Laycock's The Flyer .....	Owner	0
Mr. J. A. Craven's Eve .....	Mr. J. B. Craven	0
Lord Southampton's Briton, 12st. 6lb. ....	Owner	0
Lord Southampton's Marauder, 12st. 6lb. ....	Hon. E. A. Fitzroy	0
Mr. R. Sheriffe's Limekiln .....	Owner	0
Mr. W. Onslow's (R.A.) Paleface, 12st. 2lb. ....	Owner	0
Mr. F. B. Mildmay's Discretion .....	Owner	0
Capt. Bathurst's Colonel .....	Capt. Wing	0
Major Cosmo Little's Linnet .....	Owner	0
Major Waterhouse's Shamrock .....	Owner	0

The Captain cut out the work, attended by Scamp, Rookwood, and Tomboy, until the third fence, where The Captain came down, but was quickly remounted. The Scamp was the first to cross the Chalecombe Road, followed by Tomboy, General Gough, and Limekiln, with The Captain in hot pursuit. In this order they went into the country. On coming again in view, Scamp was well to the front, followed by Tomboy and Rookwood. A field from home Scamp, beaten, slipped up, and The Captain, who jumped in good style, came away and won by four lengths; six lengths separating second and third.

WELTER SWEEPSTAKES of 2*l.* 2*s.* each, with 20*l.* added, for horses and riders qualified as in the Light Weight Sweepstakes; to be ridden in hunting costume. Catch weight, not under 14 stone.

Mr. G. Cunard's Giraffe .....	Owner	1
Capt. W. G. Middleton's Buffoon .....	Owner	2
Mr. C. Boyle's Ronachan .....	Owner	0
Mr. C. Whitworth's Shuckburgh .....	Owner	0
Mr. J. Fuller's Whetstone .....	Owner	0
Capt. H. Allfrey's Smith .....	Owner	0
Mr. W. J. Blacklock's Timekeeper .....	Owner	0
Mr. G. Cancellor's Grandborough .....	Owner	0
Hon. R. G. Verney's The Cardinal .....	Owner	0
Mr. J. A. Gibbs's Banker .....	Owner	0
Mr. W. Grazebrook's Filbert .....	Owner	0
Mr. Chimmery's Cricket .....	Owner	0

Buffoon acted as pioneer until a quarter of a mile from home, when the Captain went the wrong course and had to turn back, which mistake lost him the race.



FARMERS' PLATE of 50*l.*, for horses *bond fide* the property of tenant farmers of at least 100 acres, within the limits of one of the above hunts, who do not follow the profession of either horsedealers or trainers, that have been regularly and fairly hunted by their owners or their sons (following the occupation of farming) with one of the above packs during the present season, and that have never started for any but *bond fide* farmers' races. Hunting costume. Catch weight, not under 12 stone. The second horse to receive 10*l.* out of the plate.

Mr. W. Bird's Sunshine.....	Mr. E. Bird	1
Mr. Drage's Clarissa .....	Owner	2
Mr. J. Goodman's Jewseye .....	Mr. H. Watts	3
Mr. F. C. Davis's Kingcraft .....	Mr. E. Hambidge	0
Mr. R. Hambidge's Wicklow .....	Owner	0
Mr. A. Fabling's Gay Lad .....	Owner	0
Mr. Fabling's Florence .....	Owner	0
Mr. E. Bliss's Bevis .....	Mr. Calvert	0
Mr. H. Martin's Ennui .....	Mr. Sabin	0
Mr. G. Cave's Beggar Man.....	Owner	0
Mr. J. H. Horton's Folly.....	Owner	0
Mr. Drage's Little Jem .....	Mr. J. Drage	0
Mr. H. Millington's Lockwood .....	Mr. Marshfield	0

It was a hard finish between Sunshine and Clarissa, but the first-named had the advantage in position, and won by half a length.

Mr. Boyle's Ronachan and Mr. Chinnery's Cricket both broke their backs at a small grip in the middle of a grass field, and lay dead side by side. The fence into this field, which they both jumped clear, was one of the biggest on the course. Mr. Boyle had won a Hunt Cup at Brackley Races a year previously on Ronachan. They were both first-class hunters, with speed enough to race and their owners assured Major Norris that 1000*l.* would not have purchased either of them.

At this time a unanimous wish was expressed throughout the country, more especially by the hunting farmers, that a complimentary dinner should be given to Lord Willoughby de Broke. Mr. Edward Knott, of Fenny Compton, was invited to take the chair. It was resolved that the dinner should take place at the Shire Hall, Warwick, on April 5th. Several meetings to make arrangements were held, and every effort was made to render the gathering a success.

Then fill your glass, and drain it, too, with all your heart and soul,  
 To the best of sports—the foxhunt, the fair ones, and the bowl.  
 To a stout heart in adversity through every ill to steer,  
 And when fortune smiles a score of friends like those around us here.

*Lindsay Gordon.*

Here's a health to every sportsman, be he stableman or lord,  
 If his heart be true, I care not what his pocket may afford.—*Idem.*

*Nunc est bibendum.—Horace.*

## COMPLIMENTARY DINNER TO LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

*Reprinted from the "Warwick and Warwickshire Advertiser," Saturday,  
 April 5th, 1890.*

THE complimentary dinner to Lord Willoughby de Broke, as a mark of esteem on the part of the tenant farmers and foxhunters of the district, and in recognition of the successful manner in which he has carried on the Mastership of the Warwickshire Hounds, took place at the County Hall, Warwick, on Saturday evening last, under conditions which must have been exceedingly gratifying to all concerned. It is now some fourteen years since Lord Willoughby took over the management of these hounds, and everyone who knows anything about the circumstances knows that his administration has been a conspicuous success. A keen sportsman, and possessing in a marked degree that innate love of the chase which is so boasted a characteristic of the English country gentleman, he has spared neither time, trouble, nor expense to bring his pack to perfection, and his untiring energy, thorough knowledge of the sport, and also, we believe, his somewhat stern enforcement of discipline, are acknowledged by all real sportsmen as having been of the greatest possible value in furthering the interests of the Hunt. There was every reason, therefore, why the lovers of the sport should have wished to see him publicly entertained, and, considering how highly good fellowship is prized by the foxhunting fraternity, the Master of what has been described as the best pack in the kingdom should surely have been a proud and happy man on this occasion. For, as pointed out by one of the speakers, it was a compliment from the whole Warwickshire country, and not only so, but of sportsmen from beyond the borders of that country, and certainly there was no doubt about the sincerity of the compliment. The Shire Hall has been the scene of a great many festive gatherings, but never a more enthusiastic one. The attendance was large, there being upwards of 300 present, and the company was thoroughly representative—landlords and tenants, Masters of hounds, and sporting farmers, being all united in their admiration of Lord Willoughby and the Warwickshire Hunt. The idea originated, however, among the tenant-farmers, and it was felt to be only appropriate that those who promoted the dinner should share the honours of the evening. In Mr. E. P. R. Knott, of Fenny Compton, an excellent representative both of sport and agriculture, was found an admirable Chairman; while Mr. W. Fairbrother, of Burton Dassett, and Mr. George Smith, of Ailstone, were with equal propriety selected to fulfil the duties of Vice-chairmen, these gentlemen

having, with others, taken a leading part in organising the dinner, Major Armstrong filling the office of Secretary. The arrangements were on a very complete scale. The dinner hour was six o'clock, by which time the waiting-rooms on the upper floor were crowded with sportsmen and agriculturists from all parts of the district. Many, including Lord Willoughby and the other Masters of Hounds present, had donned "pink" in honour of the occasion, but the majority were in ordinary evening dress. When the company descended to the Hall, the spacious apartment appeared to be quite filled. It was a characteristic gathering. The principal table extended from end to end of the hall, and in the centre, behind the Chairman's seat, appeared a portrait of Lord Willoughby de Broke in hunting costume, a couple of fox's brushes adorning the framework of the picture, and two or three specimens of reynard's knowing-looking head looking down from above, or displaying their teeth on either side. A second portrait of the Master, surrounded by additional trophies of the chase, appeared on the balcony opposite, which, together with the corners of the room, and other vacant spaces, was further relieved with palms, arum lilies, and other suitable flowers. A large number of flowers, &c., for table decorations, had been kindly sent by Lord Leigh, through his gardener, Mr. Beddard, while the palms, &c., which relieved the orchestra and side walls were lent by the kindness of Mrs. Lloyd, of the Priory, through Mr. R. Greenfield. The decoration of the Hall was carried out by Mr. C. Brown, Eusecote. Dinner was served in a first-class manner by Messrs. Powell Bros., of Leamington. The wines, which were provided out of a special fund, and included some of Mumm's '80 champagne and other famous vintages—were furnished by Messrs. Badger and Sheldon, of Shipston-on-Stour. Most of the sportsmen present evidently shared in the belief that the natural accompaniment of a good dinner is a good cigar, and this desideratum was supplied by Mr. J. F. Claridge, of the Market-place—in short, there was nothing left to be desired.

The Chairman was supported on his right by the guest of the evening, Lord Willoughby de Broke, next to whom was Mr. T. H. Ashton, Master of the North Warwickshire Hunt, and on his left by Sir Charles Mordaunt and Lord North, among those also present being the Hon. Greville Verney, son of Lord Willoughby, and who attained his majority on the same day, Lord Camperdown, the Hon. W. F. North, Hon. H. Bourke, Hon. Dudley Leigh, Rev. H. Wilkinson, Colonel Parker, Colonel Paulet, Dr. Rice, Dr. G. Wilson, Rev. F. S. Hewson, Captain Middleton, Captain Cowen, Captain M'Calmont, Major Armstrong, Sir P. Pole, the Mayor of Warwick (Alderman Cooke), the Mayor of Leamington (Councillor Fell), Messrs. W. Fairbrother, of Burton Dassett, and Geo. Smith, of Ailstone, Vice-Chairmen, Messrs. James Rose, R. Rainbow, Stretton, Nash, A. P. Simpson, W. R. Mann, Sanders, Pain, W. Barnard, W. King, C. Graves (Chesterton), J. Salmon, Graves (Banner Hill), R. Findon, J. Spencer, Silvester, G. Graves, R. Harris (Shennington), Jones, Gibb, Hawkes, Turvey, W. Bouch, J. H. Blacklock, W. H. P. Jenkins, T. Marshall, E. Brand, G. Hall, R. W. Lindsay, A. Treen, Knott, W. Wood, J. W. Lea, Weston, J. Wilson, Moor, W. L. Devey, Dormer, T. Fleming, jun., M. Eolton, T. Newbery, B. Smith, G. Bartlet, Austin Spencer, H. R. Stokey, W. W. Band, Burman, J. Abell, J. Haddon, John Wilkes, Tibbits, T. O. Wady, F. Kibler, J. H. Bettridge, Charles Savage, M. Ivens, W. H. Hawkes, Dudley, Francis Williams, F. Walker, S. Mallory, R. W. Emms, W. Marshall, J. H. Margetts, J. Oldham, C. E. Fry.

G. Smith, H. Martin, J. Boore (huntsman of the Warwickshire pack), J. Spencer, J. Green, J. Hall, Godson, T. Berridge, J. Reeve, R. Peirson, W. Green, J. B. Johnson, T. Reading, G. Cotterill, H. Shepherd, Johnson, E. Duckett, Harfield, Dovill, C. Chambers, Holt, R. Reading, Ford, Perry, Berridge, J. H. Ivens, J. S. Russell, G. Amos, J. Eales, J. Armstrong, J. Spencer, Robert Cooper, J. T. Miller, W. Hodges, J. Gibbs, Whitehead, R. Burman, H. Court, W. Canning, Wilnot-Cair, G. Hitchcock, J. Spencer (Radway), Fleming, J. Cooper, A. Brand, Chas. French, W. Whieldon, W. Letherbarrow, Giles Smith, E. Griffin, C. Plummer, J. W. Lowe, Warren, J. S. Follett, Lloyd Evans, J. Bolton, G. W. Lines, F. Gibbs, J. Addison, Sumner, Sumner, jun., Thornley, J. Carter, J. Strong, A. Lowe, R. W. Flick, E. Spencer, D. B. Falkner, Ireland Blyth, George Lines, Thomas Canning, G. H. Gaydon, William Palmer, W. Mann, E. Scriven, J. Dormer, jun., C. Blair, M. Gibbs, G. Scriven, R. G. Brown, G. Danes, H. Edwards, J. H. Bodington, W. Barradilli, E. J. Webb, G. C. Styles, Thomas Bayes, R. W. Wilson, Corbett, Sargeant, Young, A. Sabin Smith, A. E. Thursby, L. Anderson, R. Pitt, jun., E. Sheldon, Crowhurst, S. Sanders, W. Hutton, R. Hutton, F. Glover, W. Charters, H. G. Hawkes, H. Hawkes, M. Bennett, J. W. Margetts, A. Maxwell, T. M. Oldham, J. W. Blair, A. R. M. Spencer, Joseph Glover, Stuart, Stephen Moore, H. Everard, Prior, O. Nelson, C. A. Smith-Ryland, G. F. North, Lakin, Franey, R. G. Udney, Hobbs, Whitworth, J. Kendall, Merry, Lewis Spencer, W. F. Carruthers, W. H. Charles, J. S. Walker, Locke, James W. Glover, Roger Bullock, Horton, Jennings, T. W. Bullock, S. C. Smith, F. Flower, Sheldon, J. F. Claridge, J. B. Charters, G. M. Turner, R. L. Grimes, W. Hutchings, Barratt, Hatfield, R. Knibb, Ryland, W. Franklin, T. A. Perry, Garrett, and others whose names we are unable to give owing to their not having been stated on the tickets from which this list is compiled.

Letters of apology were received from several well-known gentlemen, who were prevented by unavoidable circumstances from being present, including Lord Chesham, the Hon. Chandos Leigh, Mr. P. A. Muntz, M.P., Mr. A. Brassey, Mr. Lowndes, Mr. Starkey, Mr. Bacchus, Mr. Lowe, Mr. E. P. Wilson, and Mr. Perrin.

At the conclusion of the dinner, the loyal toasts were given from the chair and cordially received.

The CHAIRMAN, in rising to propose the toast of the evening, said it gave him the greatest possible gratification to see such a large assemblage met together on this occasion to do honour to their noble guest, Lord Willoughby de Broke. (Loud cheers and hunting cries.) It was now fourteen years since Lord Willoughby de Broke took over the management of the Warwickshire Hounds, and ever since that time he had gone on steadily, and with great judgment, improving the pack, sparing neither time, trouble, nor expense, until he had succeeded in bringing them to the very high standard of perfection for which they were at present renowned. (Renewed cheers.) For the last eight seasons Lord Willoughby had hunted them himself, and morning after morning had he risen with the sun—(hear, hear)—in order to train his young hounds for culling, and oftentimes had done a really hard day's work before half the field that met him on the first Monday in November had left their beds. (Applause.) Very few could realise with what pluck, energy, and power of endurance he had hunted these hounds, four, and sometimes five, days a week through all these seasons, scarcely missing a day,

except when he met with that unfortunate accident a few weeks since, and from which they all heartily rejoiced to see him so thoroughly recovered. (Applause.) With what success the Warwickshire Hounds had been exhibited at Peterborough Show for several years past, and particularly last year, when they took nearly all the prizes that were offered, he need not remind those present. (Applause.) When they called to mind the glorious sport which the pack had shown season after season—and this season they had done better than ever, killing as they had very nearly fifty brace of foxes—(hear, hear)—was it any wonder that illustrious foreigners, noble lords, gallant sportsmen, aye, and sportswomen, should come from far and near to partake in their enjoyment, and to take part in a run with what he would venture to call the crack pack in the kingdom. (Cheers.) Many and many a time had they seen them streaming across country, with their noble Master in close pursuit, and a gallant field of fair women and brave men vying with each other who should lead the way, leaving those of them who were among the old ones, the slow ones, and the tender-hearted ones far in the rear, glad of such facilities as might be offered by a few friendly gates or a country lane, or waiting for the chance of the check that sometimes would take place, to relieve their anxious wondering as to whether they would ever see them again. (Laughter.) It was when such a check occurred that the judgment and skill of their noble master was most strikingly displayed. (Hear, hear, and applause.) It was a very pretty sight to see the hounds come by and recover their lost line, and observe the exercise of what he would call the self-help so wisely taught them by the Master. (Hear, hear.) It was only when this failed that he came to their aid, and by his judgment and knowledge of the craft generally succeeded in hitting off the line, and eventually giving a good account of his fox. He had often thought that human beings, in all classes of life, might learn a lesson in this respect from these hounds, and that was not to look to others for help the moment they got into misfortune, and found themselves a bit off the line—(hear, hear)—but to use their best endeavours to recover their lost ground, remembering that, as in the case of the hounds, help always came to those who helped themselves. (Hear, hear.) The Chairman went on to speak of the great change that had taken place with regard to fields since his first recollection of foxhunting, pointing out that years ago it was quite an exceptional occurrence to see a lady in the hunting field, whereas they all knew how the fair sex crossed the fields in these days, and how greatly their presence added to the charm of the chase. (Cheers.) He would remind them that all Lord Willoughby had done to improve the conditions of the sport in this district had been for their enjoyment—(hear, hear)—and right well had he succeeded, as the records of the Hunt showed. Many and many a happy day had they enjoyed with Lord Willoughby and his hounds. (Applause.) What would old Warwickshire be without its hunting? (Hear, hear.) But for this noble sport they would seldom see their friends during the long winter months, and without fox-hunting they would as agriculturists have had very little to cheer them in the trying times they had of late years gone through. Many of them had often realised what good a day's hunting would do for them when they felt low-spirited. (A Voice: "No doubt about it," hear, hear, and laughter.) They went home with light hearts, and were able to enjoy a good dinner, and if only they had some one to listen they rode the run over again—(hear, hear, and applause)—under which circumstances a man experienced to some extent

the feelings which belonged to the hero of the day, and felt himself, like Tam O'Shanter, "o'er a' the ills o' life victorious." (Cheers.) As he had already reminded them, Lord Willoughby had devoted many of the best years of his life to their enjoyment, and they had met to show him and express to him how much they appreciated his kindness in carrying on the Mastership of the Warwickshire Hounds in the way he had done. They thanked him, and thanked him heartily, for the sport he had shown. But there were also other reasons for the good feeling associated with the present gathering, for a great many of them knew Lord Willoughby as a kind and considerate landlord—(hear, hear, and applause)—and he might say that his lordship was equally esteemed among them as a country gentleman and a man of business, aye, and to many he was endeared by his kindness and benevolence. (Applause.) Now, gentlemen, added the Chairman in conclusion, I beg to propose the health of Lord Willoughby de Broke with three times three. I wish him long life and prosperity. May he live long to reign over the Warwickshire Hounds, and enjoy the popularity he so richly deserves.

The toast was received with loud and prolonged cheers, accompanied by a deafening storm of "Whoo-whoops!" from all parts of the room, these characteristic sounds gradually giving way to the well-known chorus: "For he's a jolly good fellow," which was sung with true hunting enthusiasm.

LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, on rising to respond, was greeted with renewed cheers. He said: Mr. Chairman, my lords, and gentlemen. I could wish in no set or conventional phrase to render you my most heartfelt thanks, not only for the great compliment you have paid me in asking me to be your guest this evening—a compliment which, believe me, my lords and gentlemen, I shall not forget to my dying day, and I hope that my children will not either—but also for the very kind way in which you have responded to the toast that has just been proposed by Mr. Knott. It is, as Mr. Knott has said, some fourteen or fifteen years since I was first elected Master of the Warwickshire Hounds. I felt a certain amount of diffidence in succeeding to that office, because I knew I was following a gentleman who had shown very good sport indeed during a long period of Mastership, and who was very popular indeed in the district, whom I recollect being entertained at a similar dinner to this at the Court House at Warwick, whom I for one was very sorry to see resign, and whom I am equally sorry to say is prevented by a family loss we must all deplore from being present on this occasion. (Hear, hear.) But if, by asking me here to-night, and if, by speaking of me in the far too complimentary terms which your Chairman has done—terms which I feel I have done nothing whatever to deserve—you have rendered my task somewhat difficult in responding to this toast—still, gentlemen, you have not rendered my task difficult during the fifteen years in which it has been my pleasure, my pride, and my honour, to preside over the destinies of the Warwickshire Hounds. (Applause.) During those fifteen years I have received the very greatest possible kindness from the occupiers of land, from the owners of land, and, in fact, from all who have hunted with the Warwickshire Hounds. They have been kind, they have been indulgent, they have been forgiving of my many, by far too many, faults and imperfections, which arise from a hasty temper—"No"—faults, gentlemen, which, believe me, nobody is more sensible of than myself. Mr. Knott has been kind enough to allude to the success of the Warwickshire Hounds at Peterborough, and their performances in the field, which last, I venture to

hope, may to a certain extent speak for themselves; but, gentlemen, to whom is the improvement of these hounds due, if such improvement has taken place? It is not to me, but to those who have so kindly come forward and helped me during all these years, in the walking of puppies, and in many other ways. (Applause.) When I stand, as I do sometimes, on the high ground near Wolford, or on the Ilmington hills, perhaps, and look over the magnificent ocean of grass which reaches all the way to Shuckburgh, and when I think that the foxhounds are free and welcome over the whole of that stretch of country, and that, as I believe, not a single wire fence or a single enemy to our sport could be found throughout the whole of that district, then surely I may be pardoned for thinking that I have lived all my life in the best county in England. (Cheers.) Surely we may say, in the words of the old poem of Serjeant Goulburn, written now nearly ninety years ago:

Then let Leicestershire boast of her far-renowned speed,  
Let them jostle or crowd for a start or a lead,  
The blood of old Harper is all one requires,  
Then give us the hounds of the Warwickshire squires.

For of course, we ought never to forget, and I hope that I shall never forget, that these hounds are not my property. They are yours, gentlemen, the property of every nobleman, every gentleman, and every farmer who comes out with the Warwickshire pack. They do not belong to me; they belong to the country. I think this is hardly the time or the place for me to enter into a long defence of foxhunting. Of late, foxhunting has been, I will not say attacked, because it has not been attacked, but it certainly seemed at one time to be in the position that Turkey was in at the time of the Crimean war—it had rather too many friends. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) There were too many remedies proposed. Some of those remedies—well, I won't go into them just now, but I will only say that they were quite enough to make a foxhunter smile. Still, in others of those suggestions there was a good deal of common sense, and I think they were productive of a certain amount of good, and I believe they are being acted upon. (Hear, hear.) I believe that most of the hunting gentlemen of the country are fully alive to the fact that they ought, as far as they possibly can, to purchase their oats, their hay, and their straw for their horses from the farmers over whose land they ride. (Applause.) I believe that of late that principle has become very much more widely recognised. I have always held, gentlemen, that foxhunting is a sport which ought to be free and open to everybody—(hear, hear)—and that if once that free and open spirit is done away with, and we begin to draw distinctions as to who is to come out hunting and who is not, we take a course which will certainly tend to weaken the popularity of the chase. (Hear, hear, and applause.) But I will go so far as to say this, gentlemen, that a man who goes out hunting and feeds his horses on that abominable mixture called foreign oats—(laughter)—or beds them on that nasty stuff called moss litter—(laughter)—should not be allowed to go out hunting at all. (Hear, hear.) How can I thank you sufficiently, not only for the kind reception you have given me this evening, but for your kindness through all these years? Mr. Knott has spoken of my having been at some little trouble in connection with the pack, but I do not deserve any thanks on that account. Whatever I may

have done in regard to the work of training the hounds, in cubhunting or in other respects, I deserve no thanks at all, for it has been to me entirely a labour of love. I have done it because I have liked it. I have been, of course, an enthusiast, and perhaps rather too much of an enthusiast, in the matter of foxhunting, but I believe that in foxhunting, as in almost every other pursuit in the world, if your whole heart and mind are not brought to bear upon what you are trying to do, you will never succeed. (Applause.) That has been the case with me. Had I not been very fond of the sport, it is very possible that instead of at present so kindly entertaining me at dinner, you would, some time ago, have given me notice to quit the Mastership. (Laughter.) Not only so, but I have received ample reward during all these years by making those friendships to which Mr. Knott has so appropriately referred. As he remarked, if it were not for foxhunting we should never make acquaintance with each other in the way we do. I won't go quite so far as to say that we should never know each other, but I am quite sure that by going foxhunting I have made friends in distant parts of Warwickshire, whose friendship I might otherwise never have enjoyed, friendships that I hope will last myself and my family throughout our lives. (Applause.) I feel that you would not desire a long speech this evening. There are trains to catch, and time is drawing short. But there is one thing we must all remember—and as regards my own case I cannot disguise the fact from myself—that we are all getting on, and with old Time we are powerless to deal. He will beat us all. I feel that the day cannot be very far distant when you will be voting me old and slow—("No.")—and wishing for a younger and quicker Master. ("No.") When that time comes I hope you will tell me so, and not grumble and say to one another that Broke is getting old and slow, and you can't put up with him any longer. (Laughter.) I hope you will tell me, and then, my lords and gentlemen, I shall be most happy to make room for another Master, and I will work as hard to help him in the future organisation of the pack as my good and valued friend Lord North has done for so many years, and with such great ability and kindness, for me. (Applause.) I feel that I have not said half that I ought to have said, but there are times when one's feelings are too deep to be expressed in words, so pray do not think me ungrateful to you for all the kindness you have shown me ever since I have been Master, and especially for the great kindness you have shown this evening, if I have failed to acknowledge it in a proper manner. Gentlemen, in the words of an old Zingari song :

May the friendships we form never sever,  
May each link lengthen long and grow old.

(Cheers.) May we always be the good friends we are this evening, and may I never do anything to forfeit the good opinion that you have so kindly expressed to-night. (Applause.) My lords and gentlemen, I drink this glass to all your good healths, to better times to farmers, and to long life and happiness to you all, and more especially to foxhunters and to the Warwickshire Hunts. May foxhunting flourish a thousand years.

Perish the thought, may the day never come,  
When the gorse is uprooted, the foxhound is dumb.

(Cheers.) My lords and gentlemen, and Mr. Knott, I again thank you very



much indeed for your great kindness, and for the way in which it has been expressed to me to-night. (Renewed and prolonged cheers.)

LORD NORTH, in rising to propose the next toast, also received a true hunting welcome. His lordship said: The toast which I have been asked to propose to you to-night is "Foxhunting and the occupiers of the land." I will not say that I regret that this toast has not fallen into other hands—(hear, hear)—because although I am perfectly confident that there are many gentlemen present who, being far better speakers than I am myself, would have done far greater justice to it than I can possibly do, still, the pleasure which it affords me to give you this toast far outrides any other consideration so far as I am concerned. (Applause.) I will therefore ask you to forget my inability, and to remember only the heartiness with which I give it you. I think that it is Mr. Beckford, in his admirable work on hunting, who tells us that "hunting is the soul of a country life." (Hear, hear.) Gentlemen, I entirely concur in that observation. It is the soul of a country life. I would point out to you that hunting possesses this great advantage over all our other field sports—that every sort and condition of men can join in and enjoy it. (Hear, hear.) The old and the young, the rich and the poor, the fast rider on his 300 guinea hunter and the old gentleman on his cob, the boy on his pony, and the runners on foot—yes, gentlemen, and the men on foot are very often as keen and as good sportsmen as many of those who are mounted—(hear, hear and applause)—all these can join in the chase, and derive pleasure, health, and vigour from the sport of hunting. I may also remind you that enormous sums of money are diffused throughout the country in order to keep up the sport. All kinds of trades and occupations profit by it, and hundreds, nay thousands, of men gain their employment through hunting. (Hear, hear.) As you are aware, gentlemen, we are living in a very favoured country, one that is famous in the annals of the chase, and even at the risk of repeating something which the Chairman has already said, I cannot help saying also that we are most fortunate in having at the head of our sporting affairs a nobleman, whom I will not shrink from characterising in his presence, as a first class sportsman, a first-class huntsman, and a first-class Master of hounds, and one, who, by his untiring zeal and his knowledge of sport, has placed our hounds at the top of the tree. (Cheers.) I have heard it said, and by a pretty good judge too, that it is worth travelling a thousand miles to look at the Warwickshire Hounds—(hear, hear)—and that it is worth travelling any distance you like, to see Lord Willoughby hunt them. (Applause.) I think you will all agree with that opinion. But besides his sporting qualifications, you have in Lord Willoughby a first-class and generous landlord, a grand country gentleman, and one who is devoted to the interests of agriculture—(hear, hear)—and I need scarcely say, gentlemen, that the interests of hunting and the interests of agriculture are one and the same. (Hear, hear.) But, gentlemen, if hunting is the soul of country life, it is also the soul of our national life; because you may take it as a fact, that it is through, and owing to our natural instincts for sport, that England is the country she is at the present day. (Hear, hear.) You may take it as a fact to be demonstrated by history, that when the pleasures of the town usurp the place now occupied by the pleasures of the field, the best days of the nation are numbered. (Applause.) In the words of our old friend Jorrocks, I will conclude this part of my toast by reminding you that "There is no colour like red; there is no sport like

hunting." (Applause.) Now I come to the second part of my toast, "The occupiers of the land." Well, we all owe these gentlemen a very deep debt of gratitude—(hear, hear)—for the way in which they assist the covert owners in preserving their foxes, we owe them a debt of gratitude for the magnificent way in which they walk our puppies, and we owe them a debt of gratitude for their kindness in allowing us to ride over their land, and for the hearty and unbounded hospitality with which they always receive us. (Applause.) But if we owe this debt of gratitude to gentlemen who are themselves fox-hunters, how much more is our gratitude due to those who, although not foxhunters themselves—(hear, hear)—receive us with the same hearty hospitality, help us as cheerfully to preserve our foxes, and as readily walk our puppies, as the men who enjoy the pleasures of the sport themselves. (Applause.) Personally speaking, I may say that I have hunted in this country for—I am almost afraid to tell you how long—something like forty years, and I will say this, that I have never yet experienced an unkind reception or met with an uncivil word or gesture in the whole course of my hunting career. (Applause.) In saying this, I can speak not only of this but of other countries, in which I have not only enjoyed the pleasure of the sport, but have had the honour of hunting the hounds myself. (Applause.) I have the greatest pleasure, therefore, in asking you to drink to this toast, wishing the occupiers of land every blessing and every success—Long may they live, happy may they be! (Cheers.)

Mr. GEORGE HALL, C.C., of Swalecliffe, responded on behalf of the occupiers of land in the district. He remarked that he, like the rest of the tenant farmers present, had come there to show his regard and kind feeling towards Lord Willoughby de Broke, whom they knew to be one of the best sportsmen in England, and a good landlord. (Hear, hear.) Farming and foxhunting, the speaker went on to say, must go hand and glove if they were to be carried on together successfully. (Hear, hear.) This was the result of all the discussions on the subject, whether in the House of Commons, in the Press, or among the farmers themselves. However they argued the question, they came to the same conclusion, viz., that they must hold together. As an occupier of land, he wished success to the national sport of foxhunting, and to the noble lord who was the master of these hounds. Might he continue to occupy that position for many years to come. (Hear, hear.) He hoped that their noble master would have equally successful sport in the future as in the past, that they might always have good runs, and not jump into a fox's lair. He was afraid Lord Willoughby had "chopped" more foxes in his osier bed than had ever been "chopped" at any other spot in the country—(laughter)—but he hoped that next time they came they would have better luck, go straight away, and have a jolly good run. (Hear, hear, and applause.) He might add that he would sooner come and have a glass of wine with some of them than have to keep up with them in the hunting field. (Laughter.) He had great pleasure on behalf of the occupiers of land in the district, in returning thanks for the kind manner in which they had received the toast.

Mr. W. FAIRBROTHER, who was received with applause, said the toast that he was about to propose was one which he felt sure would be received with the very greatest pleasure by every member of the company. It was the health of the Hon. Greville Verney, who, he believed, had that day attained his twenty-first year. (Cheers.) It gave them the greatest possible pleasure to come there and personally tender to him their hearty congratulations—(hear,

hear)—and he felt sure they would all join with him in wishing him many happy returns of the day, and every happiness the world could afford. (Renewed cheers.) He had no doubt that, as each successive 29th of March came round, he would look back with feelings of pleasure to this day, and the fact of having his health drunk by upwards of 300 good sportsmen. (Applause.) If family tradition could be relied upon, they might certainly look forward with confidence to seeing Mr. Verney not only a good sportsman, but—although they hoped the day would be far distant when he should be called upon to succeed his father—a good landlord, and a good and business-like country gentleman. He felt sure that his (Mr. Verney's) greatest pride, delight, and honour, would be to emulate the good deeds which his noble ancestors had practised before him. Although, as he said, he hoped the day might be very far distant, they could look forward with every confidence to one day see him in the distinguished position which Lord Willoughby now occupied, as master of the Warwickshire hounds, a pack which, as had been pointed out, had, through the great judgment and management of his lordship and his family, been raised to a state of perfection such as he did not think any other pack in England could excel. (Applause.) He called upon them to drink to the health of the Hon. Greville Verney, with "three times three," wishing him every happiness and prosperity. (Cheers.)

The toast was cordially received.

The Hon. GREVILLE VERNEY responded in a maiden speech which gave good promise of future ability as a public speaker, and created a very favourable impression. He said: My lords and gentlemen,—I am very much obliged to you indeed for the very kind way in which you have drunk my health, and to Mr. Fairbrother for the very flattering manner in which he has proposed it. I think there is nobody by whom I would rather have my health proposed than by Mr. Fairbrother. (Applause.) Not only is he one of our most staunch preservers of foxes, and a capital rider to hounds, but he is a very old friend, for I have known him as long as I have known anybody, and a great deal longer than I have known most of those whom I have the pleasure of numbering in the circle of my acquaintance. I assure you that I feel very much flattered in having had my health proposed by him, and equally flattered in having the toast so heartily responded to by the 300 good sportsmen whom I see around me to-night. Mr. Fairbrother has been good enough to allude to the curious circumstance, and has been kind enough to say that it was a fortunate occurrence, that this dinner should accidentally have been appointed to take place on a date in which I am rather specially interested. (Laughter.) Well, gentlemen, it is rather a curious coincidence, but when I heard from Mr. Knott of the duty that it was likely to entail upon me, you will pardon me for saying that I did not look upon it at all in the light of a fortunate occurrence—(laughter)—because I was given to understand that I should be called upon to make my maiden effort in the direction of after dinner oratory, and I was naturally afraid that it would not turn out to be a very good one. (Applause.) There have been so many quotations given this evening, that I feel tempted to make another, and to remind you that Shakespeare tells us that there are three classes of great men—there are some, he says, who are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. I think, gentlemen, the same observation might be applied to public speaking. Some men are born orators, some achieve the art of oratory, and on some the necessity of making an oration is thrust. (Laughter.) I beg to say that I

belong to the latter class. There are several gentlemen present who belong to the first two classes and who will be able on this occasion to sing the praises of the Warwickshire hounds. There is, however, one remark I should like to make on the subject before I sit down. Recently I have seen Warwickshire referred to in the sporting papers, and heard it spoken of in conversation, as a sort of hot-bed for disputes between foxhunters and farmers. (No.) Well, gentlemen, having been out hunting with these hounds a great many times this season, and seeing so many jolly faces of farmers around me to-night, I am bound to say that I don't see how anybody can truthfully assert that such is the case. (Hear, hear.) That battle is waged, I think, only on paper—(hear, hear)—and those who make such statements in the Press seem to know a great deal more about the way in which we manage our affairs than we do ourselves. (Hear, hear.) I feel sure, gentlemen, that although we may sometimes hear the time spoken of when foxhunting may be done away with—which it never will be, of course—(hear, hear, and laughter)—it will fall by nothing else but its own popularity, and I would only add that when it is done away with elsewhere, if that time should ever come, there will always be a pack of hounds to run with, and foxes to hunt, in Warwickshire. (Laughter and cheers.) I must conclude by thanking you very much for the kind way in which you have drunk my health, and for all the kind things which Mr. Fairbrother has said about me, which I may point out are entirely in anticipation. They are not, as usual in toasts of this kind, thanks for things that have been done, but thanks for things which I hope some day to do. Gentlemen, I offer you my best thanks, and I beg to drink all your healths in return for the hearty reception you have given to the toast. (Cheers.)

MR. BODDINGTON, of Cubbington, was next called upon. He remarked that on looking round upon the large assemblage gathered on this occasion he felt that the toast which had fallen to his lot required no comment to ensure its hearty reception at their hands. They would readily infer what it was, viz., "Prosperity to the Warwickshire Hunt." (Applause.) There had been so much said upon the subject already that very little further was required. But he asked any of them just to try and imagine Warwickshire without its Hunt. What would it be? Why, they as farmers would never get in touch with their great and good friends Lord Willoughby, Lord North, and many other noblemen and gentlemen around them. (Hear, hear.) They might now and then meet them on business, but they would know nothing about their better feelings, neither would the noblemen and gentlemen know any more about them. As it was, they all met together in the hunting field, they had a jolly good run, and were the best of friends. It was true that now and then somebody crossed another, and then it was, oh, blank you! what d'ye do that for? (Laughter.) But in about five minutes it was all over. It could not be helped, and nobody came to grief. If one of them did come a hard tumble—well, he would jump up again and be off, and think nothing more of it. (Laughter.) Hunting brought farmers and occupiers of the land, the noblemen of the district, and the gentlemen who came into the county as strangers, into acquaintance with each other. They were enabled to show each other that they were Englishmen—(cheers)—and they all knew that a true Englishman had some downright good feelings for others besides himself, and had a good deal of sympathy for his poorer brethren. The speaker went on to point out that hunting did good by the employment of labour. If a man kept two or three horses for his enjoyment,

he must employ men to look after them, and it might be said that it would be all the better if farming was good enough to let half-a-dozen other men in the parish do the same thing. Not very long ago, a man who was not very favourably disposed towards hunting said to a servant of his: "It is not such a bad trade, or else your governor would not keep you to ride about after him." "Well," his man said, "it would be a good thing if two or three more men did the same thing, but if he didn't I should have your place." If Warwickshire were without its Hunt, what was to become of the numbers of people whom the gentlemen present employed? (Hear, hear.) What were they good for? He thought that, looked at from a business point of view, it was one of the greatest Godsend they had in the country. It kept a great many people out of the workhouses, and possibly out of our gaols. Let them look at the number of men in the saddlery trade, the blacksmiths, and numbers of others who were benefited by hunting. He thought it was one of the finest institutions in England. (Hear, hear, and applause.) It had been said that foxhunting had deteriorated. Much had been said and much had been written of late about foxhunting, but he thought that so long as they showed a good genial feeling towards occupiers of land who did not hunt themselves—some did not hunt because they did not like it, and others because they could not afford to do so—but who notwithstanding preserved game for their enjoyment, so long would foxhunting prosper. (Applause.) He had much pleasure in asking them to drink prosperity to the Warwickshire Hunt. He believed the Hunt had been in existence for about 110 years. He found, from reading the old book called "The Warwickshire Hunt," that the first master of the Warwickshire hounds who was recorded was a Mr. Wrightson, who hunted the country in 1780. From him the mastership descended to the renowned John Corbet, from whom it was passed on through the hands of sundry masters, until they got to the present noble master, Lord Willoughby. (Hear, hear, and applause.) Old Jack Corbet, he thought, would be uncommonly surprised if he could turn out with the hounds now, and see how they ran in the present day. (Laughter.) He had thoughts of asking his lordship if he could not keep some old hounds for those who belonged to the old and slow contingent to ride to, so as to let them off a bit. (Laughter.) The young blood was apt to go rather too fast for them at their time of day, and he thought it would be only fair on his lordship's part to keep some old hounds for the old "coves" to ride to. (Laughter.) He hoped they might all live to see Lord Willoughby at the head of affairs for a great many years, and that they might have health and strength to ride well and see as much as they could of the sport. He gave them, with much pleasure, the toast of "The Warwickshire Hunt." (Cheers.)

Sir CHARLES MORDAUNT, who was called upon to respond, said: Mr. Chairman, my lords and gentlemen,—No words of mine can do justice to the toast which has just been proposed, or adequately express to you my thanks for the honour you have done me in coupling my name with it. I am sure it has been none the less a source of pleasure to all who sit round this table than it has been to myself to hear the toast proposed in such kind and feeling terms by Mr. Boddington. That gentleman must now be regarded as the father of the Warwickshire hounds—(applause)—that is to say, he has probably hunted for more consecutive seasons in this country than any other man in the room, and his name is rightly associated here with the best traditions of hunting in the past, of good fellowship, and of good and sports-

manlike riding to hounds. (Hear, hear.) Gentlemen, I have no doubt many of you have seen an old book on sport called "The Warwickshire Hunt." It is now out of print, and there are not many copies remaining in existence, but it contains a splendid record of sport in days gone by. I note that in this book it is recorded that the first hunting dinner which took place in the annals of this Hunt was in the year 1780, at Stratford-on-Avon. Not very long after that a Hunt Ball was given, also at Stratford, the music consisting of one solitary fiddle. (Laughter.) Now there is no doubt, gentlemen, that there have been many social gatherings of the sort since that time, but I will venture to say that on no occasion in the past has there been a gathering of hunting men so large, so representative, and so cordial as the one held to-night in the Shire Hall of this ancient borough. Gentlemen, we have heard something, although, I am happy to say, very little, about there being discontent with regard to the most popular and most unselfish amusement in England. (Hear, hear.) On the part of the Warwickshire Hunt I beg to say that we do not believe there has been any such thing as discontent in the past—"No"—or that there ever will be in the future. The fact is, gentlemen, that what little discontent we have heard of has been invented and manufactured by Mr. Cobb to suit his own purposes, which are entirely unconnected with hunting. (A Voice: "No politics," and applause.) If there has been any such thing as discontent, which I don't allow for a moment—"No"—there is a perfect answer in the assemblage we see in this room to-night. (Hear, hear.) Mr. Cobb, by the letters which he has written to the papers, and by the questions which he has asked in the House of Commons, has shown lamentable ignorance—"No,"—of this noble science—(hear, hear)—a science far too noble for him to grasp, and much too great. (A Voice: Cobb's no foxhunter.) If Mr. Cobb wants to understand something more about hunting, let him come out with the Warwickshire hounds. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) If he would like to do so, no one would be more delighted than myself to find a quiet and at the same time a bold horse to carry him, on any day he likes to come. But I am reminded that it is very possible that he cannot ride. (Laughter.) That certainly would be a serious disadvantage, but if he cannot do so, let him come to a meeting like this, and then he will understand in very deed and in truth what is meant by hunting. (Applause.) Gentlemen, we in this country, as hunting men belonging to the Warwickshire Hunt, have had exceptional advantages. We have a master who now for many seasons past has, from morning to night, on every hunting day, used his best efforts to show sport. (Hear, hear.) We have a pack of hounds which, under his constant care and attention, and by the devotion which he has shown during many years past to the interests of the Hunt, and more particularly to the breeding of hounds, has become famous among the great hunting centres of England. (Hear, hear.) There is, besides, one other very great advantage which we possess, and perhaps I may be thought selfish if I allude to it; but, at the same time, it is an advantage which I have heard talked about, and which is greatly appreciated by hunting men. It is this, that owing to accidental circumstances it happens that there are no very large towns in the centre of this country, and that, therefore, we have very often had the opportunity to see a fine day's sport with a field out by comparison not nearly so large as that which is seen in other parts of the shires, and indeed in provincial countries which are not nearly so good as this. (Applause.) To hark back for a moment to the old

Warwickshire Hunt Book, I see the names mentioned there of many sportsmen who were good riders to hounds in days gone by, and it is most satisfactory to note that at the present time the reputation of the Warwickshire Hunt for good and sportsmanlike riding is as well sustained as it ever was in former days. (Applause.) Notwithstanding this, I may add that we do not quite aspire, like our neighbours at Melton, to turn out after hunting, and to try our horses as high as a ride in a steeplechase by moonlight, with our night-gowns on. (Laughter.) Moonlighting is at no time a very lively pursuit; moonlighting on horseback, to my mind, is not much better than doing it on foot. Gentlemen, I can wish you no better wish than that you may long continue to hunt with the Warwickshire hounds, with the same Master—(hear, hear, and applause)—and that for a long time to come

The sound of his horn, on a fine hunting morn,  
May be the one cure for all maladies sure.

(Cheers.)

LORD CAMPERDOWN submitted the next toast. He said: My lords and gentlemen—There has been intrusted to me a task which it is very easy indeed to discharge, viz., the duty of introducing to you a gentleman whom every one of you knows well already, and whose health I feel sure all of you will be only too glad to have the opportunity of drinking. It is the health of our Chairman, Mr. Knott. (Cheers.) Well, gentlemen, I may say for myself I am not quite old enough to remember the time when Mr. Knott was *not*. (Laughter.) But, if I am credibly informed, some sixty years ago, when the Bicester met at Fenny Compton Wharf, Mr. Knott rode up to the meet, and the deponent adds that he was mounted on a donkey. (Renewed laughter.) I believe that ever since then he has been a tolerably regular attendant. I can answer, at all events, for something like thirty years, that when anyone has gone along the Burton Hills with the Warwickshire Hunt they have generally had Mr. Knott sending like a shadow in front of them. (Applause.) It has been said by one or two speakers to-night that possibly some of us are getting rather old and rather slow. Well, on behalf of Mr. Knott, I wish to say that he is not getting old, and that he is not getting slow. (Hear, hear.) If sixty years ago he was on a donkey at Fenny Compton Wharf, sixty years hence (if he is not much better employed somewhere else) he will be mounted on something far better than a donkey, and still galloping in front of the Warwickshire hounds—(laughter)—and I only hope, for his own sake, that he won't have Lord Willoughby after him. (Renewed laughter.) But there is one thing which I wish to say in all seriousness, and that is, that we have a real reason why we ought to thank Mr. Knott, and some others also—viz., for giving us this opportunity of coming here to show our esteem for our noble M.F.H. This is not merely a dinner given to Lord Willoughby by his redcoats, because you can collect your redcoats any day you want them, but it is a dinner of the whole country—(hear, hear, and applause)—and it is not merely a dinner of Lord Willoughby's whole country, but it is a dinner of foxhunters from districts considerably beyond his country. (Hear, hear.) I have seen men amongst those present who do not belong to this country at all—I am not going to mention their names, but I might instance Captain Middleton and other gentlemen—who know what hunting is, and who know what hunting men are, and who are only too glad to have an opportunity of acknowledging the very great debt we owe to men who really are Masters of Hounds. (Applause.) I daresay a great many people think it is a very easy

thing to be a Master of Hounds. All I can say is, let those who think so try. (Hear, hear.) So far as I am able to judge, from the small degree of knowledge that I have been able to pick up in my hunting experience during a period of twenty-five or thirty years, I believe the duties of a Master of Hounds, properly performed, are among the most difficult that exist. (Hear, hear.) I say it advisedly. I would far rather be the general of an army than I would be a Master of Hounds. If you are the general of an army, at all events you know this much—you know that the footmen cannot go beyond a certain pace, and you know that the cavalry cannot go beyond a certain pace. You know also that you can calculate pretty well upon what the movements of an opposing general are likely to be. But just take the case of a pack of hounds. What have you to calculate upon? You have to reckon with any number of circumstances that can be known, and a very large number of circumstances that cannot be known, the least of which, when everything else fails, is perhaps realised. Up turns an old woman and heads the fox straight away—(laughter)—back goes the fox, and where are you, and where are your hounds? There are generally two or three halloas forward, but what can you believe? Who are you to believe? I simply mention these points because they are contingencies which have come under my own notice. At the same time I wish to say one other thing, and it is something which I hope Lord Willoughby will remember, viz., that in the Warwickshire Hunt we are of opinion that there is nothing like leather. We like discipline. (Hear, hear.) When we are out hunting we ought to be sportsmen. If we are not sportsmen we ought to be, and if we get out of our places and get blown up, well, it serves us quite right. (Cheers.) One of the reasons why there has been so much sport shown in this country during the past fourteen years is because men daren't get on to the ends of covers, and they daren't head foxes, or if they do head foxes they hear of it. (Laughter.) I wish to say that I speak with some personal knowledge. (Renewed laughter.) The reason why I am here to-night, gentlemen, and the reason why we are all here, is because we know that Lord Willoughby has his whole heart in the sport. (Hear, hear, and applause.) When we get a good Master of Hounds, we are very much obliged to him, and we want to keep him. I hope, if I am going twenty years hence, that we shall have the same Master of Hounds, and I hope that when we have another such a gathering as this, we shall have the same gentleman to occupy the chair. Addressing the Chairman, his lordship good-humouredly added: I drink your very good health. I told you it depended very much upon how you behaved in the chair to-night, what I said of you, and I wish to say that I hope to see you occupying the same position twenty years hence. I beg to propose the health of our Chairman, Mr. Knott. (Cheers.)

THE CHAIRMAN, in responding, thanked Lord Camperdown for the kind manner in which he had spoken of him, and the company generally for the reception they had given to the toast. He went on to say that it was true that he had something to do with the bringing about of the present gathering, but at that time he little thought he should be wanted to take the chair, and when he was asked to do so he felt a great deal of diffidence in accepting the position. He had hoped to have seen one of their well-known hunting gentlemen occupying the chair, who would have been far better able to fulfil the duties than himself—(“No,” and applause)—but he hoped they would all at least allow that he had endeavoured to do his best. (Hear, hear, and applause.)



He felt it a great compliment to have been allowed to preside over such a gathering. He could not put aside the fact that he was growing old, and he should not, he dared say, have many more seasons' hunting—"Yes"—so he would take this opportunity of thanking the noblemen and gentlemen present for the very great kindness and consideration that he had at all times received at their hands during the many years in which he had been accustomed to meet them in the hunting field. At the same time he would take the opportunity of thanking his brother agriculturists for putting up with his sins and transgressions for all these years. He had ridden over their fields, he had ridden over their crops, he had broken their fences, he had left their gates open—(laughter)—he had done all sorts of things he ought not to have done upon their property, but he could say that he did not think he ever had an uncivil word said to him throughout the whole course of his hunting career, and he sincerely hoped that he had not made an enemy. (Hear, hear and applause.) Again he thanked them all for the great compliment they had paid him in drinking his health, and for having allowed him to preside over them on this occasion, and he would only add that he hoped foxhunting would long continue to flourish, and that not only they, but their children, and their children's children, might enjoy the sport for many years to come. (Applause.)

Colonel PAULET, who was well received, said he had been most unexpectedly called upon to propose a toast, and as time was going on, he should not detain them longer than a few moments. The toast he had been asked to propose was: "The Masters of the Neighbouring Hunts." Unfortunately, many of those who they would have been glad to have seen among them were unable to attend, but there was one gentleman present at all events who might appropriately be asked to represent them, and therefore, in the absence of those other gentlemen, he would content himself by coupling with the toast the name of the Master of the North Warwickshire Hounds. (Hear, hear, and applause.) They had heard a great deal about their own hounds, the Warwickshire, and no doubt all that had been said had been richly merited. But they must not forget that there was another pack in Warwickshire. (Hear, hear.) He could say for himself, and he had no doubt that there were many others who would say the same, that whenever he had the pleasure of hunting with the North Warwickshire they had always enjoyed good sport. (Hear, hear.) Under the circumstances, he would not detain them with a long speech, but he begged to propose a toast which he felt sure they would all respond to with the greatest pleasure, viz., "The Masters of the Neighbouring Hunts," coupled with the name of Mr. T. H. Ashton, and success to the North Warwickshire Hounds. (Cheers.)

The toast was received with musical honours.

Mr. ASHTON thanked them on behalf of the Masters of the neighbouring hunts, and for having coupled his name with the toast. He expressed their acknowledgment of the very great advantage they all felt in having such a pack as the Warwickshire in the neighbourhood, remarking that anyone who was so fond of hunting as he was, and as he hoped all his fellow-creatures were, could not but be sensible of the value of having such an excellent pack in their midst. He hoped they would take advantage of them more than they had done. In conclusion, the speaker thanked them very much for the kind manner in which they had received the toast, and the compliment they had paid him in drinking his health.

MR. JENKINS said it gave him very great pleasure to propose the next toast, that of the Vice-Chairmen, not only because they were personal friends of his, but because they were two of the best sportsmen that Warwickshire could produce. They not only rode well to hounds, but did everything they could to promote the sport in Warwickshire by preserving foxes, and in other ways. They were also worthy representatives of the Warwickshire tenant farmers—(hear, hear)—who, as everyone knew, were the best sporting farmers in the world. (Hear, hear.) The Chairman had asked them what Warwickshire would do without the Warwickshire hounds. He (the speaker) would like to know what the Warwickshire hounds would do without the tenant farmers. (Hear, hear.) Remarks had been made in one or two of the speeches they had heard that day, as to there not being a very good feeling between the Warwickshire farmers and the Hunt. He could only say that he should like those who made the statements complained of to have been there that evening, and to have seen that assembly. He dared say some of them, even if they had been there, would say it was a packed meeting. Well, he was very glad to say that it was a packed meeting, although not in the sense which such persons intend to convey. He was sure of one thing, at all events, and that was that foxhunting would never die out of Warwickshire if the descendants of the Warwickshire farmers were as good sportsmen as those of the present day. He gave them the toast of the Vice-Chairmen, coupled with the name of Mr. George Smith, one of the best sportsmen in the country.

The toast was received with cheers and musical honours.

MR. GEORGE SMITH, in returning thanks on behalf of Mr. Fairbrother and himself, pointed out that so much had been said on the subject of foxhunting in the course of the evening that there was little left for him to add. He hoped they would all continue to support the Warwickshire Hunt. He had known this pack for a considerable number of years. They had now for fourteen years been under the Mastership of Lord Willoughby, and he did not think they had ever enjoyed such good sport before as that which he had shown them. (Hear, hear.) The speaker went on to refer to the trouble they had in the past with hares, but said they had now great difficulty in finding a hare, which was much the better for the hounds, and so much the better for the sport. Bearing out what had been said as to the manner in which Lord Willoughby controlled the pack, he remarked that he kept them in order—a fact which they all very much appreciated, for unless they had order it was impossible that they could have sport. He himself had seen many a good run spoiled through the want of someone in authority who would keep the field from over-riding the hounds. (Hear, hear.) They had another reason to be grateful to Lord Willoughby in the admirable way in which he had looked after the condition of the pack, which, as already pointed out, was shown by the success they had achieved at Northampton and Peterborough, where they had not been beaten by any of the shires. After all the eloquence they had heard, it was unnecessary for him to say anything further on the subject, and he would therefore only thank them once more for the kind manner in which they had received the toast. (Applause.)

There being cries of "Fairbrother,"

MR. FAIRBROTHER also responded. He said he was very much obliged to them for the compliment they had paid him in drinking his health as one of

the Vice-Chairmen. He felt sure that no one in Warwickshire or any other shire had ever enjoyed hunting more than he had done, and he hoped it would survive for very many years to come. They had one of the very best masters in the world in this country, and the very finest set of farmers to give him their support. (Applause.) With such an excellent master of such a fine pack, in a country where foxes abounded, and where most of the farmers were of the right sort, there need be no fear for the future of foxhunting. (Applause.)

Mr. GOODMAN said he had the honour of proposing a toast which would be acceptable to every man in the room, that of the Hunt Servants, coupled with the health of the huntsman, Jack Boore. (Applause.) The Hunt servants deserved the sympathy, the support, and the hearty thanks of every member of the Hunt. He had no doubt they already enjoyed them. (Hear, hear.) As regards Jack, well, he had been so closely identified with these hounds for so many years that he need not sing his praises to a gathering of this character. So far as the other servants were concerned, he felt sure that they all did their duty to the best of their ability. (Hear, hear.) He also felt that they had every incentive to do so, considering that they had the best country, the best pack of hounds, and the best all-round master in England. He gave them the health of the Hunt Servants. (Applause.)

The toast was received with calls for "Jack," whose health was cordially drunk.

JACK BOORE, who was evidently much gratified by such a hearty reception, though no doubt he would have felt more at home in the saddle in a fast thing over a stiff bit of country than on his legs in public, replied in a few appropriate remarks, thanking them for the kind way in which they had received the toast, expressing his concurrence in all that had been said respecting the Noble Master, Lord Willoughby, and assuring them on behalf of the Hunt servants that they always tried to do their best. He always tried to do so himself, and he hoped he had succeeded. Jack then resumed his seat, modestly adding that he hoped they would show better sport next year.

The CHAIRMAN here observed that they owed their thanks to Lord Leigh and Mrs. Lloyd for so kindly sending materials for the decoration of the room, and he thought a vote of thanks was also due to their secretary, with which he would couple the health of Major Armstrong. (Applause.)

The toast was cordially received, and

Major ARMSTRONG responded in appropriate terms. He remarked that the fact of his having been called upon was most unexpected on his part, for he failed to see on the toast list any reference to the secretary for the dinner. He could only say, both on behalf of himself and his friend Mr. Knott, who had done most of the hard work, that they were amply repaid for any exertions they might have made in the success that had attended the undertaking. (Hear, hear, and applause.) He thanked them very much for the very kind way in which they had received his health.

Mr. LEA (Thelsford) proposed "The Ladies." He wished it had been placed in abler hands, but he could only say that it gave him the greatest possible pleasure to propose such a toast. They talked about the pleasures of foxhunting, but he thought it would be robbed of a great deal of its attractiveness were it not for the ladies who now took such a prominent part in

the gatherings of the Hunt. (Hear, hear.) They all felt that one very great charm of the hunting field was the presence of the ladies, and although he did not wish to be invidious, and to mention names, he could not refrain from mentioning the pleasure which they felt in seeing Lady Willoughby, Miss Verney, and others to whom he might refer did time permit, taking part in their runs. The way in which they rode, and adorned their fields, was something they had reason to be proud of, as well as of the admirable manner in which Lord Willoughby carried out the duties of the mastership. (Applause.) The speaker went on to remark that they had seen a good deal lately in the papers about ladies riding astride. He could only say that he should be very sorry to see them, and he thought most sportsmen would agree with him. One reason was that it took them all their time now to hold their own with the ladies of the Warwickshire Hunt, and he was ashamed to say that sometimes they could not even do that. If the ladies took to riding in the same manner as they did he was afraid it would end in their riding clear away from them altogether. (Laughter.) But in addition to that, he thought they adorned the field much better under the present conditions. There had been a good deal of speech-making, and he would not detain them longer, but he asked them to drink with enthusiasm to the health of the ladies, and he would couple with the toast the name of the Hon. Dudley Leigh. (Loud applause.)

The Hon. DUDLEY LEIGH, in responding, said: Mr. Chairman, my lords, and gentlemen,—When I was first told by Mr. Knott and Mr. Scriven that I should be called upon to respond to this toast, I said I thought it had much better be placed in abler hands than mine, as I know so very little about the subject. (Laughter.) However, neither of them would take the hint, and so I have to do my best. Mr. Knott has already pointed out what a great difference exists with regard to the presence of ladies in the hunting field between these days and days of the past, when there was perhaps only one lady to be seen across the fields. The practice of ladies joining in the sport appears to have been a matter of evolution. In the old days a young lady would come out with her papa, not dreaming of riding to hounds, but simply in order to see them throw off. At last probably some young lady set the example of jumping a fence, and found it was not so difficult after all, and now the circumstances have so far changed that we are quite accustomed to see ladies forging to the front, and Lucy Glitters indeed shows the way. Now, my lords and gentlemen, I should like to talk about this fascinating subject for hours, but I think that you probably would not be prepared to listen to me. I will therefore resume my seat, merely thanking you very much on behalf of the ladies for the kind manner in which you have received the toast. (Applause.)

This concluded the toast-list, and the company separated at eleven o'clock with the singing of "God Save the Queen."

During the evening several hunting songs and recitations were given between the speeches, by members of the company, the vocalists being Mr. Nash (Stratford), who sang the "Warwickshire Hounds," and accompanied himself on the banjo; Mr. Cancellor, who gave a recitation describing "How the favourite was beat," and sang the well-known chorus "Drink, puppy drink"; Mr. Sykes, of Banbury, who gave a capital rendering of "A hunting we will go," and "Good-bye, sweetheart," &c.

The following is a copy of the song written for the occasion by Alderman

E. Scriven, of Wormleighton, and sung at the conclusion of Lord Willoughby's speech by Mr. W. Nash, of Stratford-on-Avon, who also set the words to music :—

Stand true to foxhunting, stand firmly by the sport ;  
That is the farmer's wish, through good and ill report,  
Cultivate good feeling, and shout to signify,  
Tally-ho ! the watchword, gone away ! the cry.

Stand by fox preservers and the puppy walkers,  
Consider all the claims caused by poultry stalkers ;  
Then, huntsman, blow the horn, we'll shout to signify,  
Tally-ho ! the watchword, gone away ! the cry.

Stand still in the covert, and when the hounds are cast,  
Unless you wish to raise a counter hunting blast,  
Which sporting men deserve who hunting rules defy.  
Bless you, sir ! reproof words,—pardon me, reply.

Stand by the Warwickshire, stand by our noble guest,  
A sportsman keen and bold, who hunts with proper zest,  
Long cherish his good name and shout to ratify,  
Tally-ho ! his watchword, gone away ! the cry.

Lord Willoughby de Broke has every reason to be proud of the compliment paid to him by the farmers and hunting men of the county. When three hundred men assemble to do honour to a master of hounds, he must have qualities which are possessed by very few men occupying similar positions. The movement was hearty and spontaneous, and emanated chiefly from the farmers, who regard his lordship as an ideal sportsman and landlord. Not only was it a testimony to the respect in which Lord Willoughby is held by those who know him best, but it was a striking proof of the popularity of hunting under his mastership. Naturally the farmers with hunting proclivities were mainly represented at this social gathering. There were, however, many non-hunting men present, and, as far as they are concerned, they must be presumed to be satisfied, if not with hunting generally, at least with the spirit in which Lord Willoughby carries on the sport. But, of course, as to those who were not there, no sweeping conclusions can be drawn, and the recent conferences on the subject show that improvements are expected by those who are merely passive spectators of hunting. Still the controversy has done much to clear the air, and already there is a better feeling between sportsmen and those who in the early part of the year expressed their opinions freely as to the way in which they were treated, and of the injury which was done to their stock and fences. Indeed, the pleasant scene in the County Hall was conclusive proof that all is going well with the Warwickshire hounds, and that Lord Willoughby himself retains all his old popularity as the Master of this famous pack. Good fellowship exists in undiminished strength, and the farmers all acknowledge that they have in his lordship a generous and sympathetic friend. And here we may congratulate his eldest son, a very promising young gentleman, on attaining his majority. He appears to have all the qualities which have made his noble father so popular in the county ; and we have no doubt that he will do all in his power to earn the good-will of the farmers, who on this occasion

united to pay a well-deserved compliment to the best Master of Hounds in the country.

A work of this description would, of course, be incomplete without a short mention of Mr. Edward Pettifer Reading Knott, of Fenny Compton Grange. His father was the Rev. J. M. Knott, vicar of Priors Hardwick, Priors Marston, and Lower Shuckburgh. He was educated privately, and has resided at Fenny Compton since 1853. He began to hunt in 1832, and was well trained in the sport, as his father was one of the best men to hounds in the whole neighbourhood, and was, in fact, known by the soubriquet of "the Flying Apostle." The first fox he saw killed was by Boxall, Mr. Russell's huntsman.

From about 1838 to 1841 Mr. Bradley's staghounds were a great sporting feature in the country, and Mr. Knott learned a good deal of his riding with them. These hounds are thus described by "Cecil" (p. 319, 1854 Ed.): "A few years since a very clever little pack, all ladies, was kept at Leamington by Mr. Henry Bradley. If any stag-hunter is sceptical concerning the capabilities of small hounds, he might have been convinced by the operations of these. They scarcely exceeded 20in. in height, but the pace they could go over the grass grounds at Kites Hardwick, Priors Marston, or Ladbroke was quite extraordinary, and for stoutness they could not be excelled. They were hunted in a very workmanlike style by their worthy master, and the establishment was in every respect ably conducted." When the kennels were removed to Ufton, Mr. Henry Horley, who with his brother and father occupied, with a small exception, the whole parish, hunted them. Mr. Bradley was of the firm of Bradley, Foster, and Co., the great ironmasters, and it appears that the hunting spirit survives still in the same firm—witness that distinguished rider Mr. Henry Foster, of the Pytchley, and Captain James Foster, the master of the Albrighton.

Mr. Knott remembers well a great stag-hunting dinner at Southam, at which the late Sir Edward Piers Mostyn,

and many others were present, and a song, composed for the occasion, was sung by Mr. H. Horley :

See foremost, in scarlet bright, brighter than gold,  
Rides Bradley, the pride of his race,  
With Pidcock and fifty fine fellows as bold,  
As e'er knew the joys of the chase.

In the old book by "Venator," almost the last entry is an account of a meet of Mr. Drake's hounds at Priors Hardwick, but the Rev. Mr. Knott having invited Mr. Bradley's staghounds, the old Squire never met there again.

Mr. Knott once rode a very fast gallop from Badby Wood to Priors Marston, when only Mr. Bevan, Edwin Stevens (who had just come to the Warwickshire), and himself were with the hounds. He afterwards rode several of Mr. Bevan's horses. He once got into trouble when riding his own chesnut horse, Devonport, with Lord Southampton, jumping the Woodford Brook twice, and pounding the Hunt servants. This may have been the origin of the well-known scene between Lord Scamperdale and Sponge, described by Surtees. Another run he remembers was when Mr. Drake's hounds met at Fenny Compton Wharf, and they found at Freckleton Spinney, and ran over the Leamington Road, and near where Watergall Gorse is now. Mr. Knott, Mr. George Hitchcock, afterwards of Hinton; and old Mr. Hitchcock, of Horley, were with the hounds. When over the two brooks Mr. William Cowper,\* Mr. Knott's uncle, and the late Lord Knightley cut in, and were first up at Burton Hills, the hounds having run very fast over Northend Fields. They turned short at the hills, and killed at Farnborough. They did not draw again, and the hounds passed through Banbury before the clock struck twelve, as mentioned in the *Field* at the time of Lord Knightley's death.

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\* Mr. Knott's uncle, Mr. William Cowper, of Farnborough, was one of the finest yeoman riders who ever crossed Warwickshire or any other shire. Mr. Henry Chaplin, when a pupil at the Rev. Mr. Furneaux's, of Walton, was told when he came into Warwickshire to follow him. He said he did his best, but that he could not always keep him in sight. He always rode well-bred horses, and nothing stopped him that any horse could jump.

In 1824 the Rev. Mr. Knott bought a mare by Grimaldi—Miss Coverton, three years old, which he rode hunting. She won the Leamington Cup in 1829. In 1830 she won the Farmers' Plate, which was run in three two-mile heats, at Warwick Races, and Mr. Knott has kept the blood up ever since. He was riding one of her descendants, a little mare (the dam of the brown mare we so well remember, and which appears in the photo of Ladbroke Gorse. She was by Erix, dam by the Cardinal), and they ran from Hinton Gorse to Warden Hill. Frank Beers jumped the gates, and Mr. Knott the fences, and when Beers' horse, his favourite with the rat-tail, was beat, he offered to go on and stop the earths. Beers changed his horse, and in the second run, from Fawsley to Mantle Heath, Mr. Knott, on his pony mare, galloped him down again.

He had a very celebrated strong black mare, on which we remember him best, and a big black horse, bought by Sir Charles Mordaunt; but his best horse was Hardwick, bought by Mr. Vebers, which was first favourite for the Liverpool Grand National. He was in training, and broke his leg four days before the race.

Mr. Knott says that, though, alas! there has not been any profit in the old style of farming, but a dead loss for many years, the only way he can make it pay is by the sale of cart horses and riding horses, and that every year he lives his love of foxhunting grows stronger and stronger. Mr. Knott is a thorough man of business, and the respect in which he is held in the sporting world was shown by his being chosen to take the chair at the complimentary dinner to Lord Willoughby de Broke. He was also the originator of the successful Kineton Horse Show, of which his son, Mr. Edward Knott, who is a good sportsman and hunts regularly with the Warwickshire, is the hon. sec. He is, perhaps, best known as a judge of hunters, having acted in that capacity for the "Royal" and for most of the leading agricultural societies in England, as well as at many local shows.



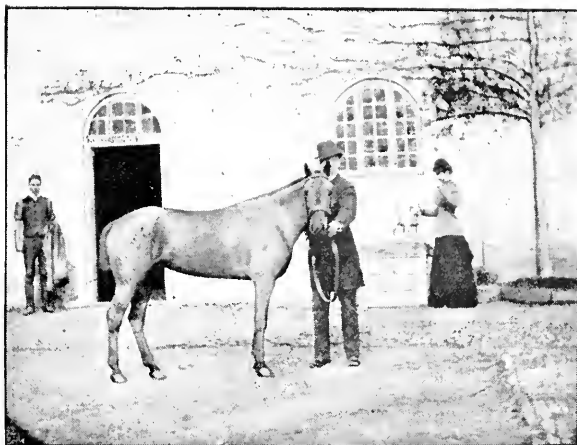
Mr. William Fairbrother was born at Burton Dassett on the same farm occupied by his father and grandfather, and now by himself. He commenced hunting in November, 1841, when eight years old, and was in at the death of a fox which ran by Old Leys and Kineton Holt to Pillerton. Mr. Barnard gave him the brush, and he was blooded by Ned Stevens. His father and grandfather were salesmen as well as graziers, and they used to ride to Smithfield Market and back on the same horse. They rode little horses—14.3 to 15 hands—mostly bred in Wales, with wonderfully good legs and feet and knee action. For thirty years his grandfather rode to London—eighty-two miles—on the Saturday, sold his beasts on the Monday, and back the same day, and very often hunted with Sir Thomas Mostyn the next day. Once he rode 120 miles in one day, and meant to ride thirty more on the same horse. One day he rode to London on the Sunday, back on Monday, and the same mare helped to draw two loads of hay home. Mr. William Fairbrother joined his father in 1854, who died in 1866, aged 66. There were bad times for graziers in '49, '50, and '51. Wonderful cattle were bought for 13*l.*, which weighed seventeen score when fat. They were mostly beasts that had been worked. Many times he has given 25*l.* for beasts no better. He once sent Mr. Hugh Williams, for a first meet at Kineton, a spiced round from one of these beasts which weighed over 80*lb.* Nearly every yeoman farmer hunted then, kept a nag, and participated in the sport. The non-hunting farmer was an exception. From 1847 Mr. Fairbrother began to hunt regularly, and has always had a horse or two since. He has sold many good horses. About the best was a horse by Hurrah out of Honeycomb, sold to Mr. Holland Corbett; a chesnut horse, sold to the same gentleman for the huntsman of the Quorn; and a dun horse, sold to Mr. Corbett for Mr. Wilson, the master of the Holderness, who refused 600*l.* for him.

When he began, very few ladies hunted—Mrs. Drake, Miss Annesley, and one or two more at most. The best

run he ever saw, he thinks, was in April. A fox had been killing lambs, and they found him in Gaydon Hill field. It was in 1854. Jones was huntsman, and Mr. Spencer Lucy was out on Tipperary Boy. Mr. Fairbrother was riding Modest Mary, a little bay mare. They ran by Northend, and over Burton and Compton Hills, through Elkington's Spinney, to Wormleighton Reservoir, and under Mrs. Cowper's and Harbage's Covert, but did not enter it. Then straight away back, leaving Fenny Compton on the right and Knightcote on the left, to Itchington Holt and killed. Mr. Spencer Lucy acknowledged that Mr. Fairbrother had the best of it. He took the brush back to Mr. Tomlin, of Ireland, who had lost the lambs. He never himself rode to London, but often to Southall. He has been forty-five years in the yeomanry, having joined in 1851, and last year passed the medical examination to go on as quartermaster. He is still going strong, is an alderman of the County Council, and is the recognised "time-keeper" of the Hunt, having never missed timing a run or a sermon for forty years. He lives in a beautiful spot at the top of Burton Hill, overlooking the glorious vale, on the other side of which lies

THE WELL-KNOWN POOL FIELDS OSIERS.





LIGHTHORNE.

And one who rode on a dark brown steed,  
 Clean-jointed, sinewy, spare,  
 With the lean game head of the Blacklock breed,  
 And the resolute eye that loves the lead,  
 And the quarters massive and square.—*Lindsay Gordon.*

## CHAPTER XVII.

SEVERE WINTER OF 1890-1891—GOOD DAY FROM OXHILL  
 GORSE—THE HONBLE. HARRY BOURKE—FINE RUN FROM  
 HANWELL—TWO RUNS FROM THE SANDPITS GORSE ON ONE  
 DAY—KINETON HORSE SHOW—PARLIAMENTARY POINT-  
 TO-POINT RACE—DEATH OF CAPTAIN MIDDLETON.

THE winter of 1890-1891 was very severe, and hunting was stopped on November 26th by severe frost and a fall of snow. On December 8th hunting was again prevented by frost for seven weeks, and on the night of the 22nd the thermometer stood at two degrees below zero, and there were twenty degrees of frost during the whole of the next day. On January 23rd the thermometer was again below zero. On many nights in succession there were from twenty to twenty-five degrees of frost. Hunting began again on January 26th, with a fine day's sport from Oxhill Covert.

It was the severest winter since 1854-1855. There were two rare specimens of ducks shot on the lake at Walton, one being a sheldrake, and the other a scaup duck, the latter not often seen in this country, and called the blue bill in North America. A wild swan was also for a week backwards and forwards on the water. His size, which was smaller than an ordinary swan, and his black bill, could be seen with a telescope without disturbing him. There was frost during the greater part of February, and on many days there would have been no hunting if it had not been for the bright sun which came out after the frost. In High Leicestershire there was no hunting during the whole of this month. It was too dry for scent in February and March, and hardly any rain fell before April.—C. M.

#### SEASON 1890-91.

From Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary :

First day of cubhunting on September 1st, at Bowshot at 5 o'clock, with forty-seven and a half couples of hounds out. Killed one fox.

Cubhunted on thirty-nine days. Killed thirty-five foxes and ran twelve to ground.

First day of regular hunting on November 6th, at Lower Shuckburgh.

On November 6th, to the great regret of all who knew him, the sad and very sudden death of Mr. H. Spencer Lucy, of Charlecote, late master of the Warwickshire Hounds, occurred. He had been staying with Mr. T. Fitzhugh in Wales, and from there he went to Colonel Tower, at Weald Hall, Essex, and when out shooting at one of these places, or on the journey down, he caught a violent chill, and died of inflammation of the lungs. He was buried at Charlecote on November 11th, in his sixtieth year.

He had a favourite retriever bitch called Jet, who was his constant companion. On the first occasion after his death, when she found that the shooting party had gone out without her, she would not eat any more food, and died soon afterwards, no doubt of a broken heart on account of the loss of her master.

The Warwickshire Hounds stopped hunting from November 6th until the 13th, on account of the death of Mr. Spencer Lucy.

Major Cosmo Little, 5th Lancers, Adjutant to the Warwickshire Yeomanry Cavalry, went very well. He had one specially good mare, Linnet, a chesnut, well bred, and very fast. He took her to the Soudan with him.

Colonel Paulet should have been mentioned before. Though not a hard rider of late years, he loved the chase, and was a valued member of the heavy brigade. He saw a good deal of service in the 7th Hussars at the close of the Indian Mutiny. He had a wonderful dun cob, which he once matched against Mr. Lucy's chesnut pony at Warwick races, and beat him easily, owners up.

Mr. John Lowe, of Ettington, is a thorough sportsman, and rides hard, with great judgment. He is a great farmer, and is county councillor for the division of Brailes, &c. Though lately he broke his thigh, he is going again as well as ever.

Mr. J. F. Gaskell, of Southam, is very popular in the Hunt, and goes straight, particularly on a very nice little roan mare.

Mr. Charles Adamthwaite is a very fine rider, and very fond of hunting. When remonstrated with for jumping a high flight of rails close to an open gate a few seasons ago, all he answered was, "They're running, my dear boy, they're running," pointing to the fast vanishing pack. He is one of the best. He has hunted for some years from Braunston, but thoroughly enjoys a day with the Warwickshire, and does not mind a long ride home.

Mr. F. Sawrey-Cookson was a very determined rider. In fact he went perfectly straight without opening a gate as long as hounds ran. He thought a horse could jump any fence, at any part of it, and, in consequence, got many falls, and his style of going was perhaps not calculated for reaching the end of a good run, though a fine horseman with a marvellously quick eye to hounds. He had one chesnut mare he bought from Mr. F. Butler—a wonder ;

and Paul Jones, by Buccaneer, bred by the late Mr. Spencer Lucy, was a very fast and brilliant hunter till he went wrong in his wind.

Mr. R. H. Milne, of Leamington, was a well-known figure in the Warwickshire field. For some years he was master of an excellent pack of harriers in Berkshire. He understood hunting well, and rode good horses.

His son, Mr. R. O. Milne, is good at all sports and games, but gives foxhunting the first place in his affections. He has become a very distinguished amateur photographer, and our book is much indebted to his skill and patience.

Mr. C. H. Jolliffe, of Goldicote House, since he more or less relinquished steeplechasing, has developed into one of the finest 14st. men that ever crossed Warwickshire. He rides good horses, and is always in a good place.

Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary :

*November 13th, Long Itchington.*—Found at Debdale, where there were several foxes, got away with one, and ran towards Birdingbury Wharf, turned to the right, and ran, leaving Leamington Hastings on the right, nearly down to the Leam; ran all along the side of the Leam, past Kites Hardwick, crossed the Leam near Bunker's Hill, and ran to ground in that covert after a good forty minutes.

*November 24th, Newbold Pacey.*—Found at Oakley Wood, ran well, leaving Highdown on the left, and by Chesterton Mill Pool to Checkley's Brake, and killed after running forty minutes. Found again at Itchington Holt, ran towards Harbury, but turned to the right, and ran down the hill, and away as if for Watergall, but the fox turned before reaching the railway, and ran a ring down the Vale, and was killed in the open between Bishops Itchington and Knightcote, after a very good run of fifty-five minutes without a check.

From Sir C. Mordaunt's diary :

On *December 4th* the meet was at Long Itchington, and the field was of unusual size. Before a fox was found the master's second horseman counted 500 pass through a gate.\* Found at Ladbroke, and ran fast for twenty minutes, during which time there were about twenty loose horses galloping about, and when hounds checked at the canal near Wormleighton not more than twenty horsemen were there. The run afterwards continued at a hunting pace over the Watergall Brook and Great Western Railway nearly to Nunn's Bushes. It is computed there were fifty falls, and one lady walked four miles before finding her horse.

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\* I remember being told by Mr. Henry Tollemache, M.P., that he once waited at a bridle gate, when the Cheshire hounds were running fast, and plenty of men riding to them, and counted 300 horsemen pass through it.—C. M.

## From Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary ;

*December 5th, Goldlicote.*—Got away from the Pastures, and ran a ring towards the Avon and back, and ran the same ring again, and got to ground on the hill above the Pastures. Could do nothing with the other foxes.

## WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1890.

## LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

NAMES.	SIRE	DAMS.
Artful .....	Fifer (86) .....	Adamant (82)
Dialist } .....	The Quorn Druid .....	Songstress (87)
Diver } .....		
Dimity } .....		
Diligent } .....		
Freedom .....	Fifer (86) .....	Farewell (85)
Gambler } .....	The Belvoir Gordon .....	Fancy (86)
Gaseon } .....		
Gandy } .....		
Gopsall .....	The Belvoir Gordon .....	Barbary (84)
Graceful .....	The Quorn Grasper .....	Delicate (83)
Gusty } .....	The Belvoir Glancer .....	Sophy (84)
Guilty } .....		
Pensive } .....	The Grafton Woldsman .....	Pinkie (88)
Petticoat } .....		
Racer } .....	Furley (83) .....	Ruin (88)
Rakish } .....		
Roman } .....	The Milton Richmond .....	Factions (85)
Royalty } .....		
Senator .....	Furley (83) .....	Secret (85)
Serious .....	Fifer (86) .....	Starlight (87)
Sultan } .....	The Belvoir Governor .....	Stainless (87)
Sunshine } .....		
Tally } .....	Trueman (87) .....	Wilful (86)
Tangible } .....		
Tapstress } .....		
Traeer } .....	Furley (83) .....	Trusty (87)
Trader } .....		
Tradesman } .....		
Trampler } .....	Fifer (86) .....	Waspish (83)
Traitress } .....		
Wasteful .....		

Royalty and Traitress won first prize at Peterborough for best couple of unentered bitches. Royalty won first prize for best young bitch, and also champion cup for best bitch in yard.

Hermit, Hotspur, Wildboy, and Student won first prize for best two couples of entered hounds, and, with the addition of Harper and Trader, won the champion cup for best three couples.

Starlight, Purity, Hero, and Homespun won first prize for best two couples of entered bitches, and, with the addition of Traitress and Royalty, were placed first for the champion cup.

My dear boy Henry's last day with hounds. He rode Balance, by Quits out of Bluestocking, and Bedouin, a four-year-old he made himself. He

sailed that week on Thursday, December 11th, for Bombay in the *Malabar*, and joined the 7th Hussars at Secunderabad. He was drowned on June 25th, 1893, in the Poona River, in company with Lieutenants Crawley and Sutton, his brother officers. Their boat was carried over the weir, and none of them reappeared alive. The bodies of Crawley and my dear son were recovered, and they were buried at Poona on the 28th June. A memorial service was held in Kineton Church at the same hour, which was largely attended. The bodies of all three were eventually recovered, and they rest side by side in the cemetery at Poona.

We scarcely know what to add to the above touching memorial of one who promised to be one of the finest riders of the age—good seat, fine hands, and plenty of courage and patience, too—he had all the requisites of a first-rate horseman. Always happy and unselfish, he was most popular in Warwickshire, and with his regiment. When he went to India he was elected to carry the horn of the regimental hounds, which soon included a draft his father sent him out from Kineton. Of these he took the greatest care, inventing a bullock-drawn hound van to take them to the meets. No brighter, cheerier young soldier ever buckled on a sword.

“Ὅν οἱ Θεοί φιλοῦσιν ἀποθνήσκει νέος.”

*Menander apud Stob. Flor. cxx. 8.*

### From the *Field* :

The Warwickshire put in a very brilliant day on Monday, January 26th, from Sir C. Mordaunt's favourite covert, Oxhill Gorse. Those who rode to the place of meeting over ground in which “the bone” still clung in a very uncomfortable manner, little thought how in a short time they would be galloping and jumping in the Vale of the Red Horse, as if the going had been perfect. Many thought it would be a regular Walton day, and that we should be in the home coverts round Bowshot all day, and were somewhat surprised when Lord Willoughby trotted off to Oxhill. The result justified his judgment, for the going was far better than it would have been on the higher ground; and when hounds run fast, as they always do south-west of Kineton, a little more danger here and there goes for nothing.

I arrived late, hoping that the hounds would run away from me; but they kept on persistently turning to me and continually putting me into danger, which I always kept on cautiously avoiding. Against my will, therefore, I am able to say exactly what hounds did and where they ran. They found at Sir Charles's beautiful covert, where two foxes were afoot; ran sharp and well by Oxhill Village as if for Edge Hill, swung to the left (some said there were two lines here), and on to Pillerton New Covert and Plantation. Whether they overran the scent, or whether there were two foxes before them, I know not. I do know that a hunted fox went to the right over the Oxhill and Kineton road at Herd Hill—a very pretty twenty minutes, with a somewhat unsatisfactory ending. Not so with the next venture.



Again from Oxhill a good fox went away, and took them a wider ring over the Glebe Farm and the brook, back to Mr. Middleton's residence, and away as if for Edge Hill; a swing to the right, only about three men really with hounds, and a momentary check in Kirby Field. Here Lord Willoughby asked me if I had seen the fox. Did his lordship think that I had been skirting? I made no answer; but although the skirter, of which there were many, and of which ignoble body *pars magna fui* kept on cutting in, this brave fox gave us all enough to do before he yielded up his brush. From Kirby Field they ran through Oxhill Gorse, and back by Oxhill Village. Here (skirting again) I did view him, and thought I should be in at the death; but, although Lord Willoughby lifted his hounds here (and even upon them the pace and necessary slackness of condition to a certain extent had begun to tell), there was more to be done yet. The gallant old turkey-killer set his mask straight for the hills across the flat meadows, and was not run into in the open till they had reached and traversed the deep glades at Compton Wyniates. I pulled up at Tysoe; but before I reached Kineton the hounds almost overtook me on their way home to kennel, and the welcome intelligence reached me that the slayer of turkeys had taken his last meal.

This was a splendid day's sport, and Lord Willoughby and Sir Charles Mordaunt must have gone home well pleased. Though the run was somewhat circular, and the riding to hounds somewhat intermittent, there was some good work done by horses as well as hounds. The second run was timed seventy minutes, and hounds were scarcely cast and only twice lifted.

#### RUSTICUS EXPECTANS.

P.S.—I have just heard that the Warwickshire had another excellent run on Tuesday afternoon from the Golden Cross Gorse, round Shipston, and lost between Barcheston Spinneys and Edge Hill.

#### Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary:

*February 3rd, Brailes House.*—Found at Spencer's Gorse, ran very well as far as Compton Wyniates, and on towards the Dingle, but turned to the left, and ran over the Tysoe Bottom and along Edge Hill, as far as Baccus Buildings. Here the fox ran down into the Vale, and kept it as far as Tysoe, when he came up again and ran exactly the same ring as before, and went to ground above Tysoe. Found again at Hell Brake, got away at once, and ran a clipping pace towards Brailes, but swung to the left, and passed Spencer's Gorse on the right, and went close by Compton Wyniates House, and by Broom Hill Farm, and on past Epwell to Shutford Clump, the pace up to this time having been good; swung wide, right-handed round Shutford Clump, and went up to Sibford Village, and on to Swalecliffe Common, where the fox turned to the left as if he would go to Traitor's Ford; but he turned to the left again, and got on the cold plough, and ran us out of scent near "The Gate Hangs High"—ten miles straight from where we found him, and seventeen as the hounds ran. Captain Allfrey, Mr. Bouch, Mr. Prichard, and Mr. Whitworth were amongst the few at the finish.

*February 5th, Long Itchington.*—Found at Debdale, ran to Birdingbury Wharf, turned to the left and got on the grass, and pointed straight for Bunker's Hill, but the hounds rolled over their fox on the bank of the Leam, just below the covert, after a very pretty thirty minutes. As we were going back we were holloed on to another fox, who took us much the same line as before at a smart pace back to Debdale, but we unfortunately got away

on a stale line of a fox, and lost him near Lester's Piece. Found at Ufton Wood, and ran, leaving Print Hill on the left, over the river and straight on nearly to Marton, turned to the left there over the river, and on past Eathorpe, recrossed the river, and ran into a hare saving sough on a coursing estate just beyond. Bolted and killed after a good fifty minutes.

*February 12th, Welford May Pole.*—Found at Mickleton Wood, but had no sport. Found again at Blackwell Bushes, ran very fast towards Darlingscott, and on parallel with the Fosse Road nearly to Stretton; turned first to the right, and then to the left again, and passed half-way between Stretton and Blakemore, down the hill, over the brook, and up the other hill; turned over the Fosse Road, and down to Todenham Station on the tramway; turned as if for Aston Hales, but swung left-handed again, and left Dmsden just on the left, and on into Wolford Wood, where I stopped the hounds, after a capital fifty minutes, with only one cheek.

*February 17th, Idlicote.*—Found at the Gorse Covert, ran a ring as if for Brailes, but turned back into Hell Brake, and away again to the left along the Vale, and kept on for Kirby; bore to the right near there, and went up by Compton Wyniates, and on to Epwell Warren, where there was a cheek, and the fox ran the road. Clasper, however, puzzled it out, and when we got past Epwell village they began to run again. On they went over Shutford Clump, where, no doubt, the fox tried the earths, and left Shutford on the right. Here we viewed the fox for the first time travelling steadily along about half a mile ahead. We ran on, leaving Claydon Hill to the left, by Broughton Castle and on towards Banbury, but the fox began to tire, and the pack, getting a view of him, rolled him over in the open between Crouch Hill and Banbury, twelve miles as the crow flies from where they found him. Time, two hours. Found again at the Keeper's Covert at Wroxton, ran a regular cracker by Withycombe, Broughton Castle, the Highlands, and Bloxham Gorse, to ground near the Bodicote Brook, after thirty minutes racing without a cheek. A very good scenting day.

*March 16th, Coughton Park.*—Found at the park, ran across to Hanging Well, and on as if for Rough Hill, but turned to the right when about half-way there, and crossed the Ridgeway, and set his head for Worcestershire, by Feckenham, through Round Hill, just left Grafton Wood on his right, and on to the Rabbit Wood near Salden, where he was killed after a capital run of ten miles from point to point in one hour and a half. The Worcestershire were just coming to draw the covert we killed him in.

The Alcester needle-makers talk about hunting in the Public, at Alcester. One says he does not hunt with Lord Willoughby now, although he used to. "I holloed a fox once, mate, and was told to hold my tongue. Half an hour afterwards another fox goes away; I says nothing. Up comes his lordship: 'Have you seen him?' 'Yes, my lord.' 'Then why in the world don't you holloa?' I don't hunt with Lord Willoughby now. I hunts with the Worcestershire."

Last day of the season on April 20th, at Lighthorne Rough.

Hunted on 100 days. Killed eighty-three foxes, and ran thirty-one to ground.

## SEASON 1891-92.

## From Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary :

First day of cubhunting at Walton Wood, on September 15th. Capital show of foxes. Killed four.

*October 22nd, Idlicote.*—A fine day's sport. Killed six foxes.\*

Killed during twenty-nine days' cubhunting thirty-nine foxes, and ran ten to ground.

A capital cubhunting season, and there was a good scent throughout it.

*November 2nd, The Kennels.*—First day of regular hunting.

“ Rusticus Expectans ” in the *Field* :

The knight's to the mountain his bugle to wind !

*Monday, November 2nd*, the Warwickshire hounds were advertised to meet at the kennels, and a perfect hunting morning it was, with rather too much blue mist about Edge Hills perhaps. A full gathering of the clans and classes, and many joyous, cheery greetings on the village green of Little Kineton; but the cavalcade, as it passed us on its way to draw, looked, we thought, a little solemn for the opening day, but perhaps this appearance was quite suitable for a country like the Warwickshire, where hunting is a serious pastime, and to be conducted in not too high or frivolous a spirit. It may be that some of the riders were a little nervous; that the pigskin did not seem such a safe and easy seat as a basket in a grouse box, a campstool on board a yacht, or an armchair with a newspaper in an office. It may be that there were visions of blind ditches, and a too eager horse; or a stiff rail to be faced on a not too perfect five-year-old. It may be that when the Chadshunt Osiers at the bottom of the Water Lane were drawn blank, that some sighed a sigh of relief, for a short and further respite allowed them from active and perhaps hazardous competition; but by the time we had reached Gaydon Hill everyone seemed more at home in the saddle, and ready for the mimic fray. A fox went away from the spinney, but was headed in the Banbury Road, and swung round the Vicarage Farm, and on towards Itchington Holt. A stiffish flight of rails, with a broadish ditch, downhill, gave confidence to all who had it; and a feeling of thankfulness rose in many a breast to find that after all there was some nerve left, even in an old 'un. From Itchington Holt Mr. Ashton, M.F.H., who seems to note more that is going on out hunting than about twenty other ordinary sportsmen, gave intelligence of a holloa away towards Itchington. Lord Willoughby very quickly had the hounds on his line; they sunk the hill in about three fields, and crossing the Harbury Road, ran rather prettily by Old Town to Ham Bridge, where grief commenced, a brave disciple of Æsculapius “falling into his hat,” as the local saying goes, and a brave general taking his first downer for the season with the greatest sangfroid and aplomb. After this the Watergall, which nearly all the field negotiated in safety; and a turn to the right by the railway arch landed us in Watergall Covert. Thence one or two fresh, clean foxes left, but Lord Willoughby stuck to the hunted one, which went away as if for

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\* This was probably the largest number of foxes ever killed by the Warwickshire Hounds on one day.

Nun's Bushes, but back to the railway arch, and then the Watergall again, in a wider and more hazardous place. Lord Willoughby flew over, closely followed by "Jem," Mr. Follett, and Sir Charles Mordaunt; one or two others got over, but two gallant sportsmen disappeared out of sight, which brought back all the old feelings of funk, so Shuffler's Bottom was the order of the day. Those who got over the brook first had a merry little hunt over a perfect country to the old covert on Burton Hill, where all traces were lost. We drew again, of course, being so near Bawentts, into which a fox had gone in the morning. A poor fox from here went up wind to Knightcote, where he disappeared, probably into some drain, as an ineffectual search into a faggot pile yielded no results. A very fair day's sport in a very nice country.

Lord Willoughby gave a dinner to some hunting friends in the evening at Kington, when the old toast of "Foxhunting and the Warwickshire Hounds" was drunk with much enthusiasm, and a merry evening passed only too quickly away.

The young man will brag at the evening board,  
But the old man will draw at the dawning his sword.

Which, being literally translated, means that our master was a little more punctual than ever, if that be possible, the next morning at Lower Pillerton, while a good many were just a little too late; and, though there was no "Balmawhapple" (what a name for a horse) "to go home with his boots full of bluid," many a noble sportsman rode home with his back well plastered with Warwickshire mud; for a good fox went away directly from Mr. Mill's new covert on the hill, and pointed as if for Edge Hills, but swinging to the right over the Stratford Road, they forced him at top speed past Oxhill Village on the right, through Idlicote to Honington. Alas! how the field were spreadeagled, only a gallant few being able to keep with hounds; the few including the master, of course, Mr. Follett, Mr. Basil Hanbury, Mr. Godman, and some others. From Honington they ran on to Brailes Hill, where my information ceases; but I believe they found again, though the second run did not equal the first in time, pace, or distance. Forty minutes, my boys, in the Red Horse Vale, not the semblance of a check, and never went into a ploughed field.

### From Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary :

*November 3rd, Lower Pillerton.*—Found at Pillerton New Covert, ran at a capital pace just to the right of Pillerton Old Covert and nearly to Oxhill Village, turned to the left, and crossed the road near Oxhill Villa, and pointed for the hills; but kept swinging right-handed, and went by Kirby Farm, through Hell Brake, and down to the gardens at Honington. A very good forty minutes without a check. A long check here, but hit it off at last, and hunted slowly by Shipston to Brailes Hill, and lost.

*November 5th, Lower Shuckburgh.*—Found at the Hill, and ran at a great pace towards Flecknoe; left that to the right, crossed the canal, and pointed for Bragborough, crossed the Leam near where the canal crosses it, and turned very short to the left, and ran on by Willoughby Village, and straight to Bunker's Hill, through it, and on to Bilton Grange, where the first check occurred, after a splendid forty-five minutes over the grass. Hit it off on towards Rugby, but turned back for Cook's Gorse, where there were several

foxes; ran one towards Hillmorton, but turned to the left, and ran to ground close to the Water Tower at Rugby, after a very fine run of an hour and a half. Nine miles from point to point.

*November 17th, Wolford Village*—Found in the afternoon at the Golden Cross Gorse, ran very fast towards Shipston, and in a ring back to the covert; away again, and ran over Tredington Hill, leaving Shipston on the right, down to the river near Honington. Here the fox stopped on an island, and was very nearly killed, but the hounds could not get out of the river, and he got some start. We ran him as if for Brailes, leaving Idlicote Coverts on the left, but turned back and ran towards Fulready, swung round to the right, and we lost him near Oxhill Covert, after a good run of one hour and a half.

### From Sir C. Mordaunt's diary :

On *December 1st* the meet was at Idlicote, and the second fox, which was found at Oxhill Covert, proved to be a stout wild one. He went away in the direction of Pillerton, thence he turned to the right, nearly back to the covert, left Oxhill Village to the right, and passed close to Upper Tysoe, and then turned right-handed over the Tysoe Bottom at a wide place, which prevented a good many from seeing more of the run. The hounds turned up the hill near Epwell White House, having up to this point run at first class pace for forty minutes, over grass. They continued at a slower pace by Epwell Warren and over Sibford Heath, and along the valley to the right of the Heath to a point beyond Sibford Ferris, where this game fox ran the hounds out of scent, after a fine run of an hour and twenty minutes, mostly up wind.

On *December 11th* the meet was at Wroxton Abbey, after the Banbury Ball, and a fox was found in the gorse bushes near Hanwell. He crossed the brook at once, and the hounds ran nearly to the high road, and thence along the Vale by Chamberlain's Gorse as if for Mollington; but turned back under Bourton Village, recrossed the brook, and ran towards Wroxton, then bending to the right, kept parallel with the Banbury Road, and by Shotteswell Village, down again into the Vale, through Page's Gorse and Warmington Wood to Mollington Wood; thence over the hill and Banbury Road, down to the Great Western Railway, and the whole way along the side of the railway by Cropredy, leaving Great Bourton on the right. Just beyond here the fox was viewed close to Chamberlain's Gorse, through which the hounds ran, keeping to the left of Hanwell Village, as if for Wroxton, but turned back and went through Hanwell Spinney. From the time when the fox was viewed, the pace became very fast, and the pack carried a splendid head all along the Vale to Angel's Piece, turned to the left, and ran through Warmington Wood to Page's Gorse, where the fox was again viewed dead beat just entering the covert, and he got to ground there, after a very fine run of three hours and a half. The fox was bolted by moonlight, but it was too late to kill him. Both the hounds and the master, who had hunted them extremely well, much deserved this fox. This run extended over a great deal of fine country, and during the last half hour, which was at racing pace, very few were with the hounds. Mr. Bentley, from the Pytchley country, went very well throughout.

### "*Rusticus Expectans*" in the *Field* :

*Re* the evening of Thursday, Dec. 17, when the hounds disappeared in the fog from Shuckburgh Hill, Lord Willoughby told me that he very soon

in the dense mist chanced upon the fox, apparently beat, and Sparkler chasing him about 100 yards behind. He blew his horn, and as the rest of the hounds came he expected to kill every minute; but they went running on and on till,

## WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1891.

LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
Adelaide .....	Harper (85) .....	Active (85)
Bridegroom .....	Senior (85) .....	Barmaid (86)
Chanter .....	Clasper (86) .....	Trusty (87)
Claimant } .....	Clasper (86) .....	Factions (85)
Clarion } .....		
Fugleman } .....		
Fullerton } .....	Fifer (86) . . . . .	Starlight (87)
Furrier } .....		
Fulsome } .....		
Futile } .....		
Handmaid } .....	Harper (85) .....	Songstress (87)
Hapless } .....		
Haughty } .....		
Helen } .....	Hermit (89) .....	Promise (85)
Heroine } .....		
Ransack } .....	Harper (85) .....	Restless (87)
Rachel } .....		
Rarity } .....		
Reckless .....	Harper (85) . . . . .	Redstart (87)
Ringlet .....	Rhymer (85) .....	Ruin (88)
Rustie .....	Hermit (89) .....	Rondeau (84)
Sycorax } .....		
Symmetry } .....	Fifer (86) . . . . .	Stainless (87)
Syren } .....		
Wanderer } .....		
Watchman } .....	Stentor (85) .....	Watchful (88)
Warlike } .....		
Wayward } .....		
Warlock } .....	Bramham Hospodar .....	Wilful (86)
Waitress } .....		

The young hounds were not successful at Peterborough this year, but the old ones carried nearly all before them.

Trader, Trampler, Racer, and Rhymer won the prize for best two couples of entered hounds, and with the addition of Hermit and Wildboy won the champion cup.

For bitches, Royalty, Traitor, Tangible, and Patroness won the prize for best two couples, and with the addition of Starlight and Hero won the champion cup.

Hero took the cup for the best bitch in the show.

in fear of coming to a canal or an unjumpable fence, and to bring the hounds altogether, he blew them off in a road. It was not half a bad run, as Dane Hole and the Stockton Allotments, the extreme points, are not exactly adjacent.\*

\* This was a very good run, spoiled by a dense fog. "Brooksby" wrote an account of it in the *Field*.—W. R. V.

**Barley Mow.**

**Favourite Hunter of Lord Willoughby de Broke.**

**From a photograph by McNeille.**









### From Sir C. Mordaunt's diary :

On *January 1st* there was an exceptionally fine day's sport from a meet at Shutford. Found at the Sandpits Gorse at Wiggington, ran over the hill towards the village, and nearly to the railway, turned to the right, and leaving Hook Norton to the left, went by Rollwright Spinneys, through Great Rollwright Village nearly to the railway, and not far from Wark Gorse, where the pack were run out of scent, after a good run of an hour.

Another stout fox was found at the Sandpits Gorse, and he proved to be even better than the first. The hounds got away soon, and ran at a great pace over the railway to the right of Wiggington Village, over the brook, and through Great Tew Park, nearly up to Sandford Village, and by Little Worton nearly up to Worton Heath; then, turning to the left, ran over a beautiful country, leaving Hawk Hill on the left, to Barford St. John Village, and thence in the direction of Wilson's Gorse, and we had to give it up at dark. The fox had been viewed not long before going towards Barford St. Michael, and want of daylight only saved his life, after a capital run of an hour and thirty-five minutes, mostly at best pace. For some time before the finish, the master, Jack Boore, and Sir C. Mordaunt were alone with the hounds. I had twenty-two miles ride home on Patriek. This horse could not be got to go alone anywhere, except when coming back from hunting. He always had to be sent on to covert, or ridden anywhere else with another horse, but, notwithstanding this drawback, he was a fine hunter,\* very good looking, and well bred, and up to 14st.

### "Rusticus Expectans" in the *Field* :

"Will you come up and dine and sleep, and ride the young horse at Shutford on New Year's Day?" "Why of course I will!" and strange to say the young horse, unlike so many of his species, which "will carry you like a bird" neither bucked nor ran away, or hit the rails, nor took off in the front ditch; but did exactly what he was asked, neither more nor less. How often have we all been taken in by this same winged creature in the shape of a young horse. Gradually over the smoking-room fire the plot begins to develop itself, and by the time you are on the way to the meet, the tragedy seems imminent. Great, then, was my gratitude to find that the "young horse" answered description on every point. "There had been a sound of revelry by night," but "the fair women and brave men" were the next, no, the same morn at the beautiful old manor house at Shutford, and we hear the record time to the meet was once more shattered. Everyone was glad to see his lordship fit and well in the saddle again. A nasty cold wind blew from the north-west, and a blue look in the cloud boded ill for scent, which was indeed indifferent all the first part of the day, but ripened as the wind dropped in the afternoon and the frost began to crackle in the atmosphere. Who was it said "Perish India!" Who was it said "Perish Wiggington Heath?" Never again! after the sport from that time-honoured covert to-day. Twice to-day it responded to the call, and each time with a real good old-fashioned fox.

Gulliver's Osiers and the Swalecliffe Grange Spinneys and Common were

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\* Whoever thinks a perfect horse to see,

Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.

*Old Sporting Magazine.*

blank, and we did not find till hounds were in the dense, thick growth of the Gorse at Wiggington. Away he went across the road and down the hill like a good one. The sheepdogs were there, but they did not run him. A sharp turn to the right, half-way down the hill towards Wiggington Village, up-wind—or, rather, with a three-quarters wind—and off we went, “went pouring forward with impetuous speed.” Lord Willoughby is down over that abomination, a hidden wire. The chesnut, of course, clears the bottom below the Council House Barn, but the next four come down with monotonous regularity. The gallant major is engulfed; Mr. Fairbrother finds a place of his own, and clears it; Mr. Verney and three others keep on the higher ground, and catch the bottom luckily at an open gate. A check, and again another, shows there is but a moderate scent; but a quiet, quick forward cast on the part of our huntsman—who has come up, fortunately none the worse for the attempt at assassination on the part of some desperado in the shape of a wire man—gets us on to the good scenting ground to the north of Hook Norton, which we leave on our left, with Hadley Hill Farm on our right, and we speed merrily on, at no great pace, but much fencing and universal happiness. First the old grey leads, then the chesnut, then the brown, and again the Reveller colt. A six-mile point, and forty-five minutes by the old official timekeeper, who has never missed timing a run or a sermon for, shall I say ten, twenty, thirty, forty years. Why, I remember a well-known old Devonshire sportsman, still going, and a pony he wanted to sell me; and I asked him if he would jump a rail or a hedge. “Why, I’d ride him over it myself,” said the gallant old man, “if I was ten, or twenty, or thirty, or forty, or fifty, or sixty, or seventy years younger.” He was eighty-four or eighty-six. Our timekeeper, fortunately, never gets any older. From Rollwright Coombe Farm we turn up the hill by the Hill Barn, and over the historic road which bounds the two hunts, and over which Jem Hills said we could never kill a fox, the reason, doubtless, being the change from the better scenting ground to the colder Heythrop land. We thought we might prove the old huntsman’s shade to be once more in the wrong, but the wind blew colder and the scent weaker, and, though we hit it off beyond Great Rollwright, had to give up near the old Pest House opposite Wark Gorse. “What will you make of this, ‘Rusticus’?” said several who have penetrated my *nom de plume*. Well, what can I make of it, except that it was a very pleasant hunt, which everybody saw, including four or five ladies, who rode very well throughout, and it was a treat to see the grey horse and the grey pony fence. No great pace, and no great distance, and not much chance of catching the fox; but very nice all the same, and a good beginning of the new year. It only wanted a kill well in the Heythrop country to put it at the top of the second class. Better remained, however, for those who could stop out. Wiggington Heath was true to its ancient traditions. The broom bushes must have heard a whisper of the sacrilegious insinuations as to their integrity, for they sheltered a second wild good fox, who went away at once down the hill towards Wiggington. Through some mistake, most of the field kept on the Banbury Road, while Lord Willoughby, attended by only a few, including Jack, Mr. Gladwin, Mr. J. C. Gardner, the celebrated oarsman, and one or two others, had sunk the hill. Fast and furious was the pace over Swerford Brook, which the huntsman jumped, up the hill, and across the Chipping Norton Road, near the Mason’s Arms, into Tew Park.

Here it was almost a case of the "foremost horseman rode alone," and he a field or two behind. They turned to the left at the back of Tew Park, down to Lower Worton, through Hawk Hill, and down a very beautiful vale to Barford St. John. Here only his Lordship, Jack, and Sir Charles Mordaunt were actually with hounds, though Mr. Follett kept pegging away with two heavy falls to the Cr. side, and when the fox, who turned through Barford St. Michael, finally had to be given up, through darkness and a flooded river, under Hempden Hill, I believe that only Lord North, Mr. Milne, Mr. and Mrs. North, Mr. Verney and his friend Mr. Greene, Mr. Gladwin, Mr. Gardner, and one or two more, whose names I have not, answered the roll call. This was about a four-mile point—from find to finish—but I should say quite nine miles as the hounds ran, and one hour and thirty-five minutes, all the first part very fast.

### Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary :

Were stopped hunting from January 1st until the 21st. Hunted one day in the snow and killed three foxes.

*January 26th, Weston House.*—Found at Weston Heath. Hounds slipped away at once, and fairly raced through the gardens and over Brailes Hill, and we caught them on the other side of Castle Hill, where they had thrown up, and we could do no more. Found again in a field near Fulready, and ran hard to Eatington Village, where he turned back, and ran back through the field in which we found, by Hell Brake, and to ground in a rabbit hole under Brailes Hill, after a capital run of an hour. Bolted and killed.

### "Rusticus Expectans" in the *Field* :

*Thursday, January 28th.*—There was a very bad scent in the morning at Shuckburgh Hill; about 200 sportsmen out, all keen to ride, and leaving not too much space for hounds to work on a bad line, one of them riding over Dialist in a forty-acre field. However, as Lord Willoughby said, "You couldn't kill him with a hatchet, if you tried ever so," and I saw him going home at 5.30 with his stern up, so better luck next time. We had a good fox to Bunker's Hill, and a splendid country, but no scent. A very long jog along the muddy bridle road to Southam brought us to Welsh Road Gorse with a very diminished following, and hounds soon had plenty of elbow and nose room. I soon saw by the dash of the hounds that a fox was in covert. He broke at the north end, but turned at once over the Welsh Road as if for Ladbroke. "The Master is never going to jump those 4ft. 6in. rails out of the gorse!" "Isn't he, though? You bet." We were so much interested in watching this feat of horsemanship, that we forgot to go and tell him exactly where the fox had gone. Hounds flashed over the line, but the staff soon had them back to the horn. We swung to the south over the Radbourn fields, and leaving Radbourn Spinney or double on the left, took a bee line over the best country in England—Leicestershire without the hills—for Priors Marston. The pace quickened all the way, and when hounds rose the hill beyond the canal they held a distinct advantage. Those who kept their heads and their memories remembered that there must be a road even in this wild district, and when the chase tended towards Priors Hardwick viewed for half a mile or so their brethren on the right in more or less difficulties. The fox crossed the Priors Hardwick and Priors Marston

road, and hounds hovered for half a minute, but Lord Willoughby had them forward, and a holloa to the right on the Allotments showed he was only just before us. Here horses began to blow and fall from the pace; and we passed a couple prone upon the ground, but were thankful to hear that they both rose again. Up the hill by the gorse bushes, where the Bicester find sometimes, to the long spinney on the hill above Hardwick; here the plough brought the first real check, but again a forward cast hit it off, and we ran down the hill as if for Wormleighton, but marked to ground under the road. Thirty-five minutes to the top of Priors Hardwick Hill; about six miles as hounds ran, with a good point, and everyone very pleased. We were only sorry that more of those who favoured us in the morning could not stop to see the Warwickshire pack doing full justice to the very best of their country, and that a few of the young gentlemen so full of "gallop and jump" did not keep out, instead of going home to their tea and cigarettes. A nasty sprain, which made every fence a torture instead of a joy, kept me in a back seat, but I rejoice to understand from hearsay that the front rank comprised the names of the regular followers of our Hunt, who always will be there or thereabouts when hounds run, viz., Mr. Cassel, Mr. Cookson, Major Little, Mr. Follett, &c.; though I have every reason to believe that several of our visitors, Mr. Graham, Mr. Schwabe, &c., were not far off; and we were glad to show Lord Richard Nevill such a good run, as it was, I believe, his first day with the Warwickshire.

### Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary :

*January 28th, Lower Shuckburgh.*—Found the third fox at the Welsh Road Gorse, ran by Radbourn, up the hill, and on towards Priors Marston, but turned to the right, and, leaving Priors Hardwick on the right, ran up to Boddington Hill, and to ground in a drain under the road after a first class thirty-five minutes.

*February 5th, Wroxtton Abbey.*—Found in the gardens, got away at once over the brook and up the hill, and crossed the high road between the Barley Mow and Banbury; kept on at a great pace along the brook side, past Chamberlayne's Gorse and Hanwell Spinney. When about level with Angel's Piece the fox turned to the left, and the hounds ran into him in a large grass field going on towards Page's Gorse, after a brilliant twenty-five minutes. Not much sport during the rest of the day.

*February 9th, Weston House.*—Found the second fox at Greenhill Gorse, ran towards Brailes, but turned to the right, and ran on over the Traitor's Ford, Green Lane, nearly to Sibford; turned to the left up the grass vale, and ran at a great pace nearly to Winderton, but turned up hill, and went through Epwell Warren, and nearly to the Dingle; thence to the right, and nearly to Shutford Chump, swung to the right, and pointed for Swalecliffe, but kept swinging right-handed, and ran through Sibford Heath, and down to Winderton again. Here a fresh fox jumped up, and I stopped the hounds at a check just above Winderton, after a capital run of one hour and a half.

Were stopped from February 15th to the 22nd by hard frost and snow.

*February 25th, Compton Verney.*—Found at Bishop's Gorse, got away at once, ran very hard through Hit or Miss Coppice, and through Itchington Holt, and away to Bawentt's Covert; left that just on the left, and ran by Burton Old Toll Bar towards Arlescote; swung to the right when nearly there, and ran on to Knoll End, and over the road just by Radway the hounds

divided, four and a half couples crossed the Banbury Road near the Round Tower, and ran down the Vale, through White's Bushes and Page's Gorse, to ground in Warmington Wood; the rest ran out at the bottom, and lost at Owlington. Time up to Knoll End, forty minutes. Joined forces, and went to Watts's Gorse, found directly, and ran as if for Radway; kept swinging right-handed all the time, and ran at a great pace over Herd Hill, and on to the New Covert at Pillerton, turned short to the left, and ran through the Old Covert, and lost just beyond.

*February 26th, The Kennels.*—Found at Kineton Holt, ran through Watts's Gorse and by the Oaks, over the Vale, leaving Tysoe on the left, nearly to Oxhill Village, and back over Herd Hill, and through the Oaks and Watts's Gorse and back to the Holt, where he was killed after a capital ring of one hour. Found again at Bawcutt's Covert, ran by Chadshunt, and nearly to Compton, turned to the left and went back, leaving Kineton to the right, by Bawcutt's Covert, and up the Burton Hills, where the hounds were stopped after a very good run of two hours. All the horses beat.

### “Rusticus Expectans” in the *Field*:

I do not propose to say much of Monday, February 22nd, Binton Bridges; or of Tuesday, February 23rd, Lower Pillerton. There were plenty of foxes, and on Tuesday they were in our best Oxhill country; but scent was very deficient, and sport in consequence moderate. The rain of Wednesday brought a change, which, alas! has been very transient, for to-day, Monday, February 29th, with the cold snow clouds in the air, the necessary article has been again conspicuous by its absence. Thursday and Friday, however, February 25th and 26th, made the week, if not the month; they require a better and an abler chronicler than myself, and I wish someone who could write with a more *currente calamo* could take the task in hand. In default of a better scribe I must do what I can, and if there are deficiencies and inaccuracies in my account, present friends please pardon; and absent ones, for whom I chiefly write, please take the will for the deed.

On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;  
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet,  
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.

Yes; but remember that though the hounds meet at Compton Verney the next day, and that even though you come from Leamington, you have no right to assume that we shall certainly draw Bishop's Gorse. Suppose we had found at Poolfield Osiers, which was very likely, where would you have been? It is always best and safest to come to the meet. Bishop's Gorse, of course, provided, and the right sort, too. He was away in a moment, and helter-skelter down the Sawstidge Road we went, to the tune of the Hunting Horn Gallop; the *pas-de-quatre* was nothing to it. Our leaders, fortunately, knew how to fling the gates, so merrily we fled along till they turned to the left at the Heath Farm, and more serious business commenced. A momentary pause, and they are on over the Banbury Road, and by the Hit or Miss Coppice into Itchington Holt. Not a moment's pause there, as we floundered through the central ride and down to the right. I was not going to be left behind this time, with that “dread silence” I spoke of as my only companion, so kept Lord Willoughby well in sight. Across the Harbury Road and the grass inclosures towards Bawcutts, the dog pack streamed along; no chance of a pull, but best pace all the way. Leaving Bawcutts just on the left, our

good fox made his point for Edge Hill, and as we passed by Burton Old Toll-bar and the new cottages the chase took the form of a hot and galloping line; considering the number of ladies that were out, I may call it "a line of sweetness long drawn out." The leading spirits now began to show their quality. Lord Willoughby is, of course, there, and Bright Star, as usual, appears to be only cantering, while the rest are racing. Mr. Cookson (on the chestnut mare which seems to drop into every run), Mr. Crawley, and Mr. Low (on Dunchurch) are speeding in the wake of the flying pack, while Lady Brooke and Mrs. North are right in front. Oh, for a flying machine! Oh, for the wings of an eagle, that I might get to them! Like Mr. Jorrocks, I am not afraid of the pace when there is no jumping; but having made one slight mistake and lost 200 yards, there is no chance of recovery. The pace is too great, the chase too straight. As we turned short of Old Leys, by Mr. Grierson's farm (better known as Mr. Harbage's), we have to jump as well as gallop, and two long hilly and deep grass fields do not add to our comfort. Like one of Mr. Henry Kingsley's heroes, I did not lose my stupidity, which I call my presence of mind, but, with my better half, hit the bridle road at the little hand-gate over the bottom; but even that did not avail to reach our gallant leaders. Some, I fancy, got a nick by keeping lower down, and on the hard road which leads past Old Leys to the bottom of the hill. When I got to where Miller's Gorse was I heard Lord Willoughby's horn already blowing out for Radway. I waited for a moment for my little mare to get her wind, and then sped down the hill again past the clump where King Charles halted his carriage on the battle day, to cut off hounds in the big field below the road. Only five or six with them, including the two ladies before mentioned. Across the Banbury Road and the little brook to Old Leys, where many joined in, we went on at a slower pace to Marlborough, where came the first real check. We then turned down the Vale for Owlington, but at last he ran us out of scent, or went to ground in a drain on the south side of Owlington Farm, near the brook and the Banbury Road. Mutual congratulations followed; but hounds were found to be short, eleven and a half couples, and as we looked around we missed many familiar faces. Were they all "dyked?" Had they all been choked off by the pace, or were they left at Edge Hill? Mr. Knott, jun., brought a solution. He had just seen Mr. Lea,\* who said he had been with a hunt in the Ratley Valley (and gone well, I'll be bound) with the rest of the pack, till his career had been brought to a close by an unlucky immersion. We went back to Radway Grange, and there a happy sight presented itself. We not only found our absent friends, but they had got the hounds with them shut up in a stable, and in an incredibly short space of time the old courtyard filled up with men and horses, and the most old-fashioned, or new-fashioned, hospitality was produced. "Pass up to the front," was all the gallant captain† said, an order most promptly and willingly obeyed.

We found that some of the leading hounds had gone over the road at the top of the hill, and had run the Ratley Vale like smoke, nearly to Horton, and then, turning to the left past White's Bushes, to ground at Page's. Captain Allfrey was huntsman, and he had two or three most efficient aids in Major Little, Mr. Crawley, and Mr. Whitworth. Sir Charles Mordaunt and Mr. Cassel, and about twelve more were in this division, while Miss Anna

\* Mr. J. W. Lea, of Thelesford, is a capital rider, and makes a young horse well.

† Captain Osborne.



Cassel and the Misses Lucy—whom everyone was pleased to see out with us this week, and riding so keenly and well—were there also. Captain Allfrey thought the best plan was to bring the hounds back to Radway, a task he successfully accomplished, though, as he pathetically remarked, “We had a lot of trouble with that old black feller!” I saw his Lordship smiling under his moustache at Sparkler being thus described. And now for time and distance for one of the grandest runs of the century—about a nine-mile point, thirteen and a half as the hounds ran—from Bishop’s Gorse to Page’s, and done in an hour and thirteen minutes; about forty minutes to Knoll End. Having refreshed the inner man, and the lucky ones having got their second horses, we felt ready for anything; nor did Kington Gorse fail us with another good fox. He came away as if for the hill, and hounds scarcely settled to it at first, but he turned over King John’s Road, not far from the Holt, and, running one or two deep, very deep, ploughed fields, launched us on to the steeplechase course, and away to the right of Hardwick field, and up Herd Hill as hard as we could pelt; so fast they sped along, that some hounds which got separated never caught the leaders till we reached Pillerton New Covert, in about twenty-five minutes. Here I had to pause, as I found I had cut the mare’s leg, but as they went down to the old covert, and across the road into the belt, I expected every minute to hear the “whoo-whoop.” Suddenly everything came to an end, and, though Lord Willoughby tried very hard, he could never recover his line. I fancy he must have got in, or lain down, or, what is most likely, turned right back almost through the hounds; for I heard of a fox afterwards which crossed the Oxhill Road near the cottage, and seemed as if he was coming towards Pillerton. It was as merry a little hunt as one would wish to ride in, and finished up a grand day’s sport.

Shall I have time, and will you have space, Sir, however, to record an almost better day on the Friday? It is wonderful how a good scent will make good foxes, and the way in which they treated us to the Vale all this week was something quite remarkable. Lord Willoughby was not out at Kington on Friday, February 26th, having to be away on business, and Jack carried the horn; while Mr. Verney came from Oxford for one day to take command, leaving his arduous studies of the law for what is perhaps to him a more congenial occupation. Everyone was glad to see him taking a holiday, for we know that “*Gaudet equis canibusque, et aprici gramine campi.*” I was resting my aching head, or what I thought was my aching head, when a message came, “Mr. C. has sent his grey horse for you.” In half an hour I was in the saddle, but got a little late, and when I reached the Brickyard I found that Kington Holt was all there, as in the days of old, and hounds were running fast towards me over Thistle Farm. It was a mercy I didn’t head the fox. I saw in a moment there was a scent again. We ran back into the Oakfields, and out at the south end, where there were two lines; but Jack was very quick, and flung them forward to the right-hand one, and away we went to the right over the little brook best pace once more. We pointed straight for Upper Tysoe, then to the right past Lower Tysoe and nearly to Oxhill Village, over a fine wild, hairy country. I don’t think I saw a man, a sheep, or a cow the whole of the run. We got into some difficulty by trying to open a gate (which is an impossibility in this district), when we should have jumped the fence at the side. Mr. Gordon Wood was going well, “Dear Old Smith” was treating Capt. Allfrey’s

weight as nothing, while Major Little, on his Soudan mare, was rocketing along. Hounds should have left us when we stopped at this gate into the Banbury Road, but fortunately they turned a bit to us, and we went over Herd Hill in company. From here it was a steep chase over the same line we ran the evening before, only the other way, back to the Oakfields, and through into the gorse. Out of this the bitches brought it unaided, and through the Graveyard Spinney, to kill in the Holt. Fifty-seven minutes, and no check till we got back to Kineton Gorse, and then that wasn't really a check, and all in the best of the Vale. We got a line at Knoll End, and ran very fast by Arlescote, and along the Camp Road in a dense mist, where Jem, on Freddy, got to them, and very cleverly stopped them. Mr. Verney thought of Mollington and Watgall, but finally decided on Bawentt's. It was clear enough in the vale, and we soon found; through Gaydon Coppice, over the road past Bedlam Farm, then to the right—and some too clever ones had to jump the brook here, with more or less disaster—over the Squire's Ground and the Corner Farm at Chadshunt, through the garden, and up the hill to Bishop's Gorse. Here Mr. Plummer, the baker, viewed him crossing the narrow ride at the top of the covert, Jack swung his hounds round and hit it off. At Westfield the fox went out at one end of the field as we went in at the other, but he gained ground on us in Lighthorne Rough, and again at rather a long check in the Furzen Close, on Mr. Hanbury's farm. Jack made a good cast, and hit it off on the brow of the hill. Mr. G. B. Milne was here leading, and doing most of the work, as if we had just begun. We crossed the Kineton and Harbury road, and the E. and W. Junction Railway, down to Mr. Canning's farm on the Banbury; then to the left. We got a holloa at Owlington, but he was reported ten minutes ahead there. Hounds, however, ran smartly on down the Vale, and across the line again nearly to Gaydon, where there was another check near the Allotments. They hit off the east side of the road, and ran on to Mr. Griffin's, under Burton Hill, where they were stopped, all the horses having had quite enough—about twelve miles, nearly all in the Vale, and about an hour and forty minutes. At the last, Captain Allfrey, Mr. Whitworth, Mr. Peters (who had twenty miles to ride back to Barton House), Captain Osborne, Lord North, Mr. Verney and his friend Mr. Champion, Mr. Knott, Mr. Reading and his boy. On the hill near Bawentt's stood Mr. Follett, Capt. Cowan, Rev. H. Knightley, and

“RUSTICUS EXPECTANS.”

### Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary :

Were stopped by frost from March 1st to the 15th, except on one day.

*March 18th, Swalecliffe Park.*—Found at the Sandpit Gorse, ran with a very bad scent to Sibford, but he turned along the grass bottoms, and we ran much faster, leaving Epwell Warren on the right, past Sheldon's Buildings, and on between Winderton and Brailes, and by Castle Hill, just skirting Brailes Village, and down the Vale straight to Honington Village, and was killed in the park after an hour and thirty-five minutes; ten-mile point.

### “Rusticus Expectans,” in the *Field* :

Now strike the golden lyre again :

A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.

Methought 'twas hushed for awhile, and had gone into summer quarters till roused once more by the “echoing horn;” but the Swalecliffe day brings

it to the front once more. For me it was hunting made easy for once, and the same for all the field, except, perhaps, for the huntsman and his staff. A luxurious drive to the meet in the resuscitated waggonette, rescued from the Olympic dust of the Sawstidge Road, a safe and brilliant conveyance there awaiting me, a pretty find, a good steady pace, with plenty of time to pick out the best places in the fences; a first rate (nearly ten mile) point; one hour and thirty-six minutes, twelve or thirteen as the hounds ran—just long enough, and not too long; a good finish, and no falls, and what can the heart wish for more?

The meet at Swalecliffe on Friday, March 18 (a birthday, so I took the present of a hunt), was, as usual, a very picturesque one: the hounds and staff gathered on the other side of the little lake, and Colonel and Mrs. Norris on this side, giving a hearty welcome to all. The only person I missed was the dear old squire.

The first fox, probably a vixen, which left the Stonepits at Wiggington Heath, was spared. There were two more in this beautiful thick and sheltered covert. We got away with the second, and ran slowly to Swalecliffe Common; here the scent on the plough seemed weak, but Lord Willoughby was very patient, and evidently had a good idea of the run of his fox. We got helped, too, by several agriculturists, always anxious as they are in these parts, and in all Warwickshire, too, to give a helping hand. We went down the valley by the mill, and then turned up to the right over Mr. Pettipher's farm, close to where he breeds those beautiful white Dorkings, to the left of Sibford Ferris. On the grass the pace got better, and we ran very prettily up the valley as if for Epwell Plantation; but turned to the left over the hill for Sibford Small Plantation. Just here three hounds were ahead, and the huntsman was the other side of the bottom; but Jem got forward to them, and just as we galloped full speed under the plantation, we saw a fox go over the Banbury and Brailes road to the left. Lord Willoughby, who had got to his hounds without a moment's hesitation, rattled after him, and, hitting it off the other side of the road near Mr. Sheldon's buildings, they flew down into the Winderton valley. This was the prettiest part of the run, for they kept on at a good pace, and passing right over those nasty holes where we often go to ground, hounds rather beating the horses, ran right across the Vale to the Castle Hill at Brailes. Mr. Cassel fell at the first fence, being swept off by a grower, but, holding the reins, was soon up and in his usual place. We jumped a nasty little deep ditch over a foot plank near Brailes, and then unanimously declined a rather nasty looking new cut stake-and-bound. I suppose the thoughts of a good many ran in the same groove as my own: "I am getting on swimmingly and thoroughly enjoying myself; why not let well alone?" "*Quieta non movere*" is sometimes a good motto. At Castle Hill, or between there and Spencer's Gorse, we had a bit of check in the road; but his lordship hit it off to the left, and, passing through an orchard at Upper Brailes, into and out of which Mr. Miller jumped, we kept to the left, going well as if for Brailes Hill; but shot again to the right and into the Honington and Brailes Valley. Here came, on the plough, rather a serious check—an hour and thirteen minutes by the official timekeeper, who, by the way, has been summoned to serve on a jury. Too bad!—he ought to be exempt. Parliament should look to this. A swinging forward cast on to the grass hit it off about two fields to the left of St. Denys Farm, and the pace again grew merry and

strong. Some of us got too much to the right here, and had to gallop hard, leaving Mr. Townsend's blackthorn covert on our right to catch them at fault on the road to the south-west of Honington Village. The fox had turned to the right and skirted the village into the park. Here, at the sunk fence, a bitch made a good hit. I am, unfortunately, most unsuited for a hunting correspondent. I am very often not out; when I am out I am very often behind; and I am like the second horseman who refused promotion to the post of second whip, because he said "he knew he had a good place; he knew when he was well off; and, what's more, he couldn't remember the names of the 'ounds." Several resonant holloas near the lodge told of a beaten fox. The pack streamed down the park towards the hall, but Jack and Major Little, who, on his little grey mare, was well placed throughout, got to them; and the who-whoop soon followed in a little planting next to the Lodge adjoining the village.

Mutual congratulations, and requests for something out of the flask, followed, with various questions as to the way home, and sundry hazardous suggestions as to the point, distance, time, &c. Please cast back for once to the commencement of my letter, and I think you will find a true and faithful computation of all these. There were one or two things, however, we were all agreed upon—that it had been a real good hunting run; that his lordship had handled his hounds well; that her ladyship had gone like a bird; and that we had all enjoyed ourselves very much indeed.

On March 30th the annual meeting of subscribers to the hounds and owners of coverts was held at the Warwick Arms. A vote of thanks to Lord Willoughby de Broke for the handsome manner in which he has hunted the country and for the good sport he has shown was carried unanimously.

It was proposed by Mr. E. Knott, and seconded by Lord North, "That a committee be appointed to establish a Horse Show, for horses the property of farmers residing in the Warwickshire country, to take place during the autumn at Kineton." Carried unanimously.

A very successful Horse Show was held at Kineton in the following September, and was continued annually. Mr. E. Knott, jun., was the secretary. A subscription was given by members of the Hunt. Prizes to the amount of about 250*l.* were given. Special prizes were given by Lord Willoughby de Broke, Captain Allfrey, Mr. W. Bouch, Mr. Whitworth, Mr. J. M. Middleton, Mr. Stephen Mumford, and others.

Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary :

*March 31st, Dorsington.*—Found at Pebworth Spinney, and ran to ground under Rumer Hill. Bolted and ran back to Pebworth, through, and away

very pretty by Cleeve Priors to Cleeve Bank, where we killed. It is notable that three packs of hounds were in sight at the same time—the Croome, the North Cotswold, and the Worcestershire.

Last day of hunting on April 2nd, at Broughton Castle. Very dry, and as hot as July.

A good season's sport. Hunted on ninety-seven days. Killed eighty-two foxes, and ran thirty-nine to ground.

On Saturday, April 9th, the annual Parliamentary Point-to-Point Race and the Midland Sportsmen's Point Race were held at Herd Hill, near Kineton. The ground was extremely hard, and really not in a fit state for riding; but, notwithstanding, there was a large field for each race, and the meeting was attended by a great number of people. It will always be remembered as the occasion of the very sad death of the late Captain Middleton. Additional interest was given to the proceedings by the House of Commons Race being run at the same time. It was a beautiful day, with bright sunshine and a light haze of heat which hung along the Vale. The members of the House of Commons travelled down to Kineton by special train from town, and there was a large assemblage, estimated at from 3000 to 4000, or even more. There were present Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, Lord and Lady Hertford, Lord Henry Bentinck, M.P., and Lady Henry Bentinck, Lord Richard Nevill, Lord and Lady Aylesford, Lord and Lady Ernest Seymour, Sir James Fergusson, M.P., Sir Charles Mordaunt, Sir W. Houldsworth, M.P., Sir Savile Crossley, M.P., Mr. J. W. Lowther, M.P., the Hon. R. T. O'Neill, M.P., Colonel the Hon. F. Morgan, M.P., Mr. Arthur Smith Barry, M.P., and Mrs. Smith Barry, Mr. R. Chamberlain, M.P., Mr. Walter Long, M.P., and Lady Doreen Long, Mr. Henniker Heaton, M.P., Mr. W. W. B. Beech, M.P., the Hon. F. Parker, M.P., and Mrs. Parker, Mr. Victor Cavendish, M.P., Mr. P. A. Muntz, M.P., Mr. F. B. Mildmay, M.P., Mr. A. Weston Jarvis, M.P., Mr. J. W. Logan, M.P., Mr. Bromley-Davenport, M.P., Mr. R. T. Hermon Hodge, M.P., Mr. Hayes Fisher, M.P., Mr. George Wyndham, M.P., Mr. A. S. Leon, M.P.,

Mr. R. Yerburgh, M.P., Mr. E. W. Beckett, M.P., Mr. Roger Eykyn, the Hon. E. Chandos Leigh, Q.C., Mr. W. Jaffray, Captain Allfrey and party, Captain Morrall, Mr. George Granville, Mr. Osler, Mr. Lupton, Mr. and Mrs. Blyth, Mr. J. W. Lowe, Mr. and Mrs. Darling, Major Cosmo Little, the Rev. W. R. and Mrs. Verney, Revs. G. H. Biggs, F. S. Hewson, and A. H. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Cassel and party, the Hon. R. G. Verney, Mr. and Mrs. Sanders, Mr. A. D. Flower, Mr. J. C. Gardner, Mr. Clifford Chambers, and many others too numerous to mention. The stewards were the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, M.P., the Hon. H. Fitzwilliam, M.P., and Lord Willoughby de Broke. The Hon. E. C. Leigh, Q.C., was judge, Lord Willoughby was starter, Captain Henry Allfrey was Clerk of the Course, and Mr. John Harbage was Clerk of the Scales. The House of Commons Race started above Herd Hill, and the line lay right across Hardwicke big field, and, turning round Brixfield Farm, lay eastward round another flag, and back round Crab's Castle, and home across the flat to a field just under Herd Hill Farm. It was about three miles. The Midland Sportsmen's course was very similar, but was rather longer, about three and a half miles. It started near Bog Farm, on the Banbury Road, and round Brixfield Farm and the same turning flag; then it went all round Battleton Holt, and back just by the corner of the Oakfields, and so home by Crab's Castle. Jem Cooper was stationed on old Balliol between this point and the winning waggon to show the way back, and right cheerily did he fulfil his task. If it had not been for the terrible accident which brought the sport to an abrupt conclusion, the races would have been a thorough success.

The following is a detailed account of the racing:

**THE HOUSE OF COMMONS POINT-TO-POINT STEEPLECHASE** of 2*l.* each, p.p., with 40*l.* added, for horses *bonâ fide* the property of, and regularly hunted this season by, members, which have never won any race under G.N.H. Rules (except point-to-point races or red-coat races limited to one particular Hunt), and that were in their possession on or before March 1st, 1892; to be run in two classes—heavy weights, 14st. and

upwards; light weights, 12st. and upwards; to be run in one race; the first home in each class to take half the stake. To be ridden by members in hunting costume.

#### 12ST. CLASS, IN BLACK COATS.

Mr. F. B. Mildmay's (Totnes, Devon) Discretion.....	1
Mr. R. E. Hermon Hodge's (Acerington) Lady Evelyn .....	2
Mr. R. Yerburgh's (Chester) Haphazard .....	3
Mr. Bromley-Davenport's (Macclesfield) Dynamite .....	0
Sir Savile Crossley's (Lowestoft) Chaff .....	0
Mr. A. S. Leon's (North Bucks) Tell Tale .....	0

#### 14ST. CLASS, IN RED COATS.

Mr. W. H. Long's (East Wilts) Crusader .....	1
Mr. J. W. Logan's (Market Harborough) Signal .....	2
Mr. P. A. Muntz's (North Warwickshire) Duchess .....	3
Mr. V. Cavendish's (West Derbyshire) Etwall.....	0
Mr. A. W. Jarvis's (King's Lynn) Bullace .....	0

Betting—12st. Class: 3 to 1 agst Lady Evelyn, 4 to 1 agst Discretion, and 7 to 1 agst Haphazard. 14st. Class: 2 to 1 agst Crusader, 3 to 1 agst Duchess, and 5 to 1 agst any other. Mr. E. W. Beckett's Pecksniff, Lord Henry Bentinck's Bugler, Mr. G. Wyndram's Daffodil, and Mr. R. Yerburgh's Derby were also entered in the 14st. class, and Mr. R. Yerburgh's Chartreuse in the 12st. class, but neither ran. In the light division, all the horses carried 12st., with the exception of Chaff, and Sir Savile Crossley's gelding carried 12st. 3lb. Mr. Muntz weighed out at 16st. 4lb. in the heavy division, and the other riders at 14st. The eleven horses got away to a very even start, Signal going straight for a stiff post and rails, was first over; but, before he had landed, Crusader came over higher rails on the right, and Discretion popped neatly over a gate, and then the other eight shot through the blackthorn. Racing down they had to negotiate a thicker bullfinch, behind which the ground sloped steeply. Crusader landed a neck in front of Signal; Dynamite and Bullace overjumping themselves, rolled together down the slope. Mr. Jarvis was quickly up and away, but at the next fence Bullace fell again, and then went on without a rider in pursuit of the leading division. Over a stake-and-bound fence into a hard road, Tell Tale came down, and Mr. Leon's face was badly cut, but, fortunately, he escaped more serious injury. Meanwhile Crusader and Signal were making the running, closely followed by Discretion and Duchess as they rounded the first flag. Then across ridge and furrow the eight raced well together. Crusader cut out the work, and Discretion charged the brook almost at the same moment, and of the eight only one horse refused. Disappearing from view for a minute, those who were still in the chase went on in a cluster, and presently emerged on the far side of Crab Castle, where they turned for home. Signal having gone the wrong side of a flag with Haphazard, turned back to correct this mistake, and lost his position, but was soon seen to be making up ground again. Mr. Long still held a lead, but close, and nearly in line with him, came Mr. Mildmay, holding Discretion hard. Through the last bullfinch of blackthorn they crashed side by side, topped a flight of hurdles together, and entered the straight for home. Then Mr. Long urged Crusader to a final effort, but Discretion was at his quarters, and, with one bound, she shot out

well in front and came away, winning by a good length and a half. Crusader, being second, won the Heavy-weight Stakes. Lady Evelyn, in the 12st. class, came next; and Signal was placed second in the 14st. class. Haphazard, which was disqualified for going the wrong side of the flag and continuing the race without returning, took third place among the light weights; and Duchess a similar position in the heavy division. None of the others passed the winning flag.

THE MIDLAND SPORTSMEN'S RACE of 2l. each, p.p., with 40l. added, for horses the property of subscribers of at least 15l. to the Warwickshire, North Warwickshire, Pytchley, Heythrop, or Bicester Hunt, or their sons, that have been in their possession since January 1st, 1892; that have never started in any handicap steeplechase or hurdle race, or in any race under Newmarket Rules since the age of two years old; that have never won a steeplechase, hurdle race, or flat race in any country, and that have not been in a training stable since January 1st, 1892. To be run in two classes—heavy weights, 14st. and upwards; light weights, 12st. and upwards; to be run in one race; the first horse in each class to take half the stake. To be ridden in hunting costume by those qualified to enter horses.

#### 12ST. CLASS, IN BLACK COATS.

Mr. H. C. Bentley's Jack .....	Owner	1
Mr. F. S. Cookson's Paul Jones .....	Owner	2
Mr. J. P. Arkwright's Scratch .....	Owner	0
Mr. W. B. Charter's Clandy Boy.....	Major Cosmo Little	0
Mr. W. N. Alcock's The Cub .....	Owner	0
Mr. T. N. Graham's Aldon .....	Owner	0
Mr. B. Hanbury's Harkaway .....	Owner	0
Mr. C. T. Richardson's Daylight .....	Owner	0

#### 14ST. CLASS, IN RED COATS.

Mr. J. B. Charter's Mallard .....	Owner	1
Mr. E. Cassel's Sunlight .....	Hon. G. Verney	2
Mr. E. Cassel's Model .....	Owner	0
Mr. P. A. Muntz's Landmark.....	Owner	0
Captain Middleton's Nightline .....	Owner	0

Betting—12st. Class: Evens agst Harkaway, 2 to 1 agst Paul Jones, 6 to 1 each agst Scratch and Jack, and 10 to 1 agst any other. 14st. Class: Evens agst Nightline, 2 to 1 agst Mallard, and 8 to 1 each agst any other. In the 14st. Class, Mr. W. Charter's Drummer, Mr. Frank Dugdale's Machine, Mr. Gordon Cunard's General, and Mr. Manifold's Pyramid; and in the 12st. Class, Mr. J. B. Charter's Howden Boy, and Mr. G. R. Powell's Seaweed had been entered, but did not put in an appearance. This was a capital race. Mr. Bentley, representing the Pytchley, got off first, but the horses kept well together for nearly two miles, when Jack and Paul Jones took a substantial lead. Rounding Battleton Holt, Nightline, who was going strongly, fell, and his rider, Captain Middleton, was killed.\* Model

\* It appears that Mr. Basil Hanbury on Harkaway and Mr. Verney on Sunlight, knowing the country, got a decided advantage by a left-handed turn when nearing Kington Holt. It may be that Captain Middleton somewhat pressed his horse Nightline,



swerved at a gate, and, jumping the fence sideways, rolled over, but Mr. Cassel escaped without injury. Jack and Paul Jones kept in front throughout the second half of the distance, and the former won by two lengths. About fifteen lengths behind Paul Jones came Mallard and Sunlight, and they were respectively placed first and second in the heavy division. Sunlight broke its breastplate, which, dangling between its legs, considerably hampered its movements.

Captain Middleton was forty-six years of age, and resided at Hazelbeach, Northamptonshire. Ten years ago he was married at St. George's, Hanover-square, to Miss Baird, of Rosemount. Telegrams were despatched to Mrs. Middleton, apprising her of the accident, and much sympathy will be felt for her and her daughter in their sudden bereavement. Few amateur horsemen were better known or more deservedly popular than poor "Bay" Middleton. Born in 1846, he developed a love for horses and the chase from boyhood. Adopting the army as a profession, he was gazetted to the 12th Lancers in 1865. When with his regiment in Ireland, he acted as first whip to the Regimental Harriers at Cahir, county Tipperary, in 1865-66. He then hunted the draghounds for three seasons at Ballincolley, county Cork, and he won his first steeplechase at Cork Park in 1867. In 1870, Captain Middleton went on Lord Spencer's staff, where he continued for four years, and, whilst acting there, rode in and won the Irish Grand Military at Punchestown, in 1873 and 1874, on Waterford. In the following year he left the army, and when the Empress of Austria took up her quarters in England for the hunting season of 1876, Captain Middleton had the honour of piloting her Imperial

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which was ridden in a martingale, to overtake them, but the actual fence where the accident occurred is a very trivial one, a low rail in a fence close by the gate at the side of the holt, with a little drop. The ridge and furrow, however, runs at right angles to the leap, and is very high and deep. Whether the horse stumbled on landing and unseated our friend, who fell forward against the second ridge, or whether he threw up his head and stunned him, will never be known for a certainty. I galloped down from the winning post when Major Little called out that someone should go at once, and was the first to find him. The cowardly rustics had never touched him. I saw at once that he was dead, but had him raised up, his collar loosened, and I sent for water to the farm, and then rode away for the doctor as hard as I could. When I returned Lord Willoughby was there with Dr. Fenton, whose verdict from the first was quite hopeless. Mr. Smith Barry on riding down to the sad scene of the accident had a bad fall, as his pony put his foot in a grip, and he received a slight concussion.—W. R. V.

Majesty across the Pytchley country. He also performed the same service in Ireland, in 1878 and 1879, and in Cheshire in 1880. In addition to the Pytchley, he was also very well known with the Quorn and the Cottesmore Hunts. As a gentleman rider, he was never fortunate enough to win any of the most important cross-country contests, but his name generally figured well in the list of winning mounts. His best year was in 1880, when he won twenty-six races. In addition to being a first class horseman, he was a good cricketer, and occasionally assisted the jockeys in their annual contests with the Press. Captain Middleton was well known in Stratford-on-Avon. He had been for many years one of the stewards of the Stratford Hunt Steeplechases, and invariably rode every year. On being communicated with, Mr. Couchman, the coroner for South Warwickshire, decided that it was unnecessary to hold an inquest on Captain Middleton. He received a medical certificate as to the cause of death, and, with this before him, he considered further investigation unnecessary. The remains of Captain Middleton were removed from Kineton House on Monday by rail to Kelmarsh, and thence by road to Hazelbeach Church, Northamptonshire, and placed in the chancel upon a catafalque, draped in violet and white. The coffin, which was wrapped in an ensign flag, remained there for the funeral, which took place at 2.15 on Thursday.—From the *Leamington Spa Courier*.

IN MEMORY OF THE MIDLAND SPORTSMEN'S  
STEEPLECHASE.

APRIL 9TH, 1892.

Soft blows the breeze across the smiling vale,  
Where horses gaily rode in quest of war,  
Where Fancy sees them fleet the meadows o'er,  
Glancing and flashing in their glitt'ring mail,  
And hears the phantom trumpets blowing shrill,  
So long since still.

Again, a trampling throng! again, once more,  
Hot steeds press'd on; hot blood in every vein,  
Rider and horse speed swiftly o'er the plain,

Like summer evening swallows skim and soar,  
And now blue distance veils them, and the thrill  
That strikes *one* chill.

Ah ! who is this lies prone upon the grass,  
The yellow grass that pillows his cold face ?  
And is this sunny spot Death's resting place ?  
Truly the *graveyard field*\* is here, alas !  
Oh, sweetly sleep ! may thy brave spirit pass  
To breezy realms afar, where never will  
Come ought of ill.

Shine on bright sun, thou wilt shine softly, too ;  
And *silence*† reign thou here, for we can bear  
No sound, save Nature's voice, and this we hear :  
Hark ! an angelic voice, in yonder blue  
The lark's pure trill.

Perchance he hears it, for he hears no more  
Of earthly music, e'en the echoing horn  
Can never wake him now at early morn,  
To join the chase ; but the red streams of gore  
Which dyed that field on that fierce Edge Hill day,  
Flowed from no stouter heart than thine, brave "Bay,"  
And mid the Cavaliers no gallant knight,  
In armour bright,

Charged down the vale for God and for the King,  
Upon the foe with such glad confidence  
As his, who led us oft o'er field and fence  
In the wild race ; so let his memory ring  
In each true sportsman's heart, to let him fear  
Naught but defeat and shame, and year by year  
To mind us, as by *Battle Holt* we ride,  
'Twas here he died !

REG. WYVERNE.

Captain Middleton was buried at Hazelbeach in full hunting costume. There was a large attendance at the funeral, including Lord Spencer, Lord Willoughby de Broke, and many others. The first four verses of the

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\* The field where Captain Middleton fell is called the "Graveyard Field." A tree in the corner of it marks the place where it is said many of those who fell in the Edge Hill fight are buried. (See also footnote to poem, "Shuckburgh Hill.")

† When the news that he was really dead spread amongst the crowd assembled at the races, they seemed to melt away in a mystic and reverent silence.

*In Memoriam* poem, which has not been published before, were written by Mrs. Walter Verney ; and the last two only, which lack, no doubt, the poetic spirit and the sympathetic feeling of those preceding, were added by "Reg. Wyverne." It is believed that Captain Middleton, when remonstrated with by Captain Riddell for going on riding in these point-to-point races, told his friend only the day before that this was the last one he ever intended to ride in. He also told Mrs. Cassel, when starting from the door at Compton Verney, that he wished he was going in the carriage with them, the first time perhaps he had ever expressed such a wish. Mr. and Lady Caroline Jenkins placed this granite block in memory of their dead friend, and Lord Willoughby had the little inclosure planted. Lady Mordaunt has furnished us with

A SKETCH OF THE MEMORIAL STONE.





SWALCLIFFE PARK.

For there, his smell with others being mingled,  
 The hot scent snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,  
 Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled,  
 With much ado, the cold fault clearly out.—*Shakespeare.*

## CHAPTER XVIII.

THE EARLY PIKE—HARD DAY FROM WOLFORD VILLAGE—FINE  
 RUN FROM PAGE'S GORSE—A DRY SUMMER AND AUTUMN  
 —GREAT DAY'S SPORT IN OCTOBER—SPECIAL MEETING  
 OF SUBSCRIBERS TO THE HOUNDS—GOOD RUN FROM  
 WATERGALL—OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE POINT-TO-POINT  
 RACE—PETERBOROUGH HOUND SHOW.

SEASON 1892-93.

ON November 14th the hounds met at Walton, and had a good run from Walton Wood, and another from Pool Fields. Oxhill Gorse held foxes well, and the hounds found eight times in it before Christmas, including three times on one day.

From Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary :

First day's cubhunting at Walton Wood, on September 5th. Very hard and dry. Killed two foxes.

Cubhunted on thirty-six days. Killed thirty-seven foxes, and ran six to ground.

“*Rusticus Expectans*” in the *Field* :

THE EARLY PIKE

For some time past it has been a tradition amongst us to try and catch bream and tench in the following manner—namely, to invite an unlimited number of friends and relations to a kind of tea picnic on the bank of a picturesque mill pond not very far from Leamington; a certain amount of meal from the mill having been previously thrown into the water. The old Roman camp and Inigo Jones’s windmill were certainly objects of interest, while the children had a very merry time in running up and down the bank and occasionally falling in; but as for the capture of bream, &c., results were generally *nil*, a 2lb. eel and a few small roach being the usual bag. Dissatisfied with this, my friend and myself determined on a different plan of operations. We first wrote for suggestions to a celebrated fisherman in Cheshire, whose answer showed us that our previous mode of attack had been entirely wrong, tench being particularly shy and timid fish; we also learned that early in the morning soon after sunrise was the time when bream were generally on the feed. Having baited the pool with a more than sufficient supply of brewers’ grains, we determined on an early start on the morrow. At half-past four we were out of bed, and six o’clock found us by the pool side, on a grey and misty morning. As we passed through the village the labourers were just starting for their work, and a half ironical greeting, “You’re up early this morning, sir,” was followed by a cheery wish for our success. The rods having been adjusted, proceedings commenced, and a 2lb. bream was very shortly on the bank. After this there was an unhappy lull, which was only interrupted by the extraordinary manœuvres of a shoal of roach, which kept on, at certain intervals, leaping out of the water like a small school of herrings, just opposite our station. After mutual consultation we settled that this was caused by the inroads of a pike, which, cruising round our baited ground, was entirely spoiling the sport.

A Devon minnow was put up with no results, but my friend, having hooked a roach, left it in the water, slowly the float moved round, bobbing at intervals, when all of a sudden there was a fresh rise of small fry, a huge fin appeared above the water, the float disappeared, and what we feared would soon be a *débâcle* commenced. A hurried consultation was held, and it was determined to give him time. After a few minutes, pressure was suggested, which resulted satisfactorily, and when the roach was seen drifting on the water while the float remained two or three feet below, we had the satisfaction of knowing that the pike was hooked. The excitement then reached fever heat, knowing as we did that we had a good fish on a small perch hook with a single gut, and no landing net or gaff within two miles. The old salmon rod which had done its work well on the Blackwater years ago was equal to the occasion. My friend stood well back and gave him the butt, while I directed from the bank, it being most necessary to keep a steady strain on the fish to prevent him biting the gut or getting into the weeds, towards which he made repeated and vigorous rushes. In about a quarter of an hour the miller appeared on the scene with a sieve, and the fish appeared on the top of the water. The sieve proving ineffectual, and the miller having been strongly requested not to touch the line, retired, but shortly reappeared with an old rusty meat hook; this was used as a gaff, and, the fish having been cautiously steered under the bank wall, after one or two failures and three or four rushes, was happily

landed on the bank. Mutual congratulations followed, and we returned in triumph. The fish scaled 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ lb., and was sent the same day as a present to the master of the hounds. Though we did not have so much sport with the bream and the tench as we anticipated and deserved, yet we felt that our early rising had not been entirely thrown away.

### “Rusticus Expectans” in the *Field*:

It is difficult to describe one's sensations on the first day of regular hunting. There are the memories of the past, the sensations of the present, and the anticipations of the future. With those who have traversed the grand meridian, the memories of the past predominate; with those who are halting between the two periods the sensations of the present are chiefly felt; but the young—good luck to them—have all the bright future still before them, and to what glorious visions do these lead them. The fox well away, five and a half couples on the scent, the master a field and a half away, and nothing between them and glory but about forty splendid fences to be crossed in a style and a fashion which gives pleasure to the rider, and adds credit to his horse. After all, my pen is running away with me; the young are much better sportsmen than this, and a great majority of them ride to hunt as well as hunt to ride.

The old man comes to the meet at Kington pleased because he is there once more; his ideas of crossing the Vale straight as a dart and close in the wake of hounds have vanished, but he loves the dear old sport, and while horn sounds, and the music of hounds can be heard, he will not, he cannot, be absent. Then there is a large contingent between knowing old age and ingenuous youth, who come simply because they love hunting and the pleasant companionship, exercise, and health-giving qualities it affords, and who mean to see as much of the sport as they can without undue danger or peril either to themselves or their steeds. Welcome to all. There is his lordship chafing already because his friends will not come up, and admire, if not criticise, the grandest pack of hounds in England—hounds which he has bred, but, as he says, belong to the subscribers. The bitches are brought out to-day, and hardly anyone looks at them. This is foolish at the outset, because, if you don't look at them now, you very likely will not have a chance again during the day—if there is anything like a scent, it is ten to one you don't see them once or again in a run. Away they go from Bawentt's. Tommy gallops out and stops the first three, and twenty-five and a half couples of the speediest lot in the world swing and undulate and waver over the large field to the west of the covert, till the master comes up and casts them quietly forward. They take up the scent—I cannot say settle down to it—and are raking away for Gaydon Hill before we can gather our wits together and squeeze through the little bridle gate which everyone makes for; another swing to the left, “Steady with them, Jack,” and they cross the Banbury Road, quiet down to run, and everything seems plain sailing. Two of our leading Johnnies are, perhaps, a little too close to them, or, at least, a little too straight behind them, and, the fox turning to the right, there is a short check, which lets up two score more. A holloa to the right by the old turnpike, and we go up the hill towards Fletcher's Coppice with only a fair scent, and have some pretty fencing as they wheel to the left along the face of the hill. He did not touch the bottom of Chadshunt Covert, but went straight on across the Water Lane and through the plantation. Here some of us got

into Chadshunt big field, which one of our number left over a very high rail, but the wise ones kept straight on by the level in the corner. In the next big field they hovered for a bit, as three cart colts crossed the line; but the master had them forward in a minute, and from there they ran very prettily indeed up to the old windmill at the top of Pittern Hill, and past the Allotments into the Brickyard Spinney, where another went away; but the knell of our hunted fox was soon sounded. Thirty-two minutes, a nice point, and a fair pace—a capital beginning to the season. An adjournment was made to the Lodge Farm, where some very welcome refreshment was promptly supplied by Mr. Hanbury, and then to Bishop's Gorse. Here there was hardly any scent, and a bad, perhaps mangy cub would not leave. As time was getting on, to save the rest of the day Lord Willoughby trotted off to Itchington Holt, where a goodish fox went away at the bottom, but was unfortunately headed. He went out at the north side, and they ran very sweetly over the big grass fields, past the sandpits (which were, of course, stopped), on by the Moors Coppice, leaving Harbury Heath on the right, right up to Harbury Village. Here he turned to the right by the vicarage gardens, and we lost him close to Greenhill Farm. We could not make out if he went to ground, as scent failed so suddenly, and his lordship, in fact, thought he saw his eyes in a sough under a gateway; but hounds did not mark him, and he probably went up the fallow and then turned back to the right. Everyone went home very pleased with everything—the hounds, themselves, and their horses. I never saw fewer falls, which shows that the pace in both runs had not been excessive; but a very popular heavy weight had inaugurated the season and his new red coat with some very black mud—a quotation from Jorrocks coming in very appropriately.

I forgot to say that we very unfortunately chopped a fox in Gaydon Spinney before we drew Bawcutt's, but it could not exactly be helped. It is rather a difficult covert to help it, being so long and narrow that, if a fox turns back, he is pretty sure to run up against some of the hounds.

There was a very large and sporting field out. I will try to give some of the names, as it is the opening day: Lord and Lady Willoughby of course, Mr. Verney, Capt. Allfrey, Lord North, Mr. Jenkins and the Misses Jenkins, Major Armstrong (the popular hon. sec.), Sir Charles and Lady Mordaunt, Mr. Whitworth, Mr. Follett, Mr. and Mrs. Thursby-Pelham (who have taken the Manor House), Col. and Mrs. Paulet, Mr. Lindsay, Mr. Williams, Mr. James Charters, Mr. W. M. Low, Capt. and Mrs. Osborne, Mrs. Brand, Miss Allfrey, Mr. Philip Allfrey, Mr. Fisher, Capt. Cowan, Mr. Basil Hanbury, Capt. Crawley, Mrs. North, Mr. Knott, sen. and jun., Mr. Fairbrother, Mr. Gardner, Mr. Reading, Mr. Johnson, Dr. Fenton, Mr. Prichard, Rev. H. Knightley, Mr. Fairfax Lucy, Miss Lucy from Hampton Lucy, Mr. and Mrs. Tree from Ashorne Hill, Capt. Hamilton from Sontham, Messrs. Hulse, Miss Cassel, Mr. Blair and Miss Blair, Mr. H. Ford, Capt. McCalmont, Miss Knightley, &c.; and on wheels, Mrs. Cassel and a party from Compton Verney, Mrs. Low and party, Mrs. Allfrey, Miss Cowan, Mrs. Fairfax Lucy and Mrs. Lucy, Miss Mabel Verney, &c.

### From Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary:

First day's regular hunting at Kineton House, on October 31st.

*November 29th, Wolford Village.*—Found the second fox at Timms's Coppice, ran to Mitford Bridge, where he turned short back, and then to the



right, and crossed the Stour by the new hunting bridge, and went nearly to the Golden Cross; turned left-handed there, and pointed for Blakemore, but kept turning to the left, and crossed the Stour near Aston Magna. Here nearly all the field were thrown out by the river. The hounds kept straight along the Vale, leaving Aston Hales and Moreton-in-Marsh on the left, and Batsford and Sezingcote on the right, till they got below Longborough; then they made a left-handed loop, and ran nearly to Crawthornes, turned to the right, and ran over the hill towards Swell. Near there they changed foxes, but the horses were all beat and it could not be helped. Then they took a wide swing by Upper and Lower Swell, and eventually ran their beaten fox into the gardens at Sezingcote. I could hear the garden men running him about as we got near, and booked him for ours, but he managed to crawl into a rabbit hole and beat us. Time two hours and a half. All the horses beat. About 150 started, but only four got to the end.

Mr. John Wilkes, of St. Dennis, sent an account to the *Field* of this excellent run :

SIR,—Learning your correspondent “ Rustiens ” was not out with the crack pack on Tuesday, and hearing so much about the big run from Timms’ Copse, Todenham, I send you a short account from my point of view.

After drawing Dunsden Copse blank, a move was made to Timms’ Copse, which is within hail of Sir P. Pole’s seat, where reynard was found. He went away for Mitford Bridge, with the music of the spotted beauties and a big, well-mounted field after him, at a merry pace. Flying ditch and fence, led by the noble master, we raced to Mitford Bridge, where the sly one doubled short back alongside the brook for about a mile, crossing between High Furze and Birmingham Mill, and away over the hill, pointing for Dichford Gorse, and when, within a field of it, the hounds swung round to the left over the hill for Dichford Friary, where they headed away to the right, crossing the Shipston and Moreton Tramway near Lower Dichford. Here they checked; but the noble master, giving one of his well-known casts, soon had them on the line again, and they went sailing away for Blakemore Covert, leaving Stretton-on-Foss on the right, then turning short to the right over the Dichford Hill, leaving the farmhouse on the left. Here they were dipping into the Vale, with the Neigh Bridge Brook in front of us, which I knew was impassable, or nearly so, so I rode for the bridge, where I crossed, followed by the Hon. G. Verney and about a score others; and, after riding some three or four fields, the pack crossed to us, leaving the noble master and the rest two fields from a bridge on the right. As soon as hounds crossed they worked the line to opposite Aston Magna Church, where they laid themselves out in a fashion which every follower of them knows means “ go,” and, with extended heads and straightened sterns, they went merrily away for Aston Hales. Soon sweeping round to the right and crossing the G.W.R., they raced away up the Vale, over a big country, in the direction of Batsford Park. Here their immediate followers dwindled down to Mr. Verney and your humble servant, who kept pegging away after the music of the fleet beauties, over a heavy country and stiff fences, until well on the left of Batsford Park, where I missed my companion. Sweeping slightly to the right, the long-winded one led his fleet pursuers in a line for Moreton-in-Marsh, but, soon turning slightly again to the right, they swept past Moreton, leaving it on the left,

and away the merry hounds went up the Vale, going a cracker for Seizencote, crossing the brook above the racecourse, and soon the view holloas were not far ahead of the music of the pack. When Longborough was left on the right, and they were racing up the rising ground, and going for Banksfee, all at once they threw it up, checking near a man with a terrier, who said he had headed the fox, and this saved reynard's brush, for a drain being open under a road he took advantage of it; and may he live to give the Warwickshire such chases for many a day!

After the hounds had checked some time, the noble master and Jack Boore (the whip) came up, followed by Col. and Miss Arnold, Mr. Verney, Mr. and Mrs. Prichard, Hon. Mr. North, Mr. and Mrs. Godman, Mr. J. S. Wilkes (Tredington), Mr. Lowe, Mr. Pole, Mr. Rudd, Mr. Bruce, and perhaps another or two. As soon as the hounds were got to the drain, there was a view holloa close by, and they got away after (most certainly) a fresh fox, going a cracker past Donnington to the top of the hill by Swell, with Stow-on-the-Wold close at hand on the left, where there were two foxes. His lordship decided to whip off, and two gentlemen, with Lord Willoughby and Jack Boore, went in pursuit, which, until some fresh horses were got, appeared to be a hopeless chase; but, after ringing round, they were whipped off, after one of the best of many good runs your humble servant has had the pleasure of following with this fleet pack, whose condition and the way they are hunted do honour to the good old country. It is needless to say that many made the acquaintance of Mother Earth, and there were many horses which had to be left behind for the night.

#### Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary :

*December 23rd.*—Jack Boore got a fall near Shutford, was very much shaken, and broke one of his ribs.

Stopped by very hard frost from December 23rd to January 23rd.

The ladies who hunted at this time with the Warwickshire hounds comprised the Countess of Warwick, the Hon. Mrs. Walter Verney, the Hon. Mrs. Eric North, Lady Mordaunt, Mrs. Bouch, Miss Allfrey, Miss Mabel Allfrey, Miss Alice Allfrey, Miss Adeleine Allfrey, Mrs. Paulet, Mrs. Byass, Miss Cowan, Mrs. Paton, Miss Blanche Drummond, Miss Chance, the Hons. Patience and Katharine Verney, Lady Gwendolen Little, Mrs. William Allfrey, Miss Lowe, and the Misses Pole.

Miss Katharine Verney is a very nice rider, has good hands and seat and plenty of courage, and will follow her father or her uncle over anything they ride at.

Lady Mordaunt is a light weight, and likes going fast. Her grey horse was generally not far from Sir Charles'.

Lady Warwick is a very strong and bold horsewoman, and the horse has to go when she puts it at a fence.

Mrs. Paulet understands all about hunting, and no one is keener, or rides with more judgment.

Mrs. Arthur Byass is better known in Northamptonshire, but she never missed a Shuckburgh meet till she had a bad fall near Ladbroke in 1896. Her style over a country is too well known to need any eulogium from us.

# WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1892.

## LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
Gallant } Gamesome }	Belvoir Gordon ..	Fancy (86)
General } Gertrude }	Belvoir Gordon .....	Harmony (88)
Glancer } Gleaner }	Belvoir Gambler .....	Huntress (88)
Gladsome } Gleeful }		
Gloomer }		
Grappler .....	Belvoir Gordon .....	Pinkie (88)
Handsome } Harriet }	Hermit (89) .....	Wary (86)
Harebell }		
Heedless * }	Hermit (89) ..	Rondeau (84)
Helpless }		
Priestess }		
Primitive }	Harper (85) ..	Purity (89)
Princess * }		
Prudence .....	Stentor (85) ..	Pastime (88)
Ruby .....	Roman (90) ..	Funnylass (83)
Sanguine .....	Wildboy (89) ..	Social (85)
Trimmer ..	Wildboy (89) ..	Trusty (87)
Wildair }		
Wildrake }		
Windhound }	Hermit (89) ..	Watchful (88)
Wizard }		
Witchcraft }		
Witless }		

\* Heedless and Princess won second prize at Peterborough for the best couple of unentered bitches of the old hounds. Rustic, Fullerton, Furrier, and Warlock were second in the entered class. Hermit won in the Stallion Hound Class, also the champion cup.

Royalty won for the best brood bitch.

Miss Cowan is mentioned also in the "Wynnstay Book" as a good rider. She always looks nice on any horse, which has to go, whatever its qualifications for a hunter, and she knows no fear.

Mrs. Paton has one or two very good horses, which she rides in a good place.

Miss Blanche Drummond had a very fast horse, which was rather an uncertain fencer, but she saw a good many good runs on him.

The Misses Allfrey are exceedingly fond of hunting, know a lot about it, and see a great deal of sport with a small stud.

The Misses Pole seldom miss a meet on the Tuesday side, where they are very popular.

*January 24th, The Golden Cross.*—Found at the gorse, ran very well towards Porto Bello, and then towards Shipston, and turned to the right, and then to the left, and crossed the river near Tidmington, ran along the Vale, and turned up Brailes Hill, ran through the village, over Castle Hill, and down as if for Idlicote; but turned to the right into Spenceer's Gorse, where the hounds divided, the main body getting on a fresh fox, while six couples stuck to the hunted fox, and before we could bring the others back had run into him in the open on towards Oxhill. Found at Oxhill Covert, ran over the hill at the back, and on towards Pillerton, but recrossed the brook near Oxhill Village, and ran on by Tysoe, up to Epwell, and to ground near Epwell Village. A good day's sport.

*February 3rd, Wroxton Abbey.*—The second fox was found at Claydon Hill, ran by Shutford, and on by Alkerton Dingle, nearly to Shemington; turned to the right, and ran nearly to Wroxton New Inn, and back through the Heath Wood at Upton and Shemington Irons, to ground at the Sun Rising, after a good run of thirty-five minutes, and six miles nearly straight.

*February 9th, Welford Maypole.*—Found at Rumer Hill, and ran at a great pace towards Weston Sands, over the railway, through Gally Oak, and nearly to Preston Bushes; turned right-handed, and went over Meon Hill, down into the Vale again, and we lost him, owing to a storm, at Broad Marston, after a capital forty-three minutes without a check.

*February 14th, Weston House.*—Found the second fox at the Blaekthorn Covert at Idlicote, ran towards Honington, and back by Idlicote House, through Hell Brake, and away at a good pace as if for Spencer's Gorse; but ran a wide left-handed ring, going nearly as far as Tysoe, and then nearly to Herd Hill, and through Pillerton Old Covert, and over the Kineton and Pillerton road as if for Walton, but kept turning left-handed, and went through Moll's Grave and back over the Fosse Road, through Brickkiln Gorse, and on beyond Pillerton New Covert. It was now quite dark, and the horses were beat, and we were obliged to stop the hounds after a good run of an hour and a half.

*February 17th, The Kennels.*—Found at Watts's Gorse, and ran very fast over Edge Hill, by Ratley, to ground near Hornton. Were holloed on to a fox as we were drawing Kineton Holt, ran over Edge Hill towards Hornton, left that on the left, crossed the Camp Lane, and sank the hill near Warmington, over the Vale, and crossed the road half-way between Farnborough and Avon Dassett, and kept on towards Burton Hills, but turned back by Avon Dassett

and recrossed the road, and set his head for the Vale. Here Pastime made a wonderfully good hit as he turned out of the Banbury Road, and put us all right. Ran on rather slowly as if for the Osier Bed at Frog Hall, where we got a view, and ran into him in the open close to Marlborough, after a good hunting run of one hour and fifty minutes.

*February 20th, Ham Bridge.*—Found the third fox at Itchington Holt, and ran well to Bawcett's Covert, and from there as if for the Burton Hills, but kept along the Vale, pointing to Fenny Compton, between the road and the railway. When about opposite Watergall, turned to the left, over the Great Western Railway and the brook as if for Nunn's Bushes, but turned to the right over Hodnell Hill, through Ladbroke Gorse, and nearly as far as the Welsh Road Gorse. Here we came to a check, and, unfortunately, when casting were holloed on to a fresh fox. Hunted him round by Radbourne, back into Ladbroke, and gave it up. Time, one hour, mostly at best pace.

### From Sir C. Mordaunt's diary :

On *Friday, March 3rd*, which happened to be the anniversary of more than one remarkable run with the Warwickshire hounds, the meet was at Bitham House. There was not much sport in the morning, but in the afternoon a fox was found at Page's Gorse. The hounds ran by Warmington, and down the Vale to Knoll End very nicely, and at a slower pace along Edge Hill as far as the Sun Rising. Here they evidently got close to the fox, and began to run at a great pace. The majority of the field did not take enough notice of this, and no doubt thought the fox was going to hang about the hills, and very few got away with the hounds. They sank the hill opposite Lower Tysoe, and kept along the Vale until just beyond Upper Tysoe, when they turned to the right, and ran at a tremendous pace, passing on the left of Tysoe, over the Banbury Road and Herl Hill, leaving Pillerton Gorse to the left, and through the New Covert straight to Moll's Grave without the least check, and nearly to Ettington Station. The distance from Page's Gorse is ten miles straight, and as hounds ran they traversed fourteen miles in an hour and twenty minutes, and nearly eight miles straight in fifty minutes from Edge Hill. The Tysoe Bottom, which had to be jumped out of a heavy ploughed field, stopped several of the field, and the master and five others only saw the finish, of those who had ridden throughout this splendid run; namely, Captain Osborne, Mr. Whitworth, Mr. Jack Norris,\* Count Reyntien, and C. Mordaunt. This was quite the run of the season. Rode Forester.

After the run, Count Reyntien, who had never been out hunting before, called at what he described as the King's Head Restaurant, at Wellesbourne, on his way home, and he asked "the waiter" for "one bock of bier." He repeated the dose at what he called the "Charlotte Restaurant," a little pot-house in Ashorne kept by "Charlotte Court."

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\* Mr. Jack Norris had several falls, and his young horse, which had carried him first rate, was beat, so he slept out at Mr. Whitworth's. The next morning Colonel and Mrs. Norris arrived at Chadshunt, the latter very anxious about her Jack, the former about the young horse.—W. R. V.

“*Rusticus Expectans*” in the *Field*:

*Friday, March 3, Bitham House.*—I was good to-day; never started from home till 12.45, and then, strangely enough, rode out to the south. Why I rode south instead of north I cannot exactly tell, except that I thought that I must make Knoll End and Edge Hill good before easting along the Camp Road for Warmington, from which I could get a good look out east and west. Met plenty of my rustic friends, always keen to help me in my quest, and only a sixpence or two, and a cheery word or three out of pocket. Why, the hounds! Dear me! Who would have thought it? Page’s Gorse, too, and grand accounts of a merry spin from White’s Bushes, over the valley by Shotteswell, and the greatest of great fun at the Farnborough Brook! What a wretched looking fox from Page’s Gorse (it was here the great run from Knightley Wood ended—was it a year ago, and just about this date?). It is not, however, as was remarked in last week’s *Field*, the best looking fox which always gives the best run. An unpropitious start, as the bitches ran every way but the right one. The master kept his head, and had them back to the line, and we crossed the Banbury Road, and dipped the Ratley Valley. The wiseacres, amongst whom you may be sure your correspondent was one, kept to the right, and the few gallant gentlemen who began to jump the curious cross fences in this pretty little Vale soon joined us. We swung to the right for Edge Hill. Down comes a black coat, but, as Jem says, “I never saw a young gentleman take a fall better in my life.” Then up to the hill, but a plough team has headed him, and his lordship, after easting right and left, lifts them across the road on the off-chance of picking up his line. Here he was sure enough, for Jem saw him, but while we were sauntering along, some above and some below, and some going home, they probably got on a fresh fox, who might have been disturbed from Oxhill, Pillerton, or Idlicote on the previous Tuesday. Was that the horn? Let’s be off, this pace won’t do; and we get into a trot, then a canter, then a gallop, are waved on forward as we pass under the Round Tower, and gradually wake up to the importance of the situation. Up the road at Mr. Bacchus’s buildings, and we are told they are away for Upton. Instinct, for a wonder, is superior to information, and we keep straight on as hard as we can go along the brow of the hill, past the Sunrising, across the road, and still forward. Then we catch the stationary and ever observant form of Tommy Metherall, and he’s looking across the Vale. “Where are they?” “Down at Tysoe, sir. Slip down the hill, and gallop your hardest.” It was a desperate chance, but not to be missed by one so well “refreshed” as your correspondent; so I made hot haste to Tysoe. It was a quarter to four as I galloped past the church:

High up the weather-beaten tower  
The clock begins to strike the hour;  
But ’ere the strokes have echoed round,  
The rider’s past from sight and sound.

Here the first beacon of hope was Lord North’s broad back. The expectant and radiant villagers gave me fresh energy. The other side of the village I hit them near the funny old tree. Killed, I suppose; all over! Not a bit of it. Just time to pull the mare into a trot, when Lord Willoughby trots through a gate to the right out of the Tysoe and Oxhill road, and they are away on the grass and down the valley. Why, it must be a run after all, and I’m here! Joy, expectancy, hope, fear! How many

elements fill the mind in the glorious sport of foxhunting! Joy to be here, and only just in time; expectancy of a run over the Vale; hope that I may get to the end; fear—the Tysoe bottom again, as I'm a "correspondent!" It did me last Tuesday. No; it shall not beat me this time. Jack comes up and does me a counter good turn, and we're over with a desperate scramble, not a fall. And now for a run! Only nine with the hounds, no habits, and the bitches running straight over the most lovely part of the most lovely vale. A loose horse; a chesnut, too. Is it my tenant's? I think not. Conscience makes cowards of us all; yet I ought to have stopped him. Will they never make any sort of hole in the fences? All down the Vale my six leaders rode, and never broke a twig or turned a binder for me or the Count either (and he was a stranger) all the way. Fence for fence and field for field, we went on the same line as in the good run last year on the Friday after the Hunt ball, till we crossed the Banbury Road at the same identical gate where Mr. Gordon Wood jumped it on that day, to the right, and up to Herd Hill, the starting point of the Midland Sportsmen's Race. I mention this to enable our absent friends to realise the beauty of the line we ran. Mr. "Jack Norris," in spite of another heavy fall, is cutting out the work with more dash perhaps than judgment, but "youth will be served," and if you don't "go" at five-and-twenty, where will you be at fifty? "It is a ripe age" ("As You Like It"). Lord Willoughby's Ossian horse is slipping along like a point-to-point winner; Jack and Jem are in close attendance, Mr. Fell has joined in, and Capt. Osborne is going as if he always gave 300*l.* for his nags. Sir Charles is all there, but has made a momentary false turn at Herd Hill, a mistake which he soon corrects. Mr. Whitworth, on the "Ford" purchase, is going strong. "Your horse is not tired?" "Not a bit of it!" "Well, I wish I could say the same for mine!" and the "Count" is realising to the full the delights of a first day's "foxing." Mr. Knott, jun., and Mr. Tree are coming up fast behind. I never mention names—"hardly ever"—but this is a real good thing, and honour should go where honour—or was it luck—is due. In the midst of the wild senry, we have a thought or two of regret for our good friends and true left behind on the hill. We cross the Oxhill Road at the gate on the top of Herd Hill, where the carriages turn in for the steeplechases. Local sportsmen and others will here hit off the line, and dip towards Pillerton Old Covert, where there is a holloa; then up the hill again as if for Butlers Marston, but round to the left into the New Covert—blank, you will remember, only the Tuesday before. What wretched luck! A fox has come back here, and there are two distinct lines out. Jem goes off after two couples, who run nearly to Idlicote before he gets to them, and the pace of the main division becomes simply racing. I pulled up on the top of the hill, got off the mare, looked at her, loosened her girths, settled that she would not die this time, and then started down the lane in a rear chase. When I got nearly to Brickiln Gorse, to which hounds beat all their pursuers, I made a bad turn. Instead of answering to instinct I followed advice; and, hearing the cry of Jem's two couples, turned up to the left, and all was over—for me at least.

From Brickiln they ran on over the Fosse Road, by Moll's Grave nearly to Ettington Station, where they got wrong, and had to give up. I can't say what happened here, but I am afraid it was a fresh fox from Pillerton New Covert, and I daresay the huntsman had found it out; but this is sheer conjecture, for, as I said, I was not there. Anyhow, it was a good run, with

a kill would have been the best of a very fair season; now it must only take second or third place. It is nine measured miles from Page's to Ettington Station as the crow flies, about seven from the Round Tower, and hounds must have run eleven or twelve. Time, about two hours; but the cream of the whole was the forty minutes from Tysoe to Ettington Station. If I was the Count, I should never go hunting any more. He went home with a plum in his mouth, as the old Squire used to say. There were also at the finish the names I have mentioned, with the exception of Mr. Tree, tailed off like myself by the pace; but then he had taken a fall, and lost his horse for three fields at Tysoe.

From Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary:

*March 6th, Barford Hill.*—Found the second fox at Lighthorne Rough, and ran at a great pace through Bishop's Gorse, leaving Chadshunt Coppice on the right, nearly to Gaydon, and thence to Itchington Holt, through it, and out by Kingston to Checkley's Brake, and on by the top of Lighthorne to Bishop's Gorse, and killed him after a good forty minutes.

By the Hon. R. G. Verney:

*Tuesday, March 7, 1893, Barton Grove.*—Mr. Peters, unfortunately, not out to enjoy the best scenting day of the season; but he had not taken cellar key with him! Found at Barton Grove, and ran very fast as if for Weston Heath, but kept turning right-handed, and marked him to ground close to where found. A breather for the horses, but only a foretaste of what was in store. Found another in Wolford Wood, and crossed the road through the heath, and ran another terrifically fast ring round Barton and back into the wood, where the pack gave him not a moment, and killed him near the keeper's lodge, after running hard for about fifteen minutes in the wood and twenty-five in the open. Second horses, and to Dunsden, where a fox was immediately on foot, as he always is in one of Sir Pery Pole's coverts. Away they went over the brook at the bottom, and alongside it right-handed at a great pace for about a mile, where they recrossed the brook, and soon after made a sudden turn to the left, as if for Aston Hailes; but left that on the right, and literally flew into Wolford Wood, where they raced him round once. This stout fox turned out to die in a small patch of gorse on the Leamington side, and thus finished a real old-fashioned Warwickshire day, nearly all the gentlemen having, as is too often the case, gone home.

Col. Raikes sends a careful account of a real good sporting woodland day on Monday, March 20th, 1893, at Ragley. The Ragley side of the country does not always get the attention it deserves. Lord North, and also Lord Willoughby, learned much of hunting in this wild, good-scenting district, and, though the country is tamer than it was, a run over the Vale beyond Weethley is not to be despised:

Hounds put into Lady's Wood at Boathouse, and, not finding up to Amen Corner, his lordship turned out across the road into Enniston.



Found immediately, and, after one burst round the wood, the fox stole away across the valley to Dunnington, leaving Mr. Bomford's homestead on the left, crossed the Broom lane, and rattled down the big fields to Tothall at best pace. Here he turned to the right, and crossed Mr. Standish's farm, over the Evesham Road at Lime Bridge Hill, dropping down one plough field of Mr. Jackson's into his long meadows, following the proposed line of the railway from Broom to Worcester for about a mile; still bearing to the right, leaving Pool Wood on the left, across the Worcester Road, skirting Weethley Woods for two fields, and pointing for Weethley Church. Here, being probably headed, he turned short back for Weethley Wood. Some circus work here took place at a deep scoured-out ditch. Meantime the master had got through a cramped gap and a couple of gates straight as a die across Weethley Wood and out at the bottom. The fortunate ones who stuck close to hounds now hoped for a real gallop over the Worcestershire Vale; but it was not to be yet, for, after working along outside for a few fields, hounds went into covert again, and for the best part of a mile up this long wood probably no one but the master (with Jack in the centre ride, on his right, and Tom, on the grey, below him on the left) knew that they were hunting. They feathered out for a minute at the Knighton cross ride, but his lordship evidently thought that his fox was forward, and cast them on into the Nunnery Wood. Two hounds, hunting as if coupled, fairly made out the line across two fields towards Little Knighton Farm. Tom stopped them, and brought his lordship back, and in another two minutes he had nearly the whole of his beautiful pack on the line. They hunted slowly down to the bottom of Nunnery Wood, and then, crossing the Knighton Road, headed once more for the Vale. The third field from here was prickly with barbed wire, and the knowing ones, hearing a holloa right away on Knowl Hill beyond the brook, slipped out on to the Inkberrow Road, and galloped on to the bridge. Here they waited for five minutes, while the bulk of the field were penned up in the corner by the wire; but there must have been two foxes, and, the hounds turning short to the left, they had to gallop at best pace up to Knighton Farm, only to see them streaming away to the left back to Weethley. Here all got together again in the Moreton footpath, and after a short turn up the wood a welcome holloa proclaimed that a fox was away again for the Ridgeway. This they crossed with an improving scent, and dropped down and through Thornhill, Old Park, and Three Oak Hill Woods in succession. As they crossed Purser's Meadow Miss Gregg had a nasty fall, but was soon up and after them. Crossing Mrs. Parker's farm and the Alcester and Feckenham road, they hunted slowly through Butler's Coppice into Coughton Park, turning short to the left up the broad ride, and away again across the open to Hanging Well, threading this and the two plantations beyond into Ashlands Husk. Here he turned short up to the right, and rattled back over exactly the same line he had come into Coughton Park. Hounds pushed him steadily on (notwithstanding two fresh foxes being viewed) out on the Alcester side, across the Midland Railway, and a couple of fields beyond, over the Alcester and Birmingham road, to the Roman Catholic church at Coughton, through the Decoy, and back through the kitchen garden of Coughton Court into the Decoy again, the field having crossed the river at the ford, and recrossed over the footbridge into the stable yard. Here, just as his lordship was crossing the ford to cast forward, our fox came straight through a crowd of footpeople in the Decoy, and, crossing

the lane, went up the meadows, recrossing the Aleester Road, dashing through a flock of sheep, and over the Midland Railway. Here the field divided, some taking the bridge to the right, and others going under the archway we had previously come by. Hounds simply ran splendidly over the sheep foil, and, with one little lift from the master after crossing the line, they again got on good terms with their fox, and pressed him through the little wood near the Aleester Road, crossed that, and by Chicken Meadow Barn to Cold Comfort Wood, straight through this big covert, and across the open into Three Oak Hill, where, after ten minutes' good close hunting, he was killed about fifty yards from Purser's Meadow. They found their first fox soon after 12. and killed at 3.40. How many times they changed I cannot say; but I know that they were hunting nearly all the time, and had several very pretty bursts. The distance was measured carefully on the Ordnance map, and it was over twenty miles; and, considering the drought and heat, it was a woodland run well worth recording. The sun shone like July the whole time, and even those who had second horses were perfectly satisfied.

On March 22nd the annual meeting of subscribers to the hounds and owners of coverts was held at the Warwick Arms. A vote of thanks was passed to Lord Willoughby de Broke for the handsome manner in which he had hunted the country, and for the sport he had shown.

A cordial vote of thanks was proposed by Lord North and seconded by Lord Willoughby, and accorded to Mr. Jolliffe for having acceded to the request of the latter by taking down the entire rabbit netting on his property.

From Lord Willoughby's diary :

It was a very poor season's sport up to Christmas, but rather better afterwards. March was very dry, and the season was very forward: the hedges green, and the ground as hard as iron, and hunting was given up on March 21st.

Hunted on ninety-six days. Killed seventy-eight foxes, and ran thirty-one to ground.

From Sir C. Mordaunt's diary :

The hounds found eight times in Oxhill Covert, including three times in one day.

There was no rain from the beginning of March for three months, and the summer was fine, with a good many warm days.

A great many foxes in the centre of the country had died of mange during the two past seasons, and it is spreading into other parts of it to such an extent that the country is likely to be short of foxes eventually if it continues. A litter of eight cubs was bred in the manger of the field barn on Thornton Farm, at Walton. My daughters went to see them, and one of them took up one of the cubs and carried it about for a short time. When the vixen fox moved the cubs away, which she did shortly afterwards, to Thornton Wood, she left the one which had been handled in the manger, no doubt having

found out that this had been done. My keeper took the remaining cub to the kennels, and reared it by hand, and it seemed to be doing very well for about six weeks, but after that time it took the mange, notwithstanding that he had taken care to feed it on rabbits only. He tried to treat it in the same way that a dog is treated for mange, and is very often cured of it, but it died. It had no doubt caught the disease from the vixen, as she and the other cubs all died of it, except those which were killed by the hounds during cubhunting.

#### SEASON OF 1893-94.

When dining out during the summer I drove to dinner in a phaeton. My host told me that he was driving home with a friend on a similar occasion when he was only just able to pull up in time to avoid running over a man who was lying on the road, and who could not move because he had got *his right leg and foot at the back of his neck*. He had been to a circus, and having seen the clown do this he thought he would practise the movement on the way home.—C. M.

#### Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary :

Did not keep a diary during cubhunting. The summer was one of the driest ever known, and the harvest was very early. There was no grass, and literally no hay crop at all. Hay rose to the unprecedented price of 9*l.* a ton. No rain fell during the cubhunting, and nearly all packs in the neighbourhood stopped. We began on August 20th, and managed to keep on four days a week.

On *Friday, October 27th*, we had a wonderful day's sport. Found at the Sandpit Covert at Wiggington, and ran by Milcombe and South Newington, and on to Great Tew, and back again over the Banbury Road; turned short to the left again, and ran by Swerford Park, and on nearly to Badger's Gorse; turned to the left here, and ran on for Heythrop Park, and killed in the open near there after a capital fifty-five minutes.\* Found the second fox at Gulliver's Osiers, and dodged about a good deal at first, going to Miller's Osiers twice. At last the fox set his head, and turning back from Shutford, ran at a tremendous pace, leaving Balscott to the left, over the Banbury Road, between Wroxton New Inn and Wroxton, left Hornton on the left, and went by Jones's Gorse, over the Camp Lane, and down the hill as if for Avon Dassett, but turned short to the right at the bottom, and ran into Warmington Village, and was killed in Mr. Wady's bedroom, after one of the finest runs ever seen. Only the Master, the Hon. Greville Verney, and Jack Boore saw the finish.†

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\* Colonel Norris, who sent us an account of this run, with an excellent map of it, measures the distance as hounds ran nine miles, although three and a half miles only from point to point.

† During the greater part of this run the Hon. Greville Verney, on his celebrated brown horse "Barnard Holt," was alone with the hounds. Mr. Fane Gladwin, Mr. Campbell Blair, and myself were the only other three who got anywhere near the finish. My pony had a long coat on, and was beat, and I overshot the mark at Warmington. Mr. Fane Gladwin was equally unlucky.—W. R. V.

The Hon. Greville Verney, the eldest son of Lord Willoughby de Broke, is a hard and good rider to hounds, and is as devoted to hunting as his father, to whom he is a great assistance in the field, as he has a quick eye for a fox and a good memory for a hound. He also makes a young horse well, being patient and bold. He has inherited a love for the box-seat, and will make a good coachman, and when at New College often put four horses together with his friends, Messrs. Raymond Greene, Michael Baker, and others. He married, in 1895, Miss Marie Hanbury, youngest daughter of Mr. Charles Hanbury, of Belmont, Herts. She is a very fine horsewoman, and fond of the chase.

Mr. Verney has several times ridden in point-to-point races, but he never rode better than in the famous race which he won during the General Election of 1895, when he defeated the Radical candidate for the Rugby division of Warwickshire, and thus regained the seat so long held by Mr. Cobb. No greater victory was obtained, even at that memorable election when the Radical party were well-nigh annihilated, and the representation of Warwickshire was thus made solid for the Unionist cause.

On *November 17th*, rain fell at last.

*November 20th*.—A heavy fall of snow, and all the ditches full of it.

*November 23rd*.—Were stopped by frost.

On *November 30th*, the death of Mr. H. Everard occurred at Leamington. He had been for many years a very staunch supporter of the hounds, and nobody better understood hunting. On December 1st the hounds did not hunt, on account of his death, which took place at the age of seventy-six. He was very much liked and respected.

“*Rusticus Expectans*” in the *Field* :

It was a pretty sight on the Green at Harbury on Thursday, November 30th. Everybody looked smart and cheery, busy with the little details necessary to the enjoyment of the chase. It appears that the death of Mr. Everard was then not known in the Kineton district. Lord Willoughby decided, on the suggestion of Mr. Chandos Leigh and Lord North, that it would be a graceful tribute to the memory of this late friend and fellow-sportsman not to hunt on the day of the funeral—the following Friday. I find Mr. Everard hunted from Grantham till 1850. Then he took Langton Hall, near Market Harborough, which he occupied till 1864. These were the stirring old times immortalised by the poet :

When stealing o'er the grass,  
From out the struggling crowd see Wilton pass.

And his then contemporaries were the old earl, Sir Richard Sutton, Mr. Clowes, Lord Gardiner—who was a great friend; so was Mr. Gilmour; and that beautiful horseman Sir Thomas Whickeote was his bosom companion. From Langton Hall he hunted with the Pytchley and Mr. Tailby. In 1864 he came to Ladbroke Hall, the seat of Mr. C. A. Palmer-Morewood, and hunted with the Warwickshire and the Pytchley on a Wednesday, throwing in an occasional day with the Bicester and Atherstone. He was a man of sound judgment, strong will, and so perhaps strong prejudices; true to his friends, and liberal to the deserving poor. He was a man who hated shams and falsities, but loved and delighted in all that was noble and true; one whose memory is a golden link between the past and present generations of sportsmen. He followed hounds forty-one seasons. Often since he resided in Leamington, where he went when he left Ladbroke, on returning from the Wednesday Pytchley days, when riding over the Homplow Hills towards Rugby, he would point out the line of some historical run, and tell the incidents of the chase concerning some of his friends who had then joined the majority. Peace to our good old friend.

### Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary :

*December 12th.*—Found three times in Oxhill Covert, but did not have any sport.

*December 15th, Wroxton Abbey.*—Found in the gardens, ran towards Claydon Hill, but turned to the left and went between North Newington and Broughton, and went on, leaving Withycombe on the left, nearly to Banbury; crossed the road, and ran by Chamberlain's Gorse and down the Vale, crossing the brook three or four times. The hounds, however, ran on without checking, and killed just above Angel's Piece, after rather a good forty-five minutes. Found a good fox on Burton Hills, who took us over both railways and on towards Ladbroke, but we had to give in near Watergall Farm.

At a special meeting of the subscribers to the Warwickshire Hounds and owners of coverts, held at the Warwick Arms on Wednesday, December 20th, in consequence of Lord Willoughby de Broke having expressed his intention of resigning the mastership of the hounds.

Present: Sir Charles Mordaunt, chairman, Lord North, Captain Allfrey, H. Fane Gladwin, C. H. B. Whitworth, W. M. Low, C. H. Jolliffe, Captain Osborne, A. M. Tree, Basil Hanbury, E. Knott, J. W. Lea, J. B. Johnson, J. S. Cookson, J. Lowe, J. Oldham, and Captain Armstrong, the hon. secretary.

A letter was read from Lord Willoughby to the hon. secretary, in which he expressed his intention of resigning the mastership of the Warwickshire Hounds at the end of the season, owing to the expenses having increased

so enormously of late years ; but stating that if the subscribers would largely increase their subscriptions he would go on.

It was unanimously resolved that Sir Charles Mordaunt, as chairman, should write a letter to Lord Willoughby to the effect that the meeting had unanimously resolved that every effort should be made to induce Lord Willoughby to keep the hounds, and that the hon. secretary, Major Armstrong, had ascertained that up to the present, increased subscriptions had been promised for the season 1894-95 amounting to 250/. That this meeting would be adjourned till the middle of February, before which time it was hoped Lord Willoughby would inform the hon. secretary what further guarantee he would require.

At this time a stage coach, which had for many years been running between Leamington and Stratford-on-Avon, was taken off the road, but Mr. Macgregor has put it on again, and named it "The Revival."

In the old coaching days a man found himself an inside passenger with only one other, who wore a neck handkerchief twice round, and appeared to be unable to enter into any conversation. The first-mentioned man said to the guard : "What is the matter with this gentleman ? Is he ill or out of his mind ?" The reply was : "Oh, he is all right, *but he was hung yesterday, and after he had been cut down his friends revived him, and now he is going home.*"—C. M.

About this time Lord Lonsdale, master of the Quorn, initiated a very great reform with respect to second horse-men. He requested that they should be ordered to keep together, and in the roads and lanes as far as possible. In former days these young gentlemen used to have too good a time of it. We all remember Leech's celebrated caricature—the grinning boy going full gallop close to the hounds, and saying : "Dear me, what a delightful thing ! I wonder where master can be." On the other page master is depicted, with a thoroughly beaten horse, wiping

his brows, and looking round in vain for "the rascally boy."

Captain Smith and Lord Melgund were once riding hacks, as they had been lamed by falls. They saw the second horsemen, led by Billing, Lord Dupplin's man, taking a sort of bee-line across country. At last one of them rode at a gate into the road where the two well-known steeplechase riders were standing, and smashed every bar of it. Still, there are plenty of good, trusty, and steady second horsemen.

The late Captain Benyon told us a good story of second horsemen. He heard them talking together one day with the Bicester. One said to the others: "My guv'nor will be wanting his lunch about this time, but the worst of it is I never can find him." "Oh," said another, "I allas knows my old bloke." Captain Benyon watched the man to see whom he went up to. Sure enough it was Lord North.

*December 21st, Birdingbury Hall.*—Cold, with snow on the ground in places. Found the second fox at Ladbroke Gorse, got away at once, and ran very fast towards the Welsh Road, but turned short back, and ran along the Vale and up the hill between Priors Hardwick and Boddington, down into the Vale, beyond and across it, leaving Priors Marston on the left, up to the hills, where the pack threw up on the cold ploughs. Time up to there forty minutes of the best, with only one check. Hit it off at last, and hunted it up to the foot of Shuckburgh Hill, where I thought it best to stop the pack, as all the earths would be open.

### "Rusticus Expectans" in the *Field*:

This brings me to a first-class day on Thursday, December 21st, at Birdingbury Hall. I am obliged to have recourse to the account of a kind friend, one of the heavy brigade, writing under the pseudonym of "Historiens," as I could not get out. He seems thoroughly inspired with the ardour of the chase and the enthusiasm of the day's sport, and even breaks into poetry, which I know you do not like. Hounds could not have picked a finer line, and it will be one of the red-letter days of the year, hounds having really run on a first-rate scent. My good friend's pen rather plunges at starting, but he settles down at the finish, and just goes nicely up to the bridle:

"A representative company assembled at the favourite fixture. Twenty couples supplied the fighting strength of the lady pack. They posed themselves gracefully on the green sward, and looked, as they subsequently proved themselves to be, in the pink of condition. There is a quiet dignity in the features of these Warwickshire hounds, so often associated in the human subject with conscious power and force of character. [Gently on,

'Historiens'!—R. E.] Mr. Blythe welcomed all comers to his generous hospitality, and to that gentleman we are indebted for the good fox subsequently found at Debdale. The late bountiful rains have softened the ground, and also hardened our hearts, as is evidenced by the degree of inspiration developed in the day's sport; the bright sunshine threw a golden halo around the animated scene when hounds and horses moved on, and showed up the panoply of wealth and fashion grateful to the eye in these bad times. [Steady, old man, you haven't been at the cherry brandy, surely!—R. E.] The tall spinneys yielded no response to the call, so we trotted on to Debdale, where the noble master carefully drew the lower part of the wood, and then the gorse. After some slight delay hounds proclaimed a find, and a fox was viewed crossing the ride and on through the wood northwards. He slipped away along the Vale, then turned by the left to Birdingbury Hall, paying our worthy host and good preserver the compliment of crossing the place of meeting, and the spinneys doubtless familiar. The hounds were on his track instantly, and their cheery voices rang out merry music as he crossed the undulating fields. Though the scent was indifferent on the plough, yet, by the close attention of the huntsman, and by making up the pace on the grass, a good hunting run was obtained. Two empty saddles, the result of cutting in unfairly at a fence, caused the two sportsmen to lose the run. In fact, I passed one coming home in the dark, and he said he walked after the good brown mare to Dunchurch station, then back to Frankton, before he found her, and arrived at Ladbroke ten minutes too late for the run of the day. I gave him the Irish consolation ['Historicus,' this was unworthy of your well-known kindness of heart.—R. E.] that he might just as well have been there ten years as ten minutes too late. Then we got on the grass, but were almost immediately confronted with the swollen Leam. There were two possibilities of crossing—one by a brick footbridge, one side of which had fallen in, leaving one side unprotected, scarce 3ft. wide, with a bad approach; the other alternative being a ford some hundred yards below. Three sportsmen got through the ford all right; another impetuous animal followed, but failing to keep to the hidden path, started on a Captain Boyton expedition, and a dissolution of partnership resulted. How cold that bath must have felt! I hope the good sportsman sampled the cherry brandy at Birdingbury Hall, at the fixture, and further that he is none the worse for his immersion. I, with the majority, trusted the bridge even with its bad and dangerous approach; it wanted some nerve to crawl over this mantrap. I hope the worthy proprietor will have it repaired before I have the questionable pleasure of testing its strength again. We galloped on sharply through Frankton village, where another loose chesnut horse was indulging in some vagaries of its own sweet will. We ran on by Bourton Hall to Lester's Piece, and finally hounds had to give up the then scentless search near Kite's Hardwick. Then we had a long trot to Ladbroke Gorse. That historical covert was true to its best traditions. Scarce had the hounds whimpered in the thicket when out shot a bold specimen at the left-hand corner; but the other, that went more to the right hand, was the one the remorseless ladies fixed their fates upon. [Lord Willoughby said that the bitches came out to his horn, tumbling one over the other, as if you had kicked or thrown them out, and he knew at once there was a scent.—R. E.] The fox they were after slid down the long spinney



and out in the direction of Radbourne for his own dear life; and did he not lead us a merry dance, a glorious prelude to our Christmas joys? The pace grew fast and furious. Those glorious grass fields, in all their sober solitude, are galvanised into life. Brave soldiers, courtly gentlemen, fair ladies, hard-bitten Warwickshire farmers, all joined issue. Go it, ye wild men from Borneo, on your steeplechasers! Catch 'em if you can. Now for your courageous and bewitching feats of horsemanship, gentle Amazons, vieing gracefully with the more determined dash of grim warriors, while the struggling efforts of the poor fatties are a kind of *lever de rideau*. [Go it, 'Historicus!' keep the tambourine a rowlin'!—R. E.] The uncompromising fences added to the all-absorbing interest of the contest between foxhounds, horses, and riders. On the right in the front rank are three good men and true, the initials of their surnames beginning with the letter B, and two others with the letter C respectively; but I must not mention names, as everyone deserves the highest praise for his courage and prowess. The punters followed them over the first two fences. A gallant captain on a big bay with a white face is fired with such enthusiasm that he darts over the ugly, wild fences like so many sheep hurdles. My Lord and Jem, the whip, were in the front rank when the hounds crossed the canal. [Jem told me he never saw hounds run straighter or faster; they never swerved from right to left, but took a bee line and crossed the fences from field to field just as they came to them.—R. E.] How well I remember galloping down to what I fancied was a friendly gate, but which I found to my chagrin were four solid posts and rails, with a wide ditch full of thorns on the landing side! How they frowned at me! but behind were some ladies who had most bravely jumped everything. What to do? 'Go or perish,' said my monitor, so I hardened my heart and got over without even a peek, thanks to my generous beast. Then we had a go at a wide ditch and fence into a green lane, and had to jump out the other side. [Well done, old man! It's a poor heart that never rejoices!—R. E.] Then came the canal, but we found a bridge on the left. Afterwards hounds enticed us over some glorious grass fields, which at this moment seem like a pleasant dream of all that is dearest in this world, and brought us straight to Hardwick Hill. [It was twenty-seven minutes up to here, and hounds had never checked or faltered since they left Ladbroke.—R. E.] Here condition in man and horse began to tell its tale. One young gentleman rolled off his horse in the middle of a grass field from sheer exhaustion; another brave cavalry man, on a good brown mare, told me that he lost his stirrup at the second fence, and rode all the run with one iron. Another gallant colonel, as brave as they make them, got a nasty smack in the eye. A youthful scion of a noble house, true to the family tree, drove his mount to the front; but the pace was too hot for the hireling, who turned him end over end. Another venerable sportsman, white with the frosts of seventy winters, was running after his good bay horse, as lithe and active still as a schoolboy at football. By Mr. Thursby's new covert there came a welcome check. Gentle reader, believe me everyone hailed it with secret delight. Some men had to walk up the hill and lead their steeds. His lordship quickly regained his fox's line, and hounds hunted well along the hill towards Boddington village. Then they swing round again at a capital pace to the left over the Priors Hardwick and Boddington road, and over Middleton's farm to Priors Marston Hill. [I am told that no one was very near the hounds here except Lord

Willoughby and Mr. Campbell Blair.—R. E.] Here there was a slight check, but they soon regained the line, and, sinking the hill, took to the Helidon Vale as if for Shnekburgh, and again came to fault close under the shadow of the big hill. With great reluctance Lord Willoughby gave him up. [He felt sure, I am told, that the fox had gone on into Shnekburgh, and did not wish to disturb it, especially as the earths were most likely open.—R. E.] What a spot to have chosen for yielding up his tired, worn-out carcass; the stately woods would have echoed with the requiem of the relentless hounds, and the funeral honours would have been enacted in the presence of the *élite* of the chase, the tall trees nodding their branches. A thousand pities that hounds were denied their just reward. I was told yesterday [But what a lot of stories one is told.—R. E.] that the occupier of the land near the point where we gave it up found him crawling up a ditch, but could not bring himself to holloa. The day will long be remembered in the annals of the Warwickshire Hunt—and its rich memories should never fade from the minds of those present. All who have the felicity to follow the fortunes of the county pack under the sceptre of Lord Willoughby de Broke are well aware—if the humble historian may be permitted to allude to the subject—that foxhunting cannot be maintained in the uniformly thorough style of the Warwickshire as now developed except at a great expense, which cannot help causing grave anxiety to the noble and worthy master, already burdened with the sacrifice of time and worry inseparable from his position both as M.F.H. and as a large landowner. Under these circumstances might I be allowed to respectfully suggest to any who are blessed with a fair share of means, that they should remember that at the present time substantial help to the Hunt funds would be a blessing and a boon, and be the best invoice for securing a good start and a front seat whenever the pack repeat their splendid performance of Thursday last.” [Thank you, “Historicus.”]

### THE RUN FROM LADBROKE GORSE.

DECEMBER 21ST, 1893.

ON this calm afternoon at this famous old gorse,  
 The Warwickshire Hunt is assembled in force,  
 Arrayed in gay costume, befitting the chase,  
 The men lent their courage, the ladies their grace.  
 Oh! scarce had hounds whimpered in thicket so strong,  
 Than up jumped three foxes, they drove one along,  
 That towards the right corner like lightning did fly,  
 Where Jem's merry holloa soon rent the clear sky.

Tumbling swift out of covert they proved a sure scent,  
 And their musical chimes soon showed them intent  
 On the line of their fox; down the spinney they flew,  
 And straight towards Radbourne how keen they pursue;  
 It soon becomes clear that we're out of the hunt  
 Unless, my good friends, we push on to the front,  
 Those pastures so sombre soon glistened with life,  
 With the image of war, a guerilla of strife.

Then fair ladies rode as they ne'er rode before,  
 Grim warriors were minded of brave deeds of yore,  
 The Warwickshire squires, inspired by the chace,  
 Proved worthy descendants of valour and race.  
 Our hard-bitten farmers were not far behind,  
 Though late to them fate has been somewhat unkind;  
 Poor Fatties soon showed their best efforts as keen  
 As of those blest by nature with bodies more lean.

Those big wattled fences—the pace was so great—  
 Denied us the help of the erst friendly gate;  
 No matter how big or how hairy the place,  
 No grace for the funkier who once turns his face.  
 One captain so brave on the white-faced bay\*  
 Ghastly places flew o'er, where, at dinner that day,  
 Some said they had followed—they possibly may—  
 But as no one else saw them, no more will *we* say!

On the right of the Hunt were three brave men and true  
 Whom none did o'ertake till the bridge was in view,  
 When the Master and Jem, coming up with a swing,  
 Cheered on their swift hounds—hear the wild echoes ring!  
 Well o'er the canal, we now galloped away  
 O'er sweetest of country, the *best* many say,  
 Until we had reached Priors Hardwick's long hill,  
 Where some cried "To ground"; others said, "'Tis a kill"—

'Twas twenty-six minutes from Ladbroke's old gorse,  
 And the hounds had the best of each rider and horse,  
 Without falter or check in the slightest degree,  
 Now a check was a blessing to many and *me*!  
 Some led up their steeds to the top of the hill,  
 Others emptied their flasks with a jolly good will,  
 And some even sat down upon the green sward,  
 Such panting and puffing there never was heard.

This moment of rest—it is all very fine,  
 But his Lordship's again on this wild fox's line.  
 Hounds hunted him well towards Boddington Village,  
 He visits, no doubt, the dark scenes of his pillage.  
 Priors Marston is passed, on by Helidon still,  
 And dark through the mist looms old Shuckburgh Hill.  
 Though the line is still forward, and owned by each hound,  
 Hereabouts they say "Charley" a substitute found.

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\* Captain J. Barklie McCalmont, who hunted regularly with the Warwickshire, and often comes out still from Thorpe Mandeville, where he now resides.

The huntsman then finally gave up the game,  
 Not wishing to enter the Shuckburgh demesne.  
 So "Old Pug" saved his life in this desperate chace,  
 To repeat, we will hope, oft the same gallant race;  
 And transmit to his sons the same courage and pace  
 Which every fox needs to keep brush on his back  
 When he hears the dread cry of Lord Willoughby's pack,  
 Whose prestige and fame, long to Warwickshire dear,  
 Grows more and more sacred as year follows year.

A toast to the master! Full glass to your lip,  
 Here's luck to good Jack and the other brave whip!  
 With their triumphs the Peterboro' Show-ring resounds,  
 Yet each run tells us more of the worth of our hounds.  
 Let us see Melton thrusters occasionally here,  
 And I'll sell them some nags this stiff country to clear.  
 Neither horses or riders in courage must lack,  
 Who would keep well in sight of the Warwickshire pack.

HENRY FORD.

Mr. Henry Ford, who was also "Historicus" (*ib.*), did not, alas! live to see his cheery account of the run and his stirring lines in print. He was ill all the winter of 1895-96 from suppressed gout, and died at Brighton in July, 1896. He was buried at the New Milverton Cemetery on Tuesday, July 25. He will be much missed.

Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary;

*December 26th, Weston House.*—Found at Weston Heath, away at once through the gardens, and across the brook, nearly up to Burnington House, and up Brailes Hill; then down towards Barcheston Spinney, left that just on the left, and ran on up Honington Hill, and down again over the Shipston Road down to the brook. Turned back from there by Idlicote House, and on towards Honington; took a ring round and up to the Blackthorn Covert, and down by the house again, and by Whateombe, nearly to Oxhill Covert. Turned short to the right here, and ran by Compton Wyniates, to ground near Epwell White House, after running for three hours. Found again at Epwell Warren, a fox that had evidently done a bit of work, ran him a ring round by Brailes, and killed him close to where we found. Twenty minutes without a check.

*December 28th, Lower Shuckburgh.*—Found in the gardens, and ran towards Catesby, did not cross the brook, but swung right-handed towards Priors Marston, kept turning right-handed, and ran to ground in a drain between Napton and Shuckburgh Hill. Bolted and ran a half circle, leaving the hill about two fields on the left, kept on over the road, and went nearly to Fleeknoe, and pointed for Braunston Gorse; did not cross the brook, but kept turning left-handed, and was run into in the open about a mile beyond

Fleeknoe, after a pretty forty-five minutes from the drain. Found again at the Welsh Road Gorse, ran towards Southam, and crossed the road, and by Stockton, and over the other road, leaving Southam to the left nearly to Print Hill, and back into Ufton Wood, where we had to stop them at dark, after a good run of fifty minutes.

Stopped by frost from January 3rd to January 10th.

# WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1893.

LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
Cardinal } Careful } Dominic } Dorcas } Dorothy } Finder } Fiction } Flamer } Flanker } Flagrant } Flaxen } Foreman } Gainful } Golden } Grecian } Nimble } Nosegay } Notable } Novice } Previous } Prophetess } Sailor } Sampson } Saucy } Talisman } Tamerlane } Taintless } Waspish }	Clasper (86)  The Belvoir Nominal  Fifer (86)  The Belvoir Gordon  Fifer (86) The Holderness Gaffer The Holderness Gaffer The Holderness Gaffer The Belvoir Nominal  The Belvoir Nominal  Pilot (88) Rhymer (88)  The Holderness Gaffer  The Grafton Gambler  Wildboy (89)	Royalty (90)  Dimity (90)  Stainless (89)  Fancy (86)  Proxy (88) Homespun (89) Freedom (90) Fiery (89) Hero (89)  Huntress (88)  Parasol (88) Patience (88)  Sally (89)  Trusty (87)  Wasteful (90)

This was a good fair entry, but the young hounds were not successful at Peterborough.

The old ones did well, Trampler was second for the stallion hound prize. Fullerton, Furrier, Warlock, and Glancer won the prize for two couples of entered hounds, and, with the addition of Trampler and Wildboy, won the champion cup.

Rarity, Reckless, Fulsome, and Princess were second for best two couples of entered bitches, and, with the addition of Royalty and Starlight, won the champion cup. Royalty took the champion cup for the best bitch in any class.

## From Sir C. Mordaunt's diary :

*January 22nd.*—A fine day's sport from a meet at Goldicote. Found at Mr. Lowe's spinney near Ettington. Ran by Brick Hill Gorse to the right of Lower Pillerton and the New Covert, and over Herd Hill as if for Edge Hill

thence to the right over the Banbury Road, and to ground at Oxhill Gorse. Another fox went away, and hounds ran by Kirby House to Spencer's Gorse, and thence very fast over Compton Wyniaties Hill, to ground at the Warren.

"*Rusticus Expectans*," in the *Field*, has a spirited account of a very good day's sport from Compton Verney on January 18th, the day after the Hunt Ball.

I daresay some of the strangers who came down to the Hunt Ball, and were out to-day (January 18th), thought that we conducted our hunting operations on somewhat strange and unusual lines. Instead of waiting at the meet to talk over the events of the night before, the music and the supper, &c., hounds moved off exactly at the specified time, found directly, ran for twenty minutes hard, and killed. After another out of the same drain, ran hard for another twenty minutes, and killed. Found again in ten minutes, ran for forty minutes, and lost. Went straight off, found again in another ten minutes, and so on. Every hunt conducts its plan of operations in its own way, and ours is certainly not the "Great Dawdle Hunt." In fact, I daresay that some of the overnight partners never foregathered again, and that the soft confidences were consequently never renewed. I know for one that there were lots of friends out whom I never had time to see or speak to. One man in particular shouted to me by my old college nickname, said he had not seen me for years, thanked me for a lead over a rail, and so we parted, perhaps not to meet again for another decade, unless this catches his eye and he sends name and address, for I have not the slightest idea who he was or where he came from.

"The nearer the meet, the later the start," might be added to the list of family and hunting proverbs, which includes "the farther from home, the harder the seat," &c. Still, it was a pity to miss the meet at Compton Verney on Thursday, January 18th, the day after the Hunt Ball. No prettier sight could be witnessed in mid-winter in any county in England. It was a splendid morning, and even the ball-goers turned up in good time, putting us lazy ones to shame. They say there is nothing like a good gallop after a ball to set you all right, and we had that to-day; in fact, we had done a day's work by half-past one or two o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. Cassel had a party at Compton Verney, and I noticed amongst others Count Metternich on the gallant grey, and I hope he enjoyed his ride on him as much as I did, and, needless to say, there was a friendly welcome and the usual hospitality for all comers, late and early. Who would have thought of finding two foxes in a kali field, and yet this is what happened on Mr. Basil Hanbury's farm. Before I got my little chap fairly into the saddle they had found, and were running hard to Chadshunt, along the boundary fence. We had to send the ponies along to catch them, but they turned away from us at the big field, and chased him down to Kineton, where he went into the culvert by the railway bridge. Two came out, and hounds caught the second, which they said was the hunted one; but away they went with the other, and there was evidently a clinking scent, past the station, King John's Well, or rather where it used to be before the new waterworks were put up—it is now superseded by a gas engine, so marches time and change along—then by Brookhampton Farm, and, with no check, past or through the New Covert, I could not quite see which, as I had made a baddish turn, down to Combroke. There was a check here on the North Side Allotments,

but they hit it off directly, and my little chap took his first fall over a tiny rail and ditch, but scrambled up like a good one, and on again, so we were well in at the death, which took place directly afterwards down in Bath Hill, close to the Bath. A very mangy one, so well killed out of the way of mischief and misery. Before I had time comfortably to change from 14 to 16 hands, they had found again at Bowshot, and went away a regular cracker to Lighthorne Rough, and, without dwelling there or at Bishop's Gorse—we remembered as we swept by the good run from here after the Hunt Ball two years ago—took the meadows at the back of Lighthorne, leaving the Red House just on the right, by Hit or Miss, to Itchington Holt without the semblance of a check, except the minute or two they took in passing through the gorse, horses and men showing the severity of the pace and the heat of the ball-room. This good fox never dwelt there, but, without waiting to listen for the band to strike up again, was off down the centre of the Vale. Here the dancing began in earnest, and all those who had got up in time started to the jovial tune, though some of the party, including our worthy host, soon found the floor rather soft and sticky. At first we ran for Gaydon Hill, and the pace of the foxhunters' gallop began to moderate as we turned to the left at the Burton Allotments, as if for Watgall, but, swinging to the right, made for Burton Hill. The "Sunlight,"\* which no gold or silver mine could buy, was enlivening the scene. "Paul Jones's" black flag was, as usual, flying at the fore. Col. Hollis was qualifying for his new appointment at Cork by taking one more measure of the strength of the Warwickshire rails, Mr. Tree was boring one or two handsome holes on the right, while I noticed several dancers making the best of their day out, and a young gentleman on a nice grey horse going straight and well to the music of the ball. The weather changed from warm and still to rather stormy, and scent seemed to fail; but Lord Willoughby, whose young bay horse carried him splendidly, made a useful little east at the Northend railway bridge, and, leaving Bawentts on the right, we ran up to the old Burton Toll-bar. At Marlborough Farm the first *contretemps* happened. In the big field, which we crossed the other night, some sheep and some cattle crossed the line, and while the huntsman was getting them forward, as he generally does, they most unluckily hit the wrong scent. The fox went straight on and out at the far corner, where a man saw him, but, unfortunately, as he told me, though "he hooted as loud as he could," no one heard him till too late. All the same they made a good line on towards Burton Hill Farm (Harbage's), and then to the left over the Banbury Road, and up to Burton Church. Here he had been viewed twice, but, as I said before, the day had changed rather for the worse, and we had got too far behind, so we had to give it up. We had been galloping and moving and jumping for two hours with hardly a stop, and I was glad for one to call at Mr. Fairbrother's, and the good old Timekeeper turned up from Banbury Market just in time to offer us some welcome hospitality, of which his old colonel and the hon. chaplain were not slow to avail themselves. When we got down the hill we found they had started an outlying fox at the engine-house at the bottom of the flying railway. He ran into Bawentts, where he hung to the covert for some time,

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\* Mr. E. Cassel's well known chesnut horse. He once jumped a "kissing gate" on the swing. It was afterwards said two children were sitting on it.

but his lordship very cleverly got us all up to the east end, so he broke at the west, and we thought we might end with another good run. There seemed, however, to be no smell about this customer, and, though he took the Vale well towards Kineton, we never got on very fast, and at the Squire's farm—Chadshunt—I left them (as my horse had done quite enough) making their way back left-handed towards Bedlam. I heard afterwards that they ran this bad fox into a stick heap on the Squire's farm. After half an hour bolted him, he was chased by a collie, and got into the big double, where he doubled back right through the hounds, but was finally caught and eaten, so the huntsman, at any rate, went home happy.

### From Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary :

*January 30th, Weston House.*—Found at Weston Heath, went away at once, and ran by Little Wolford and over the brook as if for Todenham, but turned to the left, along the second brook, and went through Lemington Coppice to Wolford Wood, through it without dwelling a moment, and out on the Barton side; turned to the right when near Barton Grove, and left Little Compton on the left, and kept along the Vale, leaving Chastleton on the right, nearly to Evenlode Village, where the fox saved his life by getting to ground in a drain only fifteen yards before the pack, after a capital run of forty-five minutes. Found again at Wolford Wood, ran again out to Evenlode Main, and on nearly to where we ran the first fox to ground, and took a loop there and back through Evenlode Main, and on, leaving Moreton-in-Marsh on the right, and up to the high ground above Donnington, where I stopped them, as there were four foxes before us. Another capital run of over an hour, with all the horses beat.

Greville Verney wrote a capital account of this day's sport for me, which appeared in the *Field*.—W. R. V.

This was the best day of the season, as both runs were over grass and without a check.—C. M.

### From Sir C. Mordaunt's diary :

*February 6th.*—Found in the afternoon on the hillside near Gulliver's Osiers, and ran, leaving Shutford Village on the left, and both Tadmarton Villages on the right, to Broughton Water Mill; thence by Miller's Osiers and through Claydon Hill, over the Banbury and Stratford Road, and to the left, over the hill to Balscote Mill; thence over the grass, leaving Shutford Chump to the left, and Epwell Village to the left, and down the Tysoe and Epwell Road nearly to Shemington Village, where the fox was killed in the open, after a good run of an hour and fifteen minutes.\*

At the adjourned special meeting of subscribers to the Warwickshire Hounds and owners of coverts, held at the Warwick Arms on Wednesday, February 7th, 1894, the

\* "He has a skin like a wolf, my lord," said Jack Boore as he dismembered this gallant old fox, who had had his last game of romps with the Warwickshire Hounds. Mr. Greville Verney wrote a capital account of this run for "*Rusticus Expectans*," in the *Field*. It deserves insertion, but our space is too limited, and we are unfortunately obliged to omit a great many fair days' sport at this time.



following were present: Sir Charles Mordaunt, chairman, Lord North, Colonel Paulet, Hon. and Rev. W. R. Verney, Captain Allfrey, Captain Osborne, H. R. Fairfax Lucy, H. Fane Gladwin, Rev. H. Knightley, Captain McCalmont, G. F. D. Fullerton, W. Bouch, A. Thursby, Basil Hanbury, C. H. B. Whitworth, A. M. Tree, C. Smith Ryland, W. Shaw, J. W. Lea, W. Fairbrother, J. B. Johnson, J. Canning, and Captain Armstrong, hon. secretary.

The hon. secretary having stated that the sum of 672*l.* 15*s.* had been promised as additional subscriptions for the next season, the chairman, Sir Charles Mordaunt, wrote to Lord Willoughby de Broke on behalf of the meeting, stating that this sum will probably reach 700*l.*, and trusts that should the entire sum guaranteed amount to 3200*l.*, it would be sufficient to enable him to tide over the present difficulty, and continue to hunt the Warwickshire country for many years to come.

From Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary:

*February 8th, Long Itchington.*—Very large field out, lots of carriages and foot people besides, so the fox found at Debdale was headed in all directions. Got away at last with the fox half beat, and ran towards Leamington Hastings, and turned to the right, pointing to Southam, and then to the left over the road, and through Calcote Spinney, and killed on the towing-path of the canal by Shuckburgh Village. Found again at the Welsh Road Gorse, and got away with a good start, but the fox was headed and chased by our dogs all over the place. When at last we settled down we ran him at a hunting pace, leaving Napton on the left and Priors Marston on the left, and, on leaving Griffin's Gorse on the left, by Charwelton Osiers, and ran to ground in a drain between there and Preston Capes. A good hunting run.

This was a run of eight miles from point to point, over a splendid country.

I rode the Rev. Mr. Cope's pony Toby, late Curate, in both these runs. When giving his lordship a lead near Broadwell, I tore the sole of my boot off, but borrowed a shoe from the Rev. A. Irwin, at Napton, and got down in time to the Welsh Road. This was the best pony I ever had, or ever saw. I borrowed him one day at a clerical meeting, and rode him all the winter. He had never been over a fence till he was nine years old, but he soon learned to jump any fence in Warwickshire, with 13st on his back,

that any horse could clear. He could trot twelve miles an hour in harness, and understood every word you said to him, and could almost speak himself. I sold him in March for 40*l.* to Mr. Wallis Wilson, of Leamington, and ought to have had 140*l.* for him.—W. R. V.

*February 15th, Lower Shuckburgh.*—Found at the Hill, where hounds divided. Part turned back to the House; seven couples got away with a fox at the far end, and ran at a great pace, leaving Dane Knoll on the left, as if for Holidon, and kept on straight over the valley between there and Shuckburgh, and ran to ground in a drain near Priors Marston, after a very good thirty minutes. Found again at Ufton Wood, and ran hard in it for an hour, then got away at the bottom, and ran hard down to the canal, then over the Fosse Road and up the hill nearly to Radbourne; thence turned very sharp left-handed, and sunk the hill and crossed the Fosse Road, and recrossed it close to the railway, over it, and killed in the open just beyond, after twenty-seven minutes in the open, without a check. A good seenting day.

Stopped by frost on 20th, 22nd, and 23rd.

*February 24th. The Kennels.*—Found at Oxhill Covert, ran very fast through Hell Brake and on as if for Brailes, and by the Blackthorn Covert towards Honington, but turned up by Idlicote House, through Hell Brake again, and away as if for Compton Wyniates, but turned to the left, and we lost near Oxhill. Heard of a fox going towards Spencer's Gorse, and he waited for us there. Ran him with a moderate scent by Compton Wyniates House, and on through the Dingle as far as Sugarswell Farm, across the Sugarswell Lane, and sunk the hill just above Tysoe. The moment the hounds sunk the hill the pace improved, and they rattled along very pretty, at first parallel with the hills, but turned to the left and crossed the Tysoe and Kineton Road, and went close by Oxhill Villa and round Oxhill Village, through the covert, and away over Kirby Field as if for Compton Wyniates again, but the fox could not get there, and was killed in the open just before reaching the Tysoe Road, after a good run of two hours.

*March 9th.*—Ran a very fast ring of forty minutes from Ladbroke Gorse, and killed in the open near the Welsh Road Gorse.

At the annual meeting of subscribers to the Warwickshire Hounds and owners of coverts, held at the Warwick Arms on March 21st, a cordial vote of thanks was voted to Lord Willoughby de Broke for the handsome manner in which he had hunted the country during the past season, and for the sport he had shown.

Lord Willoughby agreed to hunt the country as usual during the ensuing season, 3300*l.* being guaranteed him for that purpose.

At the end of the season a point-to-point race between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge was arranged,







**Photograph of Watergall Covert.**

**By**

**Mr. R. O. Milne.**

and the course was chosen by Lord Willoughby, starting near the New Cottages, on what was Harbage's Farm, and taking a circle round Owlington and Frog Hall, went on along the E. and W. Junction Railway, and the finish was in the field next the Railway Bridge on the Banbury Road. It was won for Cambridge by Lord Lovat, the Duke of Marlborough being second for Oxford. It was rather a severe course, but we are informed that the undergraduates rode exceedingly well.

*March 22nd, Gaydon Inn.*—Found at Watergall, ran over both railways, and through Burton New Covert, and along the hills as far as Knibb's Bushes, where we turned short to the right, and went by Bitham House, and down into the Vale, as if for Edge Hills; but swung right-handed, went by Burton Hill Farm and Marlborough, left Bawcutt's Covert on the right, and ran straight to Bishops Itchington Village, where we came to a long check on the ploughs, and could never do much more good, though we hit it off, and pointed slowly back to Watergall, but I would not go on for fear of killing a vixen there. Time up to the check, one hour very good.

From Sir C. Mordaunt's diary :

*Thursday, March 22nd.*—A very fine run from Watergall. Crossing the brook at once, the hounds ran without a check to the Burton Hills, and over these to Avon Dassett, thence down the valley to a point on Mr. Gardier's farm near Marlborough, where they turned to the right, and ran over the East and West Junction Railway, straight to Bishops Itchington, and the fox ran some distance to the right along the Great Western Railway, and no doubt back into Watergall, where he might have been killed, but he was spared as there was a vixen in the covert. Lord Lonsdale, the master of the Quorn, and Tom Firr, his huntsman, were out, and had a good opportunity of seeing a fine performance of the Warwickshire hounds. Lord Lonsdale jumped both gates in and out of the East and West Junction Railway, a feat we had not up to that time seen performed. The run was at a good pace for an hour, up to the check at Bishops Itchington. Near the village, Lady Mordaunt got a very bad fall. It should be mentioned that on the way from the meet to the covert, someone remarked: "His lordship is going to draw his favourite *Waterfall*."

When lately staying in Leicestershire, I went to see the place, where Count Zborowski, during a run with the Quorn hounds, jumped both the gates in and out of the Great Northern Railway, within two fields of Lord Morton's Gorse. I measured the gates, which were six-barred, and each five feet high. The Count's horse hit the second gate with all four legs, but he got over without a fall. Mr. Markham got over the first gate, but did not

ride at the second, and no one else rode at them. Anyone else who saw the place would consider this an extraordinary feat of horsemanship.—C. M.

From Lord Willoughby de Broke's diary :

The hounds killed 102 foxes. Fifty brace of foxes have not been killed in Warwickshire since my father's time, when Jones was huntsman.

During the season of 1893-1894, old hay was extremely dear, and reached the price of 9*l.* a ton.

We read in the old *Sporting Magazine*, Vol. 15, page 86, that in the autumn of 1799-1800 forage and oats were so dear that several gentlemen resolved not to keep horses.

From the *Field*, July 14th :

THE PETERBOROUGH FOXHOUND SHOW.—That the seventeenth anniversary of the above should be celebrated under the presidency of Mr. Thomas Parrington (the father of foxhound competitions in our generation), was a matter of no little congratulation and appreciation. If this great central show at Peterborough has done nothing else, it may at least be claimed for it that it has raised the standard and widened the area of presentable foxhounds, so that, go where you will in England, you will nowhere in these days come across scratch packs, such as twenty years ago were so common at any distance from the fashionable centres. More than this, there are now a score, or even two score, of first-class kennels of foxhounds in the country, to the half-dozen that then constituted the sole repositories of shapeliness and of fashionable breeding. They do not all exhibit—more is the pity. But taste for, and knowledge of, hound breeding is now widely diffused; and Peterborough is year by year a more popular resort. Besides Masters of Hounds, and hunt servants, who at first made up the bulk of the spectators, more hunting men—and even hunting women—congregate at the ring side at Peterborough than the committee can now give room to, or, under present accommodation, protect from the weather. There was little to complain of on Wednesday; for the sun did not shine hotly, nor did the rain penetrate in full volume—more than once. Then it showed us, in its treatment of foremost and fairest, what it could have done had it wished. But for one point of improvement we have sincerely to thank the management. They have found room elsewhere for the noisy fox terriers. Or stay, had they invited them at all? We see no class or entries in the catalogue, and we heard none of the yapping we have found so distracting on previous occasions.

Record of the competition in the various classes is in a measure limited by the fact that the Warwickshire almost swept the board. Why should they not? Have they not done so before? And will they not do so again, till Lord Willoughby de Broke's secret of fusing quality and power in one harmonious whole shall have eked out for the benefit of others? (At present it deserves the exordium that Mr. Trucfit used to apply to some special elixir in the words "the insurmountable antagonism hitherto supposed to exist between the two essential ingredients, has at length been successfully overcome, &c.")



A good show it undoubtedly was, and we saw many good hounds on a fair level of excellence. But, if we are right in so saying, it introduced us to nothing obviously beyond compare, according to the appraisement of the day. Perhaps, by the help of Lord Willoughby, we are establishing our measure too high. His Waitress is certainly a lovely matron. But he has others quite as good at home. And the Craven Vagabond (by his Hermit) is a very handsome dog. Whether he will be as handsome as his sire we must wait another season or two to see. The judges seemed to have no difficulty in making their choice throughout; and as they are in a position to view with far more accuracy and readiness than any of us in the outer circle; and as, moreover, they were represented in the capable persons of Sir Bache Cunard, Mr. John Watson, and Mr. W. H. A. Wharton, we are quite content to accept their decisions without whisper of dissent. As to the two champion hounds, we did not hear, even from the most captious criticism, a differing opinion, when once their verdict was given. And believe us this is a great occasion for dogmatic opinionism, for solemn if whispered assertion, and for more or less silent yet distinctly unbending denial, on the part of the little outer world.

Well, apart from all this—or, let us say, in consideration of this privilege—the Foxhound Show is a charming occasion. It is a stopping place in our pilgrimage across the desert of summer. It is the point from which the promised land comes dimly into view. Hitherto, but for a Sunday at Tattersall's, or for a lounge within the pleasant portals of the Nimrod Club, we have found ourselves separated altogether from the camaraderie that belongs to what we look upon as the pith of our existence. At Peterborough we find ourselves thrown among it once more—and are happy, in the moment and in anticipation. Why, the very sparkle of scarlet, the new brilliant robing of the hunt servants, rouses as it will do our oldest hunter on his way to the next covert-side! Now to details of the show.

Though sixteen packs entered into this year's catalogue, fifteen only competed, the Cumberland not arriving till too late—these being the Bicester, Blankney, Cheshire, Craven, Essex, Mr. Fernie's, the Holderness, Lanark and Renfrewshire, Mr. Mackenzie's, the Oakley; Mr. Burdon-Sanderson's, the Southdown, Vale of White Horse, the Warwickshire, and the Worcestershire.

The class for young dog hounds secured most nominations, and the Warwickshire opened the ball by securing first prize with a smart, well-matched, and blood-like couple by their Furrer (son of the well-known Fifer), their names being Dancer and Traverser. Second to them were placed the Oakley Fallible and Boaster (by Belvoir Daneer and Belvoir Shamrock respectively); and to Oakley Fallible was awarded the special prize for the best single young hound. In this class Mr. Austin Mackenzie also showed an exceedingly nice couple, Gaffer and Saffron—these displaying, as is the characteristic of his kennel, great quality, fashion, and activity.

The Warwickshire next took leading honours for the best two couples of entered hounds, with four one-season hunters, viz., Dominic, by Belvoir Nominal; Grecian, by Holderness Gaffer; Sailor, by ditto; Talisman by Grafton Gambler; beating, among others, two good lots shown by the Oakley and Mr. Mackenzie. Second in this class were the Craven family, Vagabond, Valesman, Vampire, and Vanquisher (by Warwickshire Hermit out of Volatile, by Rustic). The first two of this handsome band of brothers were last year, it will be remembered, winners of the unentered hound competition; and these, therefore, are also all one-season hunters.

The class for stallion hounds gave us thirteen entries, including Furrier, sire of the Warwickshire young winners, the Oakley Galloper (who looked almost too lusty for the occasion), Mr. Mackenzie's charming Trumpeter (by last year's winner, Pytchley Paradox), Mr. Fernie's very taking dog Ringwood (another Warwickshire Hermit), the compact and powerful Trounce of the Essex, with forearms like those of a prizefighter), a nice dog, Trespasser of the Cheshire (who did not seem greatly to attract the judges), and Garnet, a great good dog from the Blankney, by Belvoir Glanceer. In the end the Essex (showing for the first time) won with Trounce, by Whaddon Chase Turner out of Truelass, by Grafton Danceer. Doubtless he was the best dog, but he would be none the worse for a little more length, and once again we ventured to hanker after Mr. Mackenzie's nomination, the elegant Trumpeter.

But they were all to be beaten for the champion cup by the Craven Vagabond, a delightfully clean built and aristocratic hound, such as, it occurs to us, would well exemplify the type one has seen in Lord Middleton's kennels at Birdsall. To Major Ricardo, late Master of the Craven, belongs the credit of having bred this beautiful hound.

The Warwickshire, adding their young couple to their one-season hunters, of course carried off the president's cup for three couples of dog hounds, and then they proceeded to sweep up the prizes for the bitches.

Their second couple, viz., Needful, by Belvoir Nominal out of the famous Royalty Seamstress, by Wildboy (son of Pytchley Prompter), beat the well-grown young ladies of the Cheshire (by Belvoir Saxon) and many others. With Seamstress (the stronger of the two, and consequently *not* Nominal's daughter, as so many bystanders were led to suppose) they took the special prize for the best single hound of the class. By the way, what an advantage and boon it would be to lookers on, if by means of telegraph board or recital, we could in such cases be posted as to names of competitors!

Next the Warwickshire took more red ribbon for the best two couples of entered hounds, with Fulsome, Waitress, Helpless, and Princess; and with Waitress (by Bramham Hospodar) they took first prize for brood bitches; the Cheshire second with Gauntlet (by Belvoir Guardsman). The Oakley ladies were, as usual, splendid specimens of their sex, and among them were Dahlia and Sunshine, the young winners of last year, when Dahlia had the special prize.

The Blankney took first honours for the best two couples of entered hounds (of either sex), from a pack of not more than thirty couples. Then the Warwickshire gave us one more show. They added Royalty and the almost equally well-known Hero to their two couples, and thus walked easily away with Mr. Arthur Wilson's cup for the best three couples. Finally, they sent Hero and Waitress into the ring for Mr. Ashton's champion cup, and brought it out with Waitress—John Boore thus returning home fluttering with red ribbon at every buttonhole, and doubtless with pride in every nerve.

It is pleasing to mention that after luncheon Mr. Barford, chairman of the committee, was presented by the Marquis of Huntly and some 300 subscribers with a testimonial in recognition of his kindly zeal and success in promoting the show in question. It remains to add, that among the many masters and ex-masters of hounds by the ring side were, besides the veteran Mr. Robert Watson, who has recently reached the jubilee year of his mastership and of hunting his own hounds, Lords Huntly, Worcester, Lonsdale, Willoughby de Broke, Chesham, North, Sir Reginald Graham, Sir H.

Langham, Majors Wickham, Ricardo, Tempest, Browning, Drake, Park Yates, Messrs. Ames, Ashton, J. Arkwright, Bathurst, Brand, De Burgh, Fernie, T. Fitzwilliam, Fielden, Lindsell, Mackenzie, Butt-Miller, Chandos-Pole, Portal, Colville-Smith, Rawnsley, Rigden, Sherbrooke, Thursby, Wrangham, Wright, Wroughton, with several others, and many hunt servants. Of the general public it would be impossible to attempt any representative list.

We may here mention that successes of the Warwickshire hounds at Peterborough have been so frequent, that we must apologise to our readers for not finding room for them all.

The following letter appeared in the *Field* on July 21st:

THE PETERBOROUGH SHOW.—SIR,—I have a resolution to propose, which is both radical and revolutionary; it will no doubt call down vials of wrath on my devoted head. Never mind; I must bear it.

I beg to move, Sir, "that the Peterborough Hound Show is useless and dangerous, and ought to be abolished." Possibly I may be in a minority of one in your columns; but, oddly enough, it happened that, while riding home from hunting one day late last season, my companion of the ride remarked to me: "The worst thing that ever happened for hunting is that Peterborough Hound Show!" We fell to discussing it, and, rightly or wrongly, we came to the conclusion that it led to breeding for looks and pace, to the disregard of nose and tongue. Is it so? Well, I venture to assert that a very fleet pack of silent hounds does not conduce to "the greatest happiness of the greatest number."

I have had the privilege of seeing in the field the pack which took premier honours at the last show, and, while I freely join in the universal admiration of their appearance, and the pace at which they can go, I venture to suggest that it is possible to have hounds too fast, and certainly too silent. No one doubts the tremendous pace at which the prize-winning pack can slip away from Shuckburgh or Ladbroke. But the reverse of the medal is often quickly apparent. An unjumpable fence, and having to wait your turn at a narrow wicket-gate or the only available gap, and where are you? If you are not one of the first three or four at the place, you may just as well be in barracks at Weedon or on the Parade at Leamington for all you will see of them again, as long as they are running straight and fast. And when they cease to run straight and fast, when the inevitable sheepdog or men at plough has caused a check, are they as ready to come to their noses when they have done racing as some less fashionable packs? Are they a killing pack? No doubt I shall be told they made a big bag last season. Quite so; but how many of the total were killed before November, and how many after Christmas, on the top of the ground?

Seriously, Sir, in these days of agricultural depression, and when too much cannot be done to make hunting popular with all classes, is it wise to "run the show" for men with a couple of two-hundred-guinea horses out?

Do one-horse men—the majority and the mainstay of most hunts—prefer to ride to a pack as fleet and as silent as greyhounds? I have my doubts.

THIRTY SEASONS.

[Our correspondent surely cannot be serious in suggesting that, in the hope

of showing successfully at the only show of the year, masters of hounds are ready to deliberately sacrifice working qualities for looks and pace—both, by the way, very excellent points. With regard to pace, the objection of “Thirty Seasons” that the Warwickshire go so fast that if you are, say seventieth or eightieth through a gap you see nothing of the hunting, does not, we think, come to much. If, instead of taking the Warwickshire, we substitute the very slowest pack of hounds to be found in England, should we see very much more of the fun if, from choice or necessity, we let about a hundred people go before us at a gate?—ED.]

From the *Field*, July 28th :

SIR,—It is not my intention to take up your time by defending this show, which can well be left to stand on its own merits, but as your correspondent, “Thirty Seasons,” has thought fit to go out of his way to run down the Warwickshire hounds, perhaps a few words from me will not be out of place. His insinuations as to their non-killing capabilities are easily answered.

Last season they killed between August 20th and November 1st nineteen brace of foxes; between November 1st and Christmas, thirteen brace (November was a very dull and scentless month); and between Christmas and March 19th, nineteen brace—fifty-one brace in all. Hunting ended on March 24th, owing to the hardness of the ground. Only three brace were dug out and killed on the earth after November 1st. Most of the foxes killed after October 1st died in the open after useful runs.

Now as to the “silence” of the pack.

If they are “silent,” it is evident that I know nothing whatever about the business to which I have devoted my best attention for the last eighteen years. During that time I have bred the Warwickshire hounds principally for cry; I have never bred from a hound in the least shy of throwing his or her tongue, and have never kept one another season. I may say another day, that I have ever detected on the line of a fox without speaking to it. Muteness is of course the worst fault a foxhound can have by a very long way.

But who could hear any pack from the position your correspondent appears to occupy, *i.e.*, the middle of a throng of seventy or eighty men and women jostling at a gap, and chattering to one another?

I quite agree with your correspondent that people like these, who have neither nerve to ride over a country nor sense to keep to the roads, but go about breaking and pulling down fences that they dare not ride over, would be far better on the Parade at Leamington, or in their homes.

Kington, Warwickshire, July 26th.

WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

SIR,—I agree with you that “Thirty Season’s” remark on the Peterborough hound shows, and, indeed, his whole letter, are not really worthy of attention.

Nevertheless, his insinuations (*a*) That Lord Willoughby de Broke keeps hounds in his kennel simply for show; (*b*) that the Warwickshire are a mute pack; (*c*) that they fail to kill their foxes, absurd though they are, might perhaps mislead the unwary, and should therefore, I think, not be entirely passed over without notice.

Having been intimately connected with the Warwickshire hounds ever since my boyhood, having had the honour of being master, and now having

the privilege of enjoying Lord Willoughby's confidence, I am in a position to give a flat contradiction to everyone of the statements of this anonymous critic.

NORTH.

16, Arlington-street, S.W., July 26th.

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SIR,—I had no intention of putting my finger in the pretty little pie created by Jack Horner of "Thirty Seasons." The Peterborough Hound Show can, as already affirmed, take care of itself; so can Lord Willoughby de Broke. But the Warwickshire is a county pack—raised to its present pre-eminence by a master hand, to whom the hunting qualities of a foxhound are a first desideratum. It has been my privilege for some years to ride to and watch these hounds—as closely as discretion and his lordship might allow. I have also studied their breeding carefully during the last fifteen years; and I deny utterly the right of "Thirty Seasons" to cast any such silly aspersions upon them, by way of illustrating his views upon the one hound show of the day. I recall several occasions on which better men than myself have been guided by ear alone in keeping touch with these grand foxhounds, over the strong Warwickshire country; and if Mr. Horner's ears were really rounded thirty years ago, is it not possible that, finding himself growing slow, he has developed a vice that entitles him to drafting at any cost? I may be flinging my own tongue too loudly when I venture to add that, having hunted, at home and abroad, some few packs of hounds as distinct from Peterborough type as Anarchists are from Archangels, I know only one more irreclaimable form of sinner than a silent hound. And that is a babbler.

And yet, but for this reckless and inexcusable riot upon Warwickshire, I could almost envy "Thirty Seasons" as he laughs in his anonymous corner, plum in hand and thumb to nose, "Oh what a good boy am I!"

BROOKSBY.

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SIR,—Your correspondents who take the adverse side to the Peterborough Show, evidently do not understand what riding to hounds means. In the Shires we do not ride to the cry of the hounds, but to the sight of them. The chief pleasure of riding to hounds is keeping them in view, and turning with the leading hounds in order, by taking the line of the base of the triangle, to gain an advantage. But although you have not time to hear much music, perhaps, when these hounds (which, there is no doubt, are bred for pace as well as cry) are running best pace on a breast high scent, let the same hounds be followed in working out a colder line, or running through woodlands, and there is plenty of cry. If the Warwickshire Hounds were taken down to Devonshire or Wales, or into the woodlands of Nottinghamshire, I will guarantee that they would "make the oaks ring again." I remember we found a fox at Debdale a few years ago, and they ran him by Birdingbury, through Frankton Wood and several other woods, to ground in the main earth of Waverley Wood. I had to leave to catch a train. Lord Willoughby said to me a few days afterwards: "You should have stopped out; it was a treat to hear the dog hounds run through the big woods."

RUSTICUS EXPECTANS.

I was once riding a roan horse of Mr. Cassel's, and came into Compton Verney after a rather poor day. I was introduced to a foreign friend of Mr. Cassel's, who looked at my boots and breeches, and said, "You have been to an execution, Monsieur." "No, Sir," I said, "we did not kill. There was no scent; the ground was too dry." "My friend means an excursion," said Mr. Cassel. "He means you have been out hunting." Mr. Cassel lent this same roan horse to his friend, Admiral Schroeder, to ride on the Emperor of Germany's staff at the great review at Aldershot. When the band struck up, the roan horse struck up also, and the Admiral, who was *peu solide*, fell off. "How kind of you, Admiral," said the ready Emperor. "You are the only one of my staff who has dismounted to salute me."—W. R. V.

It is said that on the first occasion when Mr. Cassel and his foreign friends went out shooting in the "Rides" at Compton Verney, Eales, the keeper, called out "Bear to the right," upon which one of the gentlemen put down his gun, ran to the nearest tree, and went up it.

Another time Miss Anna Cassel said to one of the guests before a shooting party: "You must not shoot a fox here, Baron, it would be very dangerous." "Indeed, Mademoiselle, do they attack you?"

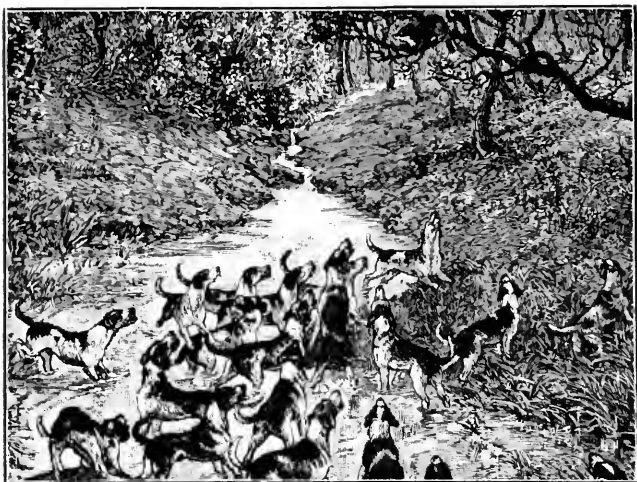
The Hon. Harry Bourke, brother of the late Lord Mayo, used to be a frequent visitor at Compton Verney in Mr. Cassel's tenancy. He was a welter weight, but a bold and forward rider. Some of his Irish stories are well remembered, *e.g.*: He was talking to an Irish squireen. "You should have been out yesterday with the Ward, Captain. We had a mighty fine hunt, and such lepping. Oi was riding my little mare—there she stands, Captain, isn't she illigant?—and we came to a dyke and bank. The bank was so high." He went to the wall of the box, and reached up as high as he could, (then he turned round and looked at Mr. Bourke to see how much he would swallow.) "*and that's where the timber began*, and beyond there was another dyke, as wide as an arum of the sea, and the little

mare she just took the whole in her stride, and went on in her gallop, just shaking a fly from her ear." "And what happened to the next man?" said Bourke. No answer for a minute or two, and then a twinkle in the eye: "They tell me, Captain, he's not expected to recover!"

Another day, he was driving on a car in Dublin, and the horse ran away down Union Street. He sat perfectly quiet for some time, but as the driver did not seem to be able to pull him up, he put his hand on the reins to help him. "For the love of all the Saints, Captain, don't touch them ;

THEY'RE AS ROTTEN AS PEARS."





THE LAST SHIFT.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Away to the chase when the grey morn is peeping,  
 And Sol, in his chamber in crimson array,  
 No longer is sleeping, the white mist is creeping  
 From hill and from dale at the breaking of day.

Away to the chase, and a truce to all sorrow,  
 This day is a bumper, we'll quaff it with joy ;  
 Ne'er think of to-morrow, but let us all borrow  
 Those pleasures from hunting which never can cloy.

*Vyner's "Notitia Venatica."*

LORD CHESHAM—GOOD RUN FROM KINTON OAKS—SPLENDID  
 RUN WITH THE QUORN HOUNDS—A NOTABLE RUN FROM  
 ITCHINGTON HOLT—A VERY HARD FROST—LONG RUN  
 FROM WESTON PARK—GOOD DAY'S SPORT FROM HAM  
 BRIDGE—GOOD-BYE, SWEET HORN !—ESCAPE OF LORD  
 NORTH—EXTRACTS FROM SIR WALTER CAREW'S DIARY  
 —“ FAREWELL ” BY C. M.

SEASON 1894-95.

At this time Lord Chesham bought Upton House and the property from Lord Jersey, and came to reside there. He and others of his stamp are indeed a great acquisition



**Lord Chesham.**  
**From a photograph by**  
**J. Edwards.**







in a hunting country. The following biography appeared in *Baily's Magazine* :

Charles William Compton, third Baron Chesham, was born in 1850, and after his Eton days entered the Coldstream Guards, prepared to enjoy life with the keen appetite of a sportsman, and to find as so many have found :

That the best of my fun,  
I owe it to the horse and hound.

He hunted at one time from Kilworth, in Leicestershire, with Mr. Tailby's hounds. For over four years he served with the 10th Hussars in India ; took very kindly to polo and pig sticking, and in his last year won the Ganges Cup.

In 1877 Lord Chesham returned home, and married Lady Beatrice Grosvenor, the second daughter of the Duke of Westminster. She, like her lord, was devoted to hounds, and was already known as a fine horsewoman.

In 1882 he came to the Bicester country, then hunted by his friend Lord Valentia, and on the retirement of the latter in 1884 Lord Chesham succeeded him, and has had good though varying sport in what he describes as "the most sport loving and hospitable of countries." Possessed of most courteous manners, but still master when the master is required, he is most popular in the Bicester country ; a first rate man to hounds although no light weight, and both himself and Lady Chesham are always to be found in the first flight. It has been remarked of him, that he never makes an enemy or forgets an acquaintance. He not only gives good prices for his hunters, but sees that his men are thoroughly well mounted also. But, singularly modest in his opinion of himself, his acts, and deeds, it would pain Lord Chesham if we told half the praises of him which we hear. Sufficient to say that he is thought a very worthy successor to the old Drakes, and we hope he may continue for many years to show sport in the old country, where this name is still held in honour.

Amongst those who hunted in the country at this time were Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax Lucy, Mr. and Mrs. Thursby Pelham, Mr. Hunter Blair, Mr. Lamb, Mr. and Mrs. Tree (of Ashorne), the Messrs. Flowers, Captain McCalmont, Mr. Fane Gladwin, Captain Morrall, Mr. George Paton, Mr. Broughton Dugdale, Mr. Frank Dugdale, Sir Pery and Lady Van Notten Pole, Mr. J. Nisbet Paton, Mr. C. Palmer Morewood, Captain Paul, and Mr. G. A. Fenwick. The following, who also hunted in the country, were noted good riders : Mr. C. T. Richardson, Mr. Coleridge Boles, Mr. A. E. Thursby, Captain Lafone and Mr. Savory (of the 4th Hussars), and Captain Haig and Mr. Vaughan (of the 7th Hussars), Mr. S. Maryon Wilson, Mr. E. L. I. Blyth and Mrs. Blyth, the Rev. H. F. Knightley, Captain Daly (of the 18th Hussars), and Mr. W. R. Greene, M.P.

Mrs. Fairfax Lucy and her sisters, Miss Linda Lucy and

Miss Joyce Lucy, are very fond of the chase, and are always welcome in the Warwickshire field. As they were taught by Squire Lucy, they know something about hunting.

Lady Pole is a good rider, is very fond of the sport, and always knows where she is.

Mrs. Thureby Pelham rides two nice browns well forward, and is particularly good at water.

Mr. Arthur Fabling (of Grandborough) has hunted for a good many seasons with the Warwickshire and Pytchley. There is no better horseman. He has splendid hands, and rides with great determination. He seems to be able to ride any horse in front, and, what is the great test of a first-class performer, he always seems to be going at peace with himself and mount.

The late Mr. Henry Ford hunted for many years from Leamington. He was well known as a generous, warm-hearted, pleasant companion, of some literary talents, a keen sportsman, and a most successful horsedealer.

Mr. Campbell Blair hunted for some seasons from Morton Morrell. His brother hunted from Hillfield Farm. They both went well, but Mr. Campbell Blair rode particularly straight and hard.

Captain Lafone, Mr. Savory, and Mr. Reginald Barnes (all of the 4th Hussars), hunted this season from Woodley House, Kineton. Their gallant chief, Colonel Brabazon, was sometimes seen in the field with us, and often stays at Upton House for some hunting.

Messrs. Ansell (of Leamington) supply most excellent mounts to Leamington visitors and others. They have adopted the principle of supplying a first-rate article at a fair price; and mounted on one of their horses it is the rider's fault if he is not in the front rank.

Mr. Perkins also hires out some capital horses of quality and character.

Mr. J. B. Johnson (of Chesterton Fields) is a thorough sportsman, and very efficient in turning out a young horse with good manners, and pleasant to ride.

On Tuesday, November 6th, the meet was at Lower

Pillerton. The Pillerton Coverts were drawn blank, and a fox was found at Oxhill Covert, which was hunted over the brook nearly up to Whateote Village, thence across Kirby Farm, and over the hill to Compton Wynyates, and to ground in Meadow Lane Covert after twenty minutes without a check. Another fox was found at Spencer's Gorse, which proved a very stout one. Breaking away at once, he first set his head for Tysoe, then turning to the right over Compton Wynyates Hill, leaving Epwell Warren to the left, he bore to the right as if for Traitor's Ford; thence left-handed he went over the Vale, and to the left of Sibford Village, over the Brailes and Banbury Road, and leaving Shutford Spinneys on the left, the pack ran on at a great pace, leaving Swalcliffe Village on the right, to Sibford Heath, where this good fox got to ground just in front of them, after a very good run of nearly eight miles from point to point.

On Tuesday, the 13th, another good day's sport took place from a meet at Wolford Village. A fox was found in the wood, and the hounds soon got away with him, passing through Flat Heath and Barton Grove, and over the hill, and eventually killing him in the Heythrop country, in the open, close to Four Cross Inn and not far from the Heythrop Kennels. Another fox was found at the Golden Cross, and the pack got away on good terms with him; he ran first nearly to Shipston-on-Stour, then over Todenham Hill, and on for the Golden Cross Inn, over the Fosse Road, pointing for Potter's Bank, then to the right across the Vale, alongside the railway, and again to the right across the Fosse Road, and over Treddington Hill, close up to Shipston, and over the Stour, by Honington Hall, across St. Dennis Farm, and again towards Honington Hill, where the hounds threw up, and their quarry beat them after a very good gallop, in which many came to grief.

From the *Leamington Spa Courier*:

*November 23rd.*—On Friday the fixture was at the Kennels. There was an exceptionally large and brilliant gathering. Amongst those who formed the field proper, with the noble master, were Lord North and Lady

Chesham, Hon. Charles Cavendish, Colonel Norris, Captain Paul, Hon. and Rev. Walter Verney, Hon. Patience and Katharine Verney, Lady Victoria Seymour, Mr. and Mrs. Tree, Sir Charles and Lady Mordaunt, Colonel and Mrs. Paulet, Captain Allfrey, Misses Allfrey (2), Captain Cowan, Mr. Campbell Blair, Mr. Charles Hanbury, Miss Hanbury, Mr. Fairfax Lucy, Mr. Ford, Mr. Knott, senior, Mr. and Mrs. Bouch, Mr. Basil Hanbury, Mr. and Mrs. Richardson, Mr. Lafone, Miss Flower, Mr. P. Flower, Mr. Jolliffe, Mr. Lowe, Miss Chance, Mr. and Mrs. Pelham, Mr. Fell, Mr. Barbour, Mr. Gascoyne, Mr. Berridge, Mr. Lamb, Mr. Fane Gladwin, Captain and Mrs. Osborne, Mr. Page, Mr. Knott, junior, Mr. Follett, Mr. Wilkes, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Fairbrother, and many others. Upon arriving at the Kineton Oak Field Covert the hounds were thrown in, and after a time a fox was sent away from the Hardwick Field side, over the Tysoe Brook, where numerous immersions took place. Pointing for Hardwick Farm, and over Herd Hill, the hounds with a grand cry ran, with but few of the field near them, through Pillerton New Covert, when the hounds took a turn, leaving the Old Covert on their left and Pillerton Village behind to the right, dipped into the Vale down to the Oxhill Brook, where some came to grief. The hounds on the other side of the stream hunted nicely into Oxhill Gorse, and here, in this dense covert, a fresh fox upset the performance and the pack got divided. A few couples of the leading hounds stuck to the line of their hunted fox, and, with the noble huntsman, who had lost his whips, they went away again over the brook, then to the right of Whateote Village, through The Brake almost up to Honington; ringing to the left along the valley, breasting Brailles Hill, continuing on leaving Spencer's Gorse behind on the left, with Winderton Village on the right, eventually his lordship, single-handed, ran his fox to ground, after a racing run, in Epwell Warren, with a few good riders up to share the disappointment of such a finish. Simultaneously with this event, Jack Boore and the second whip went away with the rest of the hounds upon the fresh customer from the gorse with most of the field in their wake, over Kirby Farm, pointing for Compton Wyniates, and the hunting was continued on and through Tysoe Village, finally losing their quarry in Lower Tysoe. As soon as the pack could be got together again, his lordship drew Spencer's Covert, and here another was soon padding it, and he broke away at the upper end of the covert, over Mr. Spencer's farm, piloting to the left of Winderton Village, and was eventually marked to ground on Winderton Hill. Another call was made upon Oxhill Gorse, but, as might well be expected, it did not hold a fox, so a trot on brought them to Kineton Holt, and a fox was sent away from here over the brook, across Hardwick Farm, over Herd Hill, whereabouts several saddles were emptied. At this juncture the fox was headed back, and the hounds turned short to the left, pointing for the Sun Rising. They left Tysoe Village on the right, and after hunting on past the Sun Rising, and whilst running in the direction of Shenington Irons, a check occurred when darkness was setting in, and further attempts of recovering the line was abandoned, and orders were for home.

With all due deference to the correspondent of the *Courier*, I would venture to remark that the fox which went to Tysoe was almost certainly the hunted fox.—  
W. R. V.



"Rusticus Expectans," in the *Field*, had an account of the same run :

I write at peace with all the world. I began to think it would be never again; but once more I have participated in a sparkler in the Red Horse Vale, once more I write before the effervescence of the bubbles of its delights have vanished, to record some of its glories. I cannot put on paper all I would say to-day of the meet and its surroundings. My Warwickshire readers at all events will know why. Let us hasten past Diana Lodge towards Kineton Oaks. We will stop for one word with one whom, now afoot, we remember to have been the first in the saddle, first in the run, and last home at night;\* we will pass with a too hasty salute the fair occupants of the various dogcarts, and we will arrive at Kineton Oaks just in time for the magnetic thrill which, passing as the electric current along the wire, lets us know that he is away. We swing back at first towards Kineton, round the deep corner of the covert, and it becomes a joyful certainty that the fox has sped across the brook, and that the pack are launched with merry and joyful music (Mr. Thirty Seasons) well on the sweet arena of the point-to-point course. Even then we have time for one memory of sad regret for him who declared it to be "the best and fairest country he ever rode over," whose granite stone marks the, alas! too memorable disaster:

There's no time to dally,

We must ride on without him, 'tis but for a while.

A moment's pause and caution, caution that too often deceives us, that lets "I dare not wait upon I would," sends us round by Starveall and the Tysoe road bridge. Pace is brought to bear to counteract caution, and by the time we reach Hardwick Gorse, and see the bold brook jumpers sweep across our right front, the former still is called into play, while the latter begins to vanish *in tenuous auras*, that is to say, into the sweet atmosphere of a most perfect hunting day. By the time—it seems but a few moments—we have traversed the concluding portion of the course, and reached the summit of Herd Hill, caution has almost disappeared. It is now the hounds and the chase and the pace which gives light and leading to it all, which alone fills the narrow mind, and stirs what we thought was the sluggish blood. "Take care of that slippery tree stump, captain"—"Hold up, Joseph"—"Yonder they go." In the hurry of the chase we pass one sportsman; we recognise him not; he has halted his steed, and is applying the whip-lash round his quarters. The *regimen*, though new and specific, seems to be salutary, for presently he lands over a high gap in a bullfinch as we hurry through an open gate after our leaders. We count them hurriedly. His lordship's eyes are on the hounds, and he is counting them perhaps. How I wish I could name them as they flash and drive and make sweet music as they hurry ever forward; but it seems to me, as if in a dream, as I glance at their pursuers, that Mr. Barbour is sending his ribbon-decked steeplechaser to the front, Capt. Osborne, Mr. Basil Hanbury, Mr. Richardson, Mr. W. Allfrey, Mr. Bouch, Mr. Jolliffe, Capt. Powell, Mr. Crosse, and two or three more are charging alongside. Mrs. William Allfrey is the only lady I see. I know there must be several more close behind; but it is an article of my creed never to look back.

A few of us get checked by a bullfinch, and have to turn up the hill for Pillerton New Covert. We swing back again; hounds turn to us; Mr.

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\* Mr. James Hugh Smith-Barry.

Hanbury demolishes a made-up gate, and flounders through the bog beyond, saving a fall; Lord Willoughby jumps over and back, and over again, he will be with his hounds to-day; and did he not breed the colt himself? Mr. Thursby Pelham, who is riding with judgment and dash, gallops up on the left. We curve left-handed, and passing between the Pillerton old and new coverts reach the Stratford Road. Our leaders are content to go through the gate into the road, but a high stake and bound out of it is a temptation too great to be resisted. This gives them a lead, which proves to them to be of value, the brook being ahead. Mr. Francis falls about 30 yards down the hill in the next field over a bullfinch. We swing to the right and get it an easier place; Miss Chance directly afterwards has a bad fall at the same nasty drop. The brook! Now to me a brook is a brook. It is not a bridge or a ford, or a cattle crossing. It is a brook, and must be treated as such, so I cannot admit that any of those who crossed by the before-mentioned transits jumped the Oxhill Brook. I looked in a despairing way right and left, set my teeth, picked my place all the way down the hill, whispered to Joseph something about Tom Firr and the Whissendine, selected Jack as the boldest and surest pilot, and the horror was past. Young friends, you have robbed us of many pleasures, but there is one which we are still not denied, the momentary happy glance into the abyss as we pass over it in obedience to your cheery leadership. Mr. Barbour takes the right, Capt. Powell the left; Mr. Richardson falls heavily as he essays to follow his compatriot; Lord Willoughby for some reason selects what seems to us the worst place. "How they are tumbling behind," says someone as we ride up the hill to the right of the Oxhill Glebe.\* What matters that to us? I never look back. In front our fortune lies, and over the hill and down the Vale to Oxhill Gorse we sweep with undiminished speed. I essay to count our friends as they come in hot and happy—the first happiest, the second hottest—His Lordship, Jack, Mr. Savory, Captain Powell, Mrs. William Allfrey, Mr. Barbour, Mr. Richardson, Mr. Crosse, Mr. Bouch; and then arrive Captain Allfrey, Miss Hanbury, Mrs. Thursby Pelham, Sir Charles Mordaunt; and after them a long string of those who have ridden equally well, but have not had quite our good fortune of a start, and a bit, it may be, of luck.

We ran into Oxhill Gorse with apparently two lines. Shall I dare to suggest that a swing of hounds round a covert of this size might have brought us nearer to a travelling fox. It appears that hounds killed a fox in the gorse, and that Jack stopped back on this account; and here I come to a sad disaster, which makes me inclined to tear up all my copy and transmit it to the flames—a disaster which it will take us some time to get over. Hounds hit off a line the other side of the road and fence. Our huntsman was on the right. If we had had the *slightest idea* that he had another line, I am ready to affirm that fifty spurs would have gone in, and five-and-twenty whips would have been cracking, turning the hounds back. It spoiled almost the best run of the century for most of us. A fortunate few, Mr. Campbell Blair, Mr. Jolliffe, Mr. John Lowe, Mr. Lea, Rev. H. Knightley, Mr. Savory, Mrs. Thursby Pelham, Miss Hanbury and Mr. Passman happened to be by chance in the road field, and saw what happened. On the left we, through the formation of the ground, and a large hilly ploughed field intervening, did not recognise what it was. We ought, indeed, to have noticed the absence of

\* There were five loose horses in one field, and when Mr. R. A. Richardson caught his, he found someone else just mounting it.

all our well-mounted, hard-riding staff, but "nemo mort" (no I will not give the hackneyed old quotation), I will only say we ran, what I believe to be the hunted fox, with the majority of the pack up to Tysoe, where Jack and Jim got to us; then we were like a ship without a rudder, like a bottle without a cork, like a flock without a shepherd, a salmon fly without its barb. As we were puzzling a line out through the Tysoe, hoping to catch a view every moment, I heard distinctly the master's horn at Compton Wynyates. In an incredibly short space of time, from our point of view, he had with about seven couples of hounds run his fox to Idlicote, where Mr. Townsend was shooting (alas! that he was not hunting), then to the Honington Spinney and left handed across the Vale nearly to the corner of Brailes Hill. From thence he swung left-handed, and, leaving Spencer's Gorse on the left, dipped into the Vale, and, curving round Compton Wynyates and up the hills by the Dingle, marked him to ground in the main earths at Epwell. He tells me that, with the rest of the hounds and Jack, he must have caught him before this; and all I can say is that most of us would have given up two or three days' hunting if we could have helped him to them. If anyone takes the trouble to mark out the line upon the map he will see it was a wonderfully good run, and the whole of it in the very best part of the Vale. I am sorry to say that I did not take any times. I should say it was five-and-twenty minutes to where they divided, ten more on to Tysoe, and ten more before Jack gave it up. Lord Willoughby's time was about five or ten minutes longer; about thirty or thirty-five minutes from Oxhill. When the hounds got together, after a distant duet of horns, Spencer's Gorse was drawn, but the fox went to ground almost directly. Oxhill was naturally blank, so they went back to the Kineton Coverts, and, finding again, ran round by the same line over Herd Hill. Here they turned shorter, and, leaving Oxhill Village on the right, went up Edge Hill between the two Tysoes—a first-rate day's sport, only spoiled by the dividing of the hounds as aforesaid.

### From Sir C. Mordaunt's diary :

During November there was very heavy rain, and the country for the first time during the last six years became well wet through, and in the condition in which it should be for the best hunting. The floods were higher than I have ever yet seen them. The river Thames rose to the greatest height which it was ever known to reach, and the Eton boys went home, the school having been broken up. I happened at the time to be at a house in Northamptonshire to which an Eton boy returned. He had not written home to say that he was coming, and he walked into his father's study without being expected. His astonished parent said, "What can have brought you back from Eton?" The boy replied, "Papa, I have been sent away." After a time his father said, "Well, you will have to go and tell your mother what has happened;" so he went up to the sitting-room, and after an interview, which can be better imagined than described, luncheon time arrived, and then the boy greatly relieved their minds by relating the real story.

### From the *Leamington Spa Courier* :

*Monday, December 3rd*, the tryst was at Gaydon Inn, on a nice clear morning, and there was a good company present. The hounds were first taken to Baweutt's Covert, where a brace of the necessary article were on foot. One steered away first of all pointing for Gaydon Hill Coppice, then swerved towards Itchington Holt, but, after being headed, turned short back

and the hounds hunted him through Gaydon Hill, then over the East and West Junction Railway, bearing to the right of Owlington Farm and over the hills close by Burton Churchyard. Up to this point the hunting was at fair speed, but the chase was continued at a slower pace, leaving Bitham House on the left, along the valley, over the Banbury and Warwick turnpike, and on to Arlescote, through Knoll End, along Edge Hills to the Sun Rising, and along them above Tysoe, then dipping into the vale below as if for the Dingle; but all at once the pack took a right-handed turn over Mr. Mansfield's farm, and they eventually marked their fox to ground under the roadway near to Epwell Stone Quarries, after having been running some two and a half hours. Shenington Irons was next found blank. Heath Wood (Upton) yielded a fox, which was hunted away towards the Sun Rising and soon lost. After drawing along Edge Hills and Arlescote Bank, the orders were for home.

*Tuesday, December 11th*, found them at the new fixture, St. Dennis Farm, where Mr. Wilkes dispensed his hospitality. Among those in the saddle with the noble master were Colonel Norris, Mr. and Mrs. Tree, Captain Paul, Colonel and Mrs. Paulet, Hon. Greville, Patience, and Katharine Veruey, Sir Charles Mordaunt, Bart., Mr. and Mrs. Allfrey, Mr. Pole, Miss Pole, Mr. Norris, Mr. Wilkes, Dr. Fenton, Mr. Berridge, and contingents from that side of the county. It was a bad morning's sport about Idlicote, for but one fox was found and killed. Bad luck was in store at Oxhill Gorse, which was quite tenantless. Spencer's Gorse, however, came to the rescue with one that led a good chase, first in a ring towards Winderton and back. Starting again, he steered along the Brailes Vale, on to the summit of Brailes Hill, and, after doing a ring round there, he turned back, retracing his line along the Vale with Brailes Village on the right and Spencer's Gorse on the left, he continued in a direct line up to the Compton Wyniates and Whatecote Road, where hounds ran into their fox and killed him one field beyond the turning in the road for Compton Wyniates, after a clinking good five-and-fifty minutes.

On Friday, December 17th, the Quorn hounds had an extraordinary run from Barkby Holt, at first at a slow pace, and then by Spring Gorse and Keyham Hall, hounds running faster every minute, and by Baggrave Lodge, and thence left-handed as if for Quenby; but at Hartfield Bridge they turned again to the left, and by Diamond Spinney up to Lowesby, and by the Grange Farm, Marefield Wolds, and over the railway, leaving Owston and Stockerston Lodges on the right; thence over Whadborough Hill nearly to Owston Wood, but when within one field of it the fox turned completely round Castle Hill, down into the Launde Valley, and through Launde Wood. Up to this point, which is twelve miles from Barkby Holt, the run was probably with one fox, but after that there were several foxes. The pace up and down the severe hills had begun to tell upon the horses, and we hear that after this

the run became a procession, making its way by the gates, but this in no way detracts from its value from the hounds' point of view. The chase continued between East Norton and Allexton, and by Fear Farm towards Hallaton and Horninghold Cottage Farm, and by Bolt Farm to Stockerston Wood, and the fox went to ground at Bolt Wood. The entire distance, traced by the Ordnance map, is given by the writer of this run in the *Field* as  $27\frac{1}{4}$  miles as hounds ran, and  $14\frac{3}{8}$  from point to point, in two hours and six minutes\* from the time hounds left Barkby Holt.

On the following day a butcher from Uppingham told Lord Lonsdale that he had found a fox, which he had brought with him, dead outside a drain near Hallaton, where he had seen three hounds stop.

A second hunted fox was also found dead in Stockerston Wood.

During the last ten and a half miles straight (and fifteen as hounds ran), the pack had no assistance from the huntsman, and at the finish every hound was up, and one more besides of Mr. Fernie's hounds, which were running not far off.

From the *Leamington Spa Courier*:

On *Thursday, Dec. 20th*, the meet was at Harbury Village, with the weather remarkably open for this season of the year. Lord Chesham officiated as master, and amongst the general company were Lady Chesham, Sir Charles Mordaunt, Bart., Colonel and Mrs. Paulet, Captain and Mrs. Osborne, Rev. H. F. Knightley, Miss Ansell, Captain Alfrey, Messrs. Knott, sen., Pelham, Lowe, Jolliffe, Johnson, Bouch, Lamb, Redding, Tree, and Campbell Blair. The initial draw was at Itchington Holt, and here a good stiff-necked fox was found, and was hunted away, pointing for Chesterton Wood; bearing, however, to the right, hounds ran down over the deep railway cutting at Harbury. Some fourteen couples of the pack stuck to their fox, and only Sir Charles Mordaunt and a few others, with one of the whips, were fortunate enough to get anywhere near them, whilst the rest of the field and the hounds were out of the run. Hounds continued at a racing pace nearly up to Ufton Village, then to the right and over the brook, over Ladbroke Hill, and skirting Ladbroke Gorse, which was left behind on the right, leaving Welsh Road

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\* If this distance of  $27\frac{1}{4}$  miles as hounds ran is correctly stated to have been traversed in two hours and six minutes, the distance run within the time is much the same as that which the Warwickshire hounds traversed in the great run from Pool Fields Osiers. It is not, however, recorded that anyone saw the entire run further than Launde Wood, because no one obtained a second horse, and to say exactly where hounds went after that time appears to me to be only conjecture.—C. M.

Gorse to the left, ringing to the right, pointing for the Wormleighton Spinneys, which were, however, discarded, and passed on the right, and after traversing a nice line of country, they were unfortunately beaten on the way to Watergall. As soon as the hounds could be got together again, tracks were made for home.

### From Sir C. Mordaunt's diary :

On *Thursday, December 20th*, the meet was at Harbury Village on a fine cold morning. Ufton Wood was drawn first, and the hounds got away very soon with a fox, and ran him over the Great Western Railway, part of the way to Whitnash Gorse, but turned back, and lost him close to Harbury Village. Itchington Holt was next drawn, and a fox of unusual size was viewed across the ride, and it is believed that this was a well-known fox which had been several times before seen in Bishop's Gorse. He was only five minutes in covert before he went away. Jack Boore, who on that day was hunting the hounds in the absence of the master, got them away close to the fox, and they ran at a great pace in the direction of Chesterton Wood, but turned to the right, and went past Harbury Heath, and, leaving Chesterton Windmill on the left, crossed the Great Western Railway north of the Harbury Cutting. Nearly the whole of the field went to this point, and could not get across the line. Knowing that there was no bridge at that place, I did not go there, but galloped as fast as I could through Harbury Village and over the railway bridge. In the meantime the hounds had gone nearly to Ufton Village, and after turning to the right crossed the Harbury and Long Itchington Road just in front of me. Captain Powell, of the 3rd Batt. Warwickshire Regiment, and Tom, the second whip, who had gone over a bridge lower down the railway, alone were with them. The pack ran on still at their best pace down to the river Itchen and across it. We had to go round to the bridge at Stoney Thorpe to get across, and we then got into the Banbury and Southam Road as soon as we could, and found that the hounds had crossed it ten minutes in front of us. Tom had gone in a different direction, and we went on alone, sometimes getting nearer to the hounds, but never into the same field with them. The number of people in the fields, many of whom ran after the pack for as long as they could see them, gave us a sufficient guide to enable us to ride the line of the hounds. They passed to the left of the spinney on Windmill Hill at Ladbroke, and ran nearly to the Welsh Road. Here they turned right-handed, and went by Upper and Lower Radbourne and Will's Pasture, and across the Watergall Brook. Near this point we were joined by Mr. Burt, on a very good grey horse ; Mr. Margetts, jun., on Mr. Cookson's well-known horse Paul Jones, by Buccaneer, bred by the late Squire Lucy ; and Mr. Hamilton. The brook was very full of water, but Reveller, who had been carrying me well, jumped it first with plenty to spare, and the others all got well over. The pack ran on, leaving Watergall Covert to the right, over the Ham Brook and the Great Western Railway, and threw up two fields from Femy Compton Village. They had traversed eleven miles of country in a wide ring in an hour and ten minutes, and they were never out of a grass field. We found there were fourteen and a half couples, and we had got them together and commenced to take them back to the kennels when Tom came up, and with him Mr. Goodman. They told us that Jack Boore was a mile further back with the remainder of the pack, so he took them back to him. This was, no doubt, the run of the

season, and it was unlucky that we only just missed being with the hounds after they crossed the river Itchen. They may have killed the hunted fox near the place at which we came up to them. It is not likely that they changed foxes, as they did not touch a covert during the run.\*

## WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1894.

## LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

NAMES.	SIRE.	DAMS.
Albert }	The Brocklesby Acrobat	Traitress (90)
Alice }		Dimity (90)
Dancer		Gusty (90)
Gimcrack		Graceful (90)
Hymen	The Belvoir Nominal	Huntress (88)
Nailer }		
Nameless }	The Belvoir Nominal	Royalty (90)
Nestor }		
Needful }		
Nervous }		
Rector }	Wildboy (89)	Harpy (89)
Redolent }		
Rival }	Wildboy (89)	Rarity (91)
Rivet }		
Selima }	Wildboy (89)	Symmetry (91)
Seamstress }		
Sultan }	Fifer (86)	Starlight (87)
Surplus }		
Snitable }		
Sunbeam }		
Traverser }	Furrier (91)	Tangible (90)
Traffic }		
Tranquil }	Hermit (89)	Warlike (91)
Wealthy }		
Welcome }		

At Peterborough this year, Dancer and Traverser were placed first in the class for best couple of unentered hounds. Needful and Seamstress were first for the best couple of unentered bitches. Seamstress taking the prize for the best single bitch.

Of the entered hounds, Dominic, Finder, Sailor, and Talisman, all last year's entry, won for the best two couples of entered hounds, and, with the addition of Dancer and Traverser, won the champion cup for best three couples of any age.

Fulsome, Waitress, Helpless, and Princess won the prize for best two couples of entered bitches, and Hero, Royalty, Fulsome, Waitress, Princess, and Seamstress won the champion cup for best three couples of bitches of any age.

Waitress won first prize in brood bitch class, and the champion cup for the best bitch in the show.

\* Lord Chesham, who was acting master this day, told me that he thinks they changed at the railway, but my own very strong impression is that it was the same fox all the way. The first part of the run hounds simply flew. Lord Chesham, Mr. C. Adamthwaite, and Mr. John S. Follett on the grey horse he bought from Mr. Addison, of Hodnell, and sold soon after to Lord Cadogan for 200 guineas, cut out the work as far as the railway, and took everything in their line just as it came.—W. R. V.

On *Friday, December 21st*, the very sad death of Lady Willoughby de Broke took place, and she was buried on the 27th in the cemetery by the side of the Lake at Compton Verney.

The Warwickshire Hounds did not hunt until further notice.

On *December 29th* a very hard frost set in. There was a day's hunting on the 18th of January, and another on March 2nd, with a good deal of snow, but the ground was not soft enough for good hunting until March 9th. It was the severest frost on record since the year 1836.

The following incident of mistaken identity occurred in this neighbourhood :

A pair of peafowl, the cherished property of some little children, having (during a week's occupancy) exhausted their powers of destruction in a pleasant, old-fashioned garden, saunter away one evening across the park. They enter a neighbour's garden, and roost side by side high up in a large tree, with a view to a good night's rest before the labours of the next day begin. Early next morning they are observed with wonder and delight by a groom, who believes he sees rare visitors to these islands, and who calls the gardener.

“ Can you awhile now, Muster Green,  
To bring your gun and step this way ?  
I thinks you'll say as you 'aint seen  
No bodder sight this many-a-day.

“ I looks up casual in that tree,  
As we was sweepin', me and Bill,  
Sees two great bloomin' birds—d'ye see ?  
Lor, there they sits alarming still.

“ Their lives 'ud not be worth a 'ang  
If you crep steady roun' that yew ;—  
(Somethink they'll fetch at Spicer's)—Bang !  
I'm bless'd if he 'aint shot the two !

“ But who comes 'ere ? The gardener  
From Squire's—and 'ave we see a pair  
Of peafowl (cock and 'en they wur)  
A-roosting 'ere, or anywhere ?

“ Oh, Muster Green, what shall us do ?  
'Ere be the sack in which they're 'id—  
'Twas just a accident, 'tis true—  
Took 'em for heagles, so us did.”

BESSIE V.

On *Saturday, March 9th*, the first meet after the long frost took place at Oxhill.

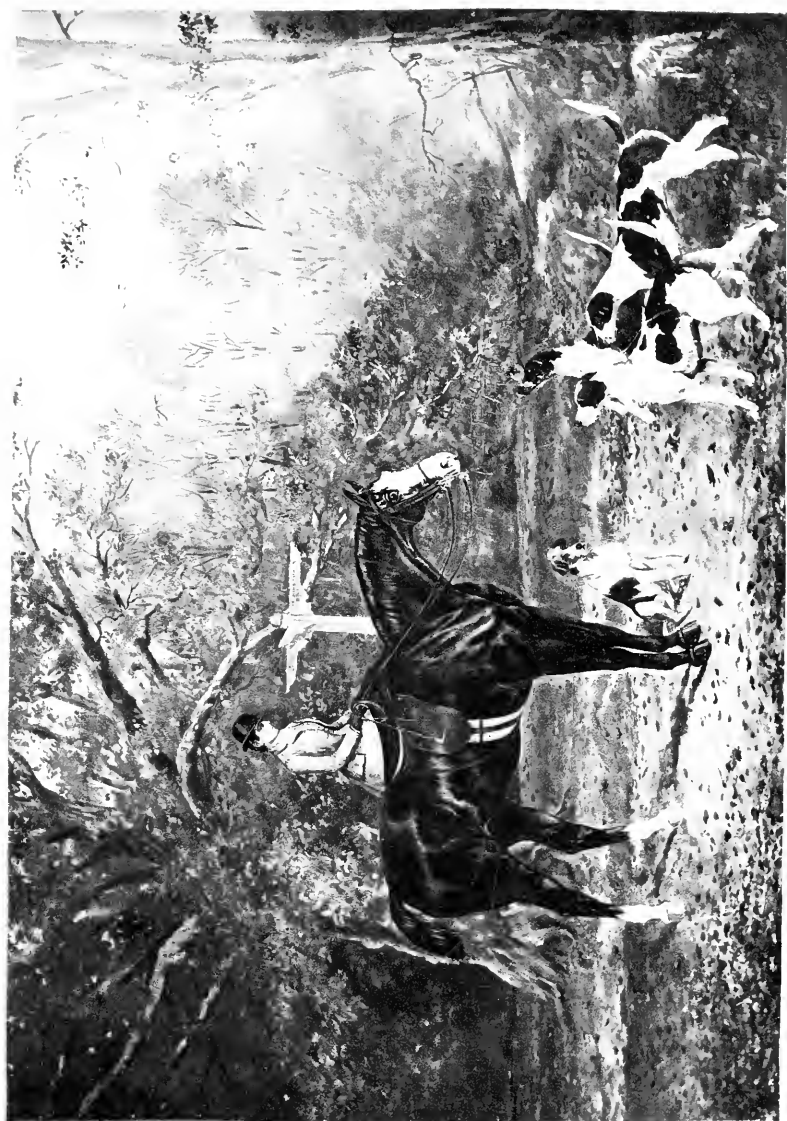


**Lady Willoughby de Broke on Bedouin,  
with some Favourite Hounds.**

**By Lucas.**

**From the picture at Kinton House.**







From the *Leamington Spa Courier*:

*Thursday, March 14th.*—These hounds met at Napton-on-the-Hill (quite a new fixture), when there was a large field out, which included Lord North, Countess of Warwick, Lord Chesham, Sir Charles Mordaunt, Bart., Hon. and Rev. W. Verney, Mrs. Paulet, Hon. Katharine Verney, Hon. R. G. Verney, Captain Elmhirst, Mr. W. R. Greene, Mr. and Mrs. Tree, Captain Allfrey, Miss Hanbury, Lady Hesketh, Mr. Dugdale, Mr. Whitworth, Captain and Mrs. Osborne, Miss Chance, Mrs. Byass, Mr. James, Lieut.-Colonel Fell, Mr. and Mrs. Pelham, Mr. Blythe, Captain McCalmont, Mr. and Mrs. Allfrey, Mr. and Mrs. Bouch, Messrs. Campbell Blair, Fairfax Lucy, Goodman, Johnson, and others, as well as contingents from the Grafton and Pytchley Hunts. The hounds were first thrown into Calcutt's Bushes, which was tenantless, and Sawbridge New Covert followed suit. Shuckburgh Hills, however, came to the rescue with a fox which, after being hunted about the covert and into the garden, was lost. The next resort was to the noted stick-pile at Napton, where a fox, probably a vixen, was at home, and was left. His lordship then moved away for Welsh Road Gorse, and whilst on the way a fox jumped up from a piece of plough, and the hounds were soon upon his line. They hunted towards the gorse, but leaving that on their right, they ran on pointing for Priors Hardwick, still inclining to the left, over the canal, passing to the left of Byfield, then through Shuckburgh Hills, and killed in the open near to the Shuckburgh House farmstead after a splendid two-and-twenty minutes, bar one slight check. The hounds were trotted back to Welsh Road Gorse, and from here a fox broke away pointing for the renowned stick-pile, but all at once he steered sharp to the right, over the old Welsh Road, and close up to Ladbroke Gorse, which was, however, discarded, the hounds running over Ladbroke Hill, leaving Mr. Griffin's farmstead behind on the right. Dipping down the Vale, they ran over the old Welsh road again, then leaving Southam on the left, over the Daventry and Southam road, and nearly up to Stockton Village, where they made a detour to the right, recrossing the turnpike again and up to the canal, where the fox was headed and turned sharp to the right, and, with the hounds close at his brush, he escaped into the Napton stick-pile after a most enjoyable and fast forty minutes. The day was one of considerable grief, falls being innumerable.

*Friday, March 15th.*—The fixture was at Wroxton Abbey, with the wind blowing from the warm points of the compass. There was a large field out. Amongst those up at the meet and who joined the cavalcade were Lord and Lady Chesham, Sir Pery Van Notten Pole, Lady Pole, Captain Paul, Mr. Charles Hanbury, Colonel Norris, Hon. Katharine Verney, Miss Hanbury, Sir Charles and Lady Mordaunt, Mr. Fairbrother, Mr. Knott, sen., Hon. R. G. Verney, Mr. W. R. Greene, Mr. Sheldon, Lord North, Messrs. Pelham, Knott, jun., Tree, Gascoyne, P. Berridge, Johnson, Garner, Master Norris, and a host of others. After allowing law for late comers and partaking of Lord North's hospitality, a move was made to the gardens, which were drawn blank. The next resort was to the Keeper's Covert, and from here a fox—not a very clean one—was hunted to French's Covert, then into the gardens, where he gave them the slip. In Claydon Hill the music proclaimed a fox which was hunted towards Balcote, then ringing back from Wroxton and into the Keeper's Covert, where the hounds made a meal off him. Hanwell Covert and White's Bushes were severally and unsuccessfully called upon.

but Page's Gorse yielded one of the right sort, which piloted hounds, through Warmington Hill, on by the church, leaving the village on the right, pointing for Edge Hills; dipping, however into the Vale, the hounds ran over Arlescote Bank, across the Avon Dassett Allotments, then swinging back with Warmington Village on the right, through Page's Gorse, breasting the hill, and on for Shottiswell, which was left upon the right, into the valley, over the brook, and straight through Angel's Piece; he then steered to the right, over the hill, across the Banbury and Fenny Compton road, pointing for Cropredy; then ringing to the left, over the lawn in front of Farnborough Hall, through the Fish Pond Covert, across Mr. Rayson's farm, and whilst running in the direction of Warmington Village hounds pulled him over in grand fashion in the open, after a capital hunting run of one hour and fifteen minutes.

### From Sir C. Mordaunt's diary :

On *Tuesday, March 19th*, the meet was at Weston House. A fox was found in the park, and went away at once straight through Whichford Wood, and at a good pace as far as Rollwright Coombes, then at a slower pace over Rollwright Hill, and to the right of the Four Stars Hotel, nearly to Adlestrop Hill; thence left-handed, passing Cornwell Village on the right, and leaving Churchill Mill on the left, and the hounds marked the fox to ground near Churchill Village, in the Heythrop country, after a capital hunting run of quite ten miles from point to point—and a good deal more as hounds ran. Shortly before the pack marked the fox to ground a fox was viewed before them, apparently very tired; and not long afterwards a fox was seen by the keeper at Sarsgrove to come into a field near there by the gateway, so tired that he went all round it, being unable to get over the stone wall.

### From the *Leamington Spa Courier* :

*Monday, April 1st*, the fixture was Ragley Park. Detraining from a special at Broom, hounds were trotted on to the meet, which was not, however, largely attended. Amongst those in the saddle were Lord North, the Rev. H. E. Knightley, Captain Alfrey, Misses Alfrey (2), Dr. Lupton, and Miss Smith. Owing to the unavoidable absence of Lord Willoughby, Lord North was in command for the day. Jack Boore was kept in bed by the prevailing epidemic, so Jem Cooper hunted the hounds. The initial draw was in Ladies' Wood, which did not hold a fox, and Pearson's Wood, which came next, was also drawn blank. Thorn Hill, however, came to the rescue with a fox which, notwithstanding his dodging and ringing around and through the coverts mostly in his own part of the country, afforded a capital day's sport. First of all, he piloted the pack through Wheatley Wood, when he was headed back, and ran through the wood again, through Pearson's and Thorn Hill, ringing through Wheatley Wood again, and pointing for the Slad Coverts in the Croome country, but swinging to the right, the hounds ran over Bourton Hill and nearly up to Thickenham Village, then in a ring back slowly on to the left, over Bourton Hill again, and whilst pointing for Wheatley Wood once again, they ran up to their fox and killed him in the open. After the obsequies were over, tracks were made for the station, and by a special train the hounds and the hunting staff returned home.

*Thursday, April 4th*, met at Ham Bridge, and had yet another good day's sport in the fast waning season. There was a large company present to meet

the noble master, which included Lord North, Lord Chesham, Captain Elnahurst, Hon. and Rev. W. Verney, Sir Charles and Lady Mordaunt, Captain Alfrey, Major Armstrong, Captain and Mrs. Osborne, Hon. Katharine Verney, Mr. Pelham, Mr. and Mrs. Fane Gladwin, Mr. Goodman, Rev. H. F. Knightley, Mr. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Bouch, Captain Cowan, Mr. Blyth, Mr. James, Mr. Fairfax Lucy, Mrs. Paulet, Mr. Whitworth, Captain Haig, Captain McCalmont, Misses Alfrey (3), Miss Knightley, Messrs. Knott, sen., Jolliffe, Fairbrother, Adamthwaite, Johnson Wilkes, Garner, Knott, jun., Norris, and Gaseoigne. The hounds were first thrown into Watergall, and that proved a failure. Nunn's Bushes were next resorted to, and from here a fox broke covert and was hunted over the hill pointing for Itchington Lime Works, but turning short back into the covert, he was killed and buried in his unequal jacket. The next point of attack was Ladbrooke Gorse, and from here a stiff-necked fox was sent away at the Ladbrooke hill-side. Swinging to the right towards Welsh Road Gorse, they ran him on at a clinking pace over a nice line of country close up to Priors Hardwick, which was left behind on the left, and over Mr. Scriven's late occupation; skirting the Wormleighton Spinneys, the chase was continued over the Banbury and Warwick turnpike in the direction of Watergall, which was, however, left behind on the right, over the Great Western Railway, as if Bishop's Itchington was the point; but, after doing a ring, they recrossed the railway, and hunted over the hills, with Nunn's Bushes on the right, through Ladbrooke Village, with Ladbrooke Gorse on the left, over Mr. Addison's farm, over the canal, and up to Wormleighton Village, when the hounds threw up their heads, and nothing more could be made of it.\*

Miss Katharine Verney went very well in this run, and cleared the Watergall Brook in fine style.

## GOOD-BYE, SWEET HORN!

(COPYRIGHT.)

On hearing the horn blown to collect hounds late in the evening on one of the last days of the season.

INSCRIBED TO "KITTY."

Good-bye, sweet horn! 'tis the last time  
 We hear thee for months again;  
 The funeral dirge of our pastime  
 Swells with an echo of pain.

They say the wild swan was singing  
 Its requiem song ere she died;  
 Sweet horn, to-day thou wert ringing  
 The passing bell of thy pride.

\* The fox may have crept in somewhere. It is pretty certain that we changed somewhere near Wormleighton the first time round, and perhaps again near Bishop's Itchington, though this is more doubtful.—W. R. V.

There only remains the story,  
 Of mournful and sad lament,  
 The funeral march of thy glory,  
 The rift in the bright lute rent.

What do thy sad notes tell us ?  
 What is it memory brings ?  
 Of joys and griefs that befel us  
 When joining "the Sport of Kings !"

Is it *Kitty's* habit that flutters  
 To thy merry music in tune ;  
 Or darksome care that still mutters  
 For pleasure that's fled too soon ?

Good-bye ! to that ringing double,  
 Which told of Reynard away,  
 When pain and sorrow and trouble  
 Have flown like spectres at day.

Good-bye ! to that blast so thrilling,  
 Which, wakening our mimic strife,  
 The moments with centuries filling,  
 Set us to ride for our life !

Good-bye ! far, far o'er the billow  
 Of grass we rode the right sort,  
 But scarce a score heard *Lord Willough*—  
 --*By* blowing the distant *morte*.

Good-bye to thy long drawn wailing !  
 When dusk of evening's nigh,  
 The darkness around thee veiling,  
 Now louder, now gently failing,  
 Good-bye, sweet horn, good-by—e !

REG. WYVERNE.

The North Warwickshire Hounds, under the mastership of Lord Algernon Percy and Mr. J. P. Arkwright, had a most successful season.

I remember being told by my second horseman of some remarkable instances of the attachment of horses to one another. Usually two horses that were in the habit of being sent on together to covert became fond of each other. At



the same time, he had seen one instance of two horses being sent on together each of whom disliked the other. Two of my hunters became much attached to a donkey, which was for many years driven in a cart containing my children. Usually horses dislike donkeys, and avoid them, probably because they think they are a sort of caricature of themselves. The donkey above mentioned became the property of one of my neighbours. Four years afterwards I was at a meet, riding one of the two hunters, and found myself in between a carriage and a donkey cart. The horse appeared at once to recognise the donkey, for he turned towards him and got as close to him as he could, and wanted to rub his nose against him, and I only got him away from him by forcing him to go. The donkey was his old friend, and there is no doubt that he had not seen him for four years, and that the memory of a horse on this occasion was quite as retentive as that of a human being.\*—C. M.

A meeting of subscribers to the hounds and owners of coverts was held at the Warwick Arms on April 3rd, Sir Charles Mordaunt in the chair. Present: Lord Warwick, Colonel Paulet, Mr. Fullerton, Captain Osborne, Mr. Shaw, Mr. S. Maryon Wilson, Mr. Gaskell, Major Armstrong, Mr. Smith Ryland, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Lea, and Captain Allfrey.

It was proposed by Sir Charles Mordaunt, and seconded by Colonel Paulet: "That this meeting record a cordial vote of thanks to Lord Willoughby de Broke (who was unfortunately absent) for the handsome manner in which he has hunted the country and the good sport he has shown." Carried unanimously.

The Hunt accounts were then read by Captain Allfrey (the hon. sec.). It was agreed that Captain Allfrey should either write to or have an interview with Lord Willoughby de Broke, to explain that at the guarantee of 3300*l.* the Hunt could not carry on, there being no money for incidental expenses, which were absolutely necessary; and to inform him that, for the said reasons, the subscribers

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\* Perhaps more so.—W. R. V.

are not able to undertake to guarantee a sum of more than 2500*l.* as subscription for next season.

A special meeting of the subscribers to the hounds and owners of coverts and others was held at the Warwick Arms Hotel on April 16th, 1895, the following being present : Lord North (chairman), Lord Willoughby de Broke, Lord Chesham, Hon. W. North, Captain Osborne, Mr. Fenwick, Mr. Brooke Robinson, M.P., Mr. Blyth, Captain Paul, Mr. Starkey, Mr. Johnson, Major Armstrong, Rev. H. Knightley, Mr. Jolliffe, Mr. Basil Hanbury, Mr. Smith Ryland, Mr. Williams, Mr. Mackay, Mr. Gaskell, and Mr. Lea :

Lord Willoughby de Broke proposed to hunt the country four days a week from November 1st, 1895, to April 1st, 1896, the sum of 3000*l.* being guaranteed him for that purpose. Any amount subscribed over 3600*l.* to be returned by Lord Willoughby de Broke.

Lord Chesham proposed, and Mr. Jolliffe seconded : " That Lord Willoughby de Broke's proposal be accepted." Carried unanimously.

We should not like to finish this volume without mentioning that at the end of the season Lord Southampton bought Idlicote House and came to reside there. This was of great advantage to the hunting country and to the preservation of foxes, as the place had been without a tenant for many years. It is not too much to say that he is the best rider to hounds we have ever seen in the country, and, at the same time, he is never in anybody's way. Lady Southampton is quite as fond of hunting as he is, and is a perfect rider.

On May 20th Lord North had an extraordinary escape of his life, about which he has given us the following particulars : He was walking at 5.30 in the evening up Pall Mall, from the Carlton Club to St. James' Street. When in front of the Oxford and Cambridge Club he heard a crash, and saw a lot of masonry falling from the top of a house on the other side of the street exactly opposite him, and the passers by running and ducking to

get out of the way. This caused him to stop and look, and he suddenly became aware that a long, heavy, eighty-foot ladder, which had been lashed to the balustrade, had given way, and had been forced back by the falling masonry, and was just reaching the falling over angle. He saw at once that his only chance was to keep his wits about him, and see which way it was coming. He saw it was coming straight over, and so jumped to the right, knocking his own hat off against one of the pillars which stand on each side of the club door. The ladder fell behind him; it was not long enough to hitch against the top of the portico, but fell right into it, and was broken in one or two places by the force of the fall. He had to ask the hall porter to get his hat out of the area. Lord North thought the ladder missed him by five or six feet, but those who saw it think that it was by not more than three feet. Lord North's son-in-law, Mr. Frank Fitzgerald, was, oddly enough, going into the Marlborough Club, and only just escaped the falling bricks and mortar. He was the first to run over to him, and express his thankfulness at his escape, which he cordially reciprocated.\*

On July 3rd, the annals of the Warwickshire Hunt nearly came to an untimely end. I was on my way to London, having with me the greater part of the book, as well as nearly all the glass negatives of the portraits carefully packed. These were put on the top of my luggage which was wheeled in a truck across the line at Blisworth Station. Not long after reaching the up platform the porter upset the truck on to the main line *only a minute after the express had passed*, and so all that it contained had a narrow escape of being reduced to pulp.—C. M.

The heat during the greater part of the month of September was phenomenal, and on the 10th the thermometer registered 105 degrees.

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\* Lord North came into the world amidst a foxhunting storm. The Wroxtou coverts had been drawn blank, and the agent, the bailiff, the keeper, the waggoner, and the knife-boy were all in danger of losing their places; but, fortunately for them, at this crisis Lady North presented Colonel North with a fine boy. The gallant officer's wrath was appeased, and they were reinstated in their situations. (Fact.)

In October, King Khama of Bechuanaland had a day's hunting with Lord Galway's hounds. He was an object of much interest to those ladies and gentlemen who happened to be out. He was mounted by his host, Mr. Franklin, M.P., and seems to have thoroughly enjoyed his day. I believe that Khama is a great "shikari" in his own country.—W. R. V.

We take this opportunity of mentioning the Rev. Edward Miller, the father of the Rev. George Miller, of Radway, who hunted regularly for some years. Though not mentioned in the Old Book, Mr. Edward Miller was a very fine horseman, and rode many young horses for the sportsmen of that day.

Colonel Arnold, of Adlestrop Hall, is mentioned several times in the book. Though he resides in the Heythrop country, he is a very faithful supporter of the Warwickshire hounds, and seldom misses a Tuesday. His daughter, who married Mr. Arthur Dugdale, son of Mr. Dugdale, of Sezincote, is a very fine horsewoman, and few travel quicker over the Vale than her husband. Colonel Arnold is equally at home on a Scotch hill, and thoroughly understands the theory and science of deerstalking, is a brilliant shot, and a capital host. His Militia Regiment, "the Lancashire Artillery," is second to none.

Mr. Arthur E. Thursby, who resides and farms at Priors Hardwick, where his hospitable house is always open for the tired and belated sportsman and his weary steed, is a nice rider, and thoroughly enjoys foxhunting. He married Miss Maude Cartwright, daughter of Colonel Cartwright, of Eydon, who represented Northamptonshire in Parliament for several years. The Thursbys are all sportsmen, and his father, Mr. Arthur H. Thursby, who lived for many years at Wormleighton, nearly won a very exciting point-to-point race in 1858 or 1859, for a 50% cup, given by Mr. Campbell, of Monzie. The race was for farmers riding their own horses, and was run over about four miles of country, starting from Hodnell Hill, over the Vale into Wormleighton field, leaving the two barns on the

right hand both in going out and coming in, and finishing on Hodnell Hill very near the starting place. It was won by that celebrated rider, the late William Cowper, of Farnborough, after a very fine race with a Mr. Webb, who came from near Rugby. Mr. Arthur H. Thursby was third. He was leading at one time, but came to an awfully thick place near Wormleighton, where Mr. Cowper gave the lead. The late Mr. Bawcutt rode in this race. While on the subject of point-to-point races, we should like to record one or two mentioned in the Old Book by "Venator" (Mr. John Cooper, of Warwick). On the 17th of March, 1831, Sir E. Mostyn, Bart., gave a handsome silver tankard to be run for by horses *bonâ fide* the property of, and rode by, Warwickshire farmers. Lord Anson and Mr. J. Russell, M.P., stewards of the Spring races, fixed upon the course, which lay between Itchington Holt and High Down, four miles, all grass with heavy fences. The race was won by Mr. H. Horley's chesnut mare, ridden by the owner, beating Mr. Russell's black horse, ridden by the owner, and four others.

In 1836, on the 17th of March, twenty-one horses started in the big race at Bourdon Hill, near Stratford-on-Avon. The ground was chosen by the umpires, Captains Lamb and Cunynghame (no doubt our old friend "Bangalore"), and the race was won by Mr. Clifford's Lady Teazle. In the same year, on the 21st of March, the Warwickshire and Leamington Grand Steeplechase took place. The umpires were Sir E. Mostyn, though Mr. Sanderson officiated for the former, and Mr. Brown, C.C. at Warwick, had the management. The starting point was a large meadow in the occupation of Mr. Walker, about a mile and a half from Southam, the line pointing towards Leamington, and the winning post was placed in a field a short distance from the one in which the horses started. The distance rather exceeded four miles. The country was in good condition, and the fences, though practicable, were generally strong and stiff. There were seventeen starters, and the race was run in fourteen minutes.

Mr. Phillipson's Beatrice was leading at the last fence, where she swerved and fell. Captain Lamb's celebrated horse Vivian, ridden by Captain Beecher, and the Marquis of Waterford's Yellow Dwarf, ridden by the owner, each refused this last fence twice, which enabled Mr. Coke's b. h. Flacrow, ridden by Mr. Haycock, to come up and win, Vivian being second, and Yellow Dwarf third. The race was apparently a handicap, as Vivian carried 12lb. more than the winner. Some of the riders met with accidents, but no one was much hurt. Amongst the horses not placed were Lord Lowth's Carlow, rode by Lord Clauricarde; Lord Wilton's Prince, rode by Sir D. Baird; Lord Macdonald's Fugleman, rode by the owner; Lord Redesdale's Stocking Weaver, rode by Mr. D'Oyley; Sir E. Mostyn's Emanuel, rode by Mr. Horley; Captain Lamb's Manfred, rode by Mr. Crommelin\*; and Mr. R. Greaves' Midnight, rode by Mr. Patrick.

Vivian's two greatest performances were in 1834, when he won the Great Northampton Steeplechase, on the 4th of April, beating the b. g. Vanguard, by Vampire, and Mr. Osbaldestone's b. g. Cannon Ball; and on December 1st when, with Captain Beecher up, he ran a match, for 1000 sovereigns each, with Lord Waterford's Cock Robin, 12 stone each, over a very stiff Leicestershire course of four miles, which he won after a most severely contested race. Vivian also won the Light Weight Steeplechase at Aylesbury on the 11th of February, 1836; and the Steeplechase at Worcester the same year, where he beat Midnight, who fell, and Vivian went the distance alone over as severe a line of country, perhaps, as ever was ridden. In 1837 he won the Dunchurch Grand Steeplechase, over a heavy line of country, on the 7th of March, beating Jerry, Cock Robin, Beatrice, and other good horses; while on the 4th of April, of the same year, he won the Great Steeplechase at Cheltenham, beating Deceiver, Cannon Ball, and many others.

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\* In Sir Walter Carew's diary he notes: Monday, 26th March, 1854, Harewood's House. Very good day's sport. This day poor Col. Crommelin had a fall, and died three days afterwards.

He started ten or eleven times, and won seven steeplechases, beating the choicest horses in England or from Ireland. He must have been an extraordinary fast as well as stout horse, and good fencer, for on the flat (the turf as it was then called) he started twenty-three times and won fourteen races, beating thirty-six horses. He broke down in October, 1837, when in training for the Hurdle Race at Liverpool; and we fancy that an account of his last days, which were spent in light work, was given in the *Field* a few years back.

About the year 1865 there was a flat race meeting got up by Lord Willoughby at Poolfields. It was held in the big field beyond the Osiers. The race was won by Mr. Wilson's Starlight, ridden by Mr. E. P. Wilson, the great jockey. Lord Willoughby, who was giving away some weight, was second on Brown Holland, who ran second to Mr. Kemys-Tynte's mare in the Christ Church Grind. There was a match between Mr. Spencer Lucy and the Hon. W. H. J. North, which excited some interest and amusement. There would no doubt have been a close finish if more attention had been paid to the saddling of Mr North's horse, for at the turn it turned in such a way that it became impossible even for the most skilled horseman to keep his seat.

The following year the races were held again over a steeplechase course round Hill Field. The principal race was again won by Mr. E. P. Wilson on Starlight; the same mare, ridden by Lord Willoughby, being second. Sir Charles Mordaunt, Mr. John Mordaunt, and several others rode. It was rather a nice fair course. The Farmers' Race did not fill, but was claimed by the late Mr. John Griffin, who refused to leave the scales and demanded to be weighed. He at last compromised by saying he would come out if his landlord would take him by the hand and ask him to do so.

There was afterwards a pony race.

The races were afterwards transferred to Kineton, Lord Somervile winning the gentlemen's race, Mr. John

Mordaunt being second. Sir Charles Mordaunt won the Farmers' Race on Mr. Bawcutt's bay horse. They lingered on for a few years, and then came to an end.

The Hunt Race took place for several years afterwards at Stratford; and was won on one occasion by Lord Willoughby de Broke's Abbess, ridden by the owner.

Mr. Fane Gladwin resided for some years at Broughton Castle, where he always had a hearty welcome for the Hunt, and generally a fox in the little Osier Bed. He has only recently purchased a property near Cheltenham, where no doubt he will prove as staunch a supporter of the Chase as he was at Broughton. Lord and Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox have now taken the Castle.

Mr. Algernon Turnor, who is mentioned in a note on page 300, vol. i., took Kineton House for one season from the Dowager Lady Willoughby de Broke. One of us remarked to Mr. Gillard, who came down, as he always does, to judge the puppies at the annual show, that he was a fine rider to hounds. "Yes," said Gillard, "he travels along."

Mr. William Wood, of Southam, is a very keen sportsman, and enjoys a hunt, though sometimes when riding the little brown mare he was obliged to enter a *nolle prosequi*, as she frequently took the whole charge of the case.

We take this opportunity of apologising to those many good sportsmen and sportswomen not mentioned in our book. In a hunting country like Warwickshire the choice is very great, and we have, no doubt, omitted mention of a great number of names of those who might naturally expect to find themselves immortalised in our pages. We can only say that never intentionally have we erred, and that we frankly acknowledge that a work of this kind must, from its very character, be necessarily faulty in this respect.

We append Saffron's (59) pedigree, as supplied by Lord North from Lord Willoughby's stud book and other lists in his possession.



The celebrated Saffron (51) is thus described by Lord W.: "A very good-looking tan dog, and very good in his work. The sire of many hounds in the Duke of Beaufort's, Sir W. W. Wynn's, the Badsworth, the Albrighton, Col. Clowes's, Mr. Garth's, and other kennels."

We should, of course, have been delighted to have traced many of our hounds through Saffron back to "the Beaufort Justice," the blood to which so many good judges have been *so justly partial*, but we are afraid that we cannot directly do so, at all events from the materials in our possession, and that "Cecil" has fallen into an error by confounding two bitches of the same name: Rhapsody (34) and Rhapsody (42). Curiously enough there is another Rhapsody (entered in 1832), by Ranter out of Destiny, which does go back through Rocket to "the Beaufort Justice." It shows up the mistake of having different hounds in the same kennel by the same names.

We have not thought it worth while after all to give "Cecil's" pedigree, in order that the two may be compared. Justice is oddly entered in the Badminton list:

	HOUND.	SIRE.	DAM.
10 years	Justice—New Forest.	Justice.	Hopeful.

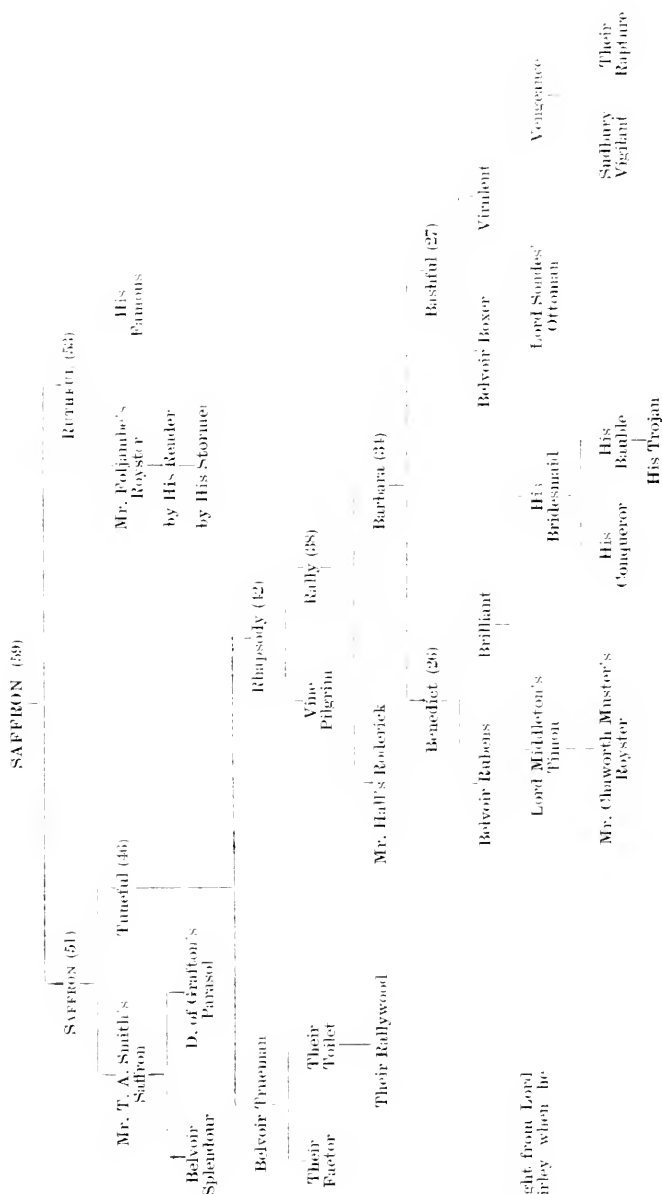
(Bred by Sir T. Mostyn.)

It is rather puzzling to know what this means. In a list of Mr. Drake's (1811), which embraces the hounds he bought from Sir T. Mostyn, there are one and a half couples of hounds.

Jargon	} by New Forest Justice, dam Duchess.
Juryman	
Judy	

Lord North takes it that the Beaufort Justice was by the New Forest Justice, out of Hopeful. There is a gap in the Badminton lists, the next being 1744. The Duke of Beaufort's Hoyden was by Sir T. Mostyn's Lictor out of Hasty; Lictor was by Mr. Meynell's Ranter, by his Ravager; Hasty was by Mr. Hay's Conqueror out of his Hyale.

## SAFFRON'S PEDIGREE, AS SUPPLIED BY LORD NORTH



\* This bitch was bought from Lord Middleton by Mr. Shirley when he took the hounds.

Rocket, by the Duke of Beaufort's Hermit\* out of Runsey, was apparently own brother to Rosamond (*see* Mr. Fellowes's Hounds, 1830, p. 206, Old Book). He was used in 1829, but does not appear in the Hound list of 1830, in which list there are:  $1\frac{1}{2}$  couples, five years old; 1 couple, four years old; 2 couples, three years old;  $3\frac{1}{2}$  couples, two years old; and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  couples, one year old—all by him, being a total of  $10\frac{1}{2}$  couples out of a pack of 52 couples. The curious part is that though he does not appear in the list of 1830, he must have been alive, for there are two couples by him in Mr. Russell's list, p. 256 of the Old Book.

The following letter appeared in the issue of the 22nd of August, 1896, of the *Leamington Spa Courier*:

#### JOHN CORBET AND HIS HOUNDS.

SIR—Some years ago you admitted a letter on the above subject from my late father, which, though primarily of family interest, was much noticed by Warwickshire folk and also by the *Field*. The interest apparently has not died out, though it is long since my kinsman of Sundorne and my grandfather hunted the hounds in your county—Mr. Corbet from Stratford, Sir Andrew from Wellesbourne. It will be in the recollection of the older generation that an oil painting of John Corbet and his hounds was executed by Thomas Weaver in 1812, and engraved by Richard Woodman, and that engravings are to be found in many country houses, clubs, hotels, &c., both in Warwickshire and Shropshire. I had the fortune to get one myself through the willing help of the late Rev. R. D. Glasspoole, of Clarendon-crescent. As inquiries have again and again been made as to where, at this present day, is the original oil painting, I am able to state, through the kindness of the editor of the *Shrewsbury Chronicle*, that it was sold some years ago at Severn Hill, and bought by a chemist named Pyefinch; that thence it passed into the possession of Mr. Harold Weaver, a grandson of the painter, barrister-at-law, and with him remains at his house in Manchester-square. A companion picture is in Shrewsbury. I may add that the father of the Rev. G. H. Biggs, Vicar of Ettington, sold to Mr. Corbet the grey horse Dapple on which he sits in the picture.—Very truly yours,

R. ST. J. CORBET.

St. Mary's Place, Shrewsbury.

In October, 1895, John Boore left Warwickshire, and became huntsman to the Cheshire hounds.

From the *Leamington Courier* of November, 1895:

PRESENTATION TO JACK BOORE.—On Friday there was an exceptionally large and fashionable company present at the meet, which was one of the special events of the season, at Chadshunt House, the residence of

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\* Hermit was by the Duke of Beaufort's Justice out of His Hovden.

Captain Allfrey, honorary secretary to the Hunt, where hospitality was dispensed. A hunt breakfast was laid in the large dining-room, whilst refreshments were provided for all comers on the lawn. The morning set in with a dense fog, but by the appointed time for the meet, when Lord Willoughby and his hunting staff arrived with the hounds, the fog lifted, and the sun shone out brightly and added brilliancy to the scene. The first item in the day's programme, was the presentation of a cup and a purse containing 300 sovereigns to Jack Boore. The cup, which is of handsome design, and is twelve inches in height, apart from an ebony stand, bore the following inscription: "Presented to John Boore, from his hunting friends in Warwickshire, who much regret his departure after twenty years' valuable service; November, 1895." The function took place upon the carriage way in front of Chadshunt House, where the cup was exhibited upon a table, around which, and at the steps of the front door, the windows, and upon the lawn, the general company assembled. Amongst others present, were Lord and Lady Chesham, Viscount Valentia, Lady Southampton, Captain and Mrs. Allfrey, Misses Allfrey, Lord Commemara, Sir Charles Mordaunt, the Hons. Blanche, Patience, and Katharine Verney, Major Armstrong, the Hon. and Rev. W. R. Verney, Lord North, Miss Perry, Lady Victoria Seymour, Colonel Brabazon, Captain Daly, Captain Haig, Mrs. Jamieson, Captain and Mrs. Paul, Mr. Raymond Greene, M.P., Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax Lucy, Mr. W. and Mrs. Low, Mr. J. Clayton, Mrs. Hallows, Mr. W. and Mrs. Bouch, Miss Liliau Flower, Mr. P. Flower, Colonel Norris, Mr. H. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Thursby Pelham, Mr. H. Fane Gladwin, Mr. A. Flower, Mrs. Paulet, the Misses Hankey, Captain and Mrs. Osborne, Mr. R. W. Lindsay, Mrs. Dugdale, Mr. A. M. and Mrs. Tree, Messrs Ward, Jervis, Knott, E. Knott, W. Fairbrother, Wilkes, J. Wilkes, Mr. and Mrs. Blyth, Johnson, Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Lea, Mr. and Mrs. Garner, Mr. and Mrs. John Lowe, Captain Cowan, Miss Cowan, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Boyle, Mr. and Mrs. Thursby, Rev. Mr. Knightley, Mrs. Bodkin, Dr. and Miss Lupton, Hons. Chandos and Dudley Leigh, Messrs. Berridge, Spencer, J. Watts, Sheldon, jun., and a host of others. Lord Willoughby de Broke, who spoke from the saddle, said they were present that day to make a presentation to Jack Boore, consisting of the silver cup which was before them, and a purse containing 300 sovereigns, on his leaving that country to assume the position of huntsman to the Cheshire Hounds. If he (his Lordship) lived until next April, he would have been master of the Warwickshire hounds for twenty consecutive seasons, and Jack Boore had been connected with the Hunt—in the capacity first as second whip, then as first whip, and lastly first whip and kennel huntsman—during the whole of that period. How, by his civility to everyone—farmers, subscribers, and ladies—he had endeared himself to all, this magnificent testimonial, which he had been called upon to present to him that day, sufficiently showed. But he was glad to have that opportunity of adding his own testimony to the fact that during that time, Boore never forgot the fact that he was the Master's servant, and not that of the field. He was quite certain that no one whom he had the honour of addressing did not, from the bottom of his or her heart, wish Boore the best of all luck in his new situation. (Applause.) Lord Willoughby then addressed Jack Boore, who was on foot, as follows: Jack Boore, I have the greatest pleasure in making you this presentation. All classes who hunt or have hunted with you and the Warwickshire hounds will join with me in the hope

that you may rival Joe Minden, and your predecessor John Jones, who many of us remember came also from Kington Kemels; and that you may long live to holloa the fox away from Old Oulton Low, and lead the field and guide your hounds to triumph, over the green pastures of the Chester Vale. (Applause.) Jack Boore, who spoke under evident emotion, said: My Lord Willoughby de Broke, my lords, ladies, and gentlemen, I hardly know how to thank you for the magnificent present you have given me to-day. During the twenty years I have been connected with the Warwickshire

## WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1895.

## LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
Dabchick	Belvoir Dryden	Rarity (91)
Dulcimer *	Hermit (89)	Dimity (90)
Flourisher	Fifer (86)	Primitive (92)
Fresco	Fullerton (91)	Rachel (91)
Galloper	Trampler (90)	Gertrude (92)
Gamester }		
Heartless	Warlock (91)	Heroine (91)
Heedful }		
Helpful }		
Hester }		
Heiress	Hermit (89)	Phedra (88)
Hyacinth	Trampler (90)	Harmony (88)
Palpable	Hermit (89)	Pastime (88)
Parody }		
Prioress }	Fifer (86)	Princess (92)
Pristine }		
Ruin *	Hermit (89)	Ruby (92)
Speedy	Hermit (89)	Symmetry (91)
Standard	Hermit (89)	Sycorax (91)
Stagy }		
Starlike }		
Starry }		
Talbot	Wildboy (89)	Traitor (90)
Tancred †		
Tarquin	Hermit (89)	Waitress (91)
Wanton }		
Watchful }	Wildboy (89)	Guilty (90)
Whisperer }		
Woodman †	Warlock	Patience (88)
Woodbine }		

\* Dulcimer and Ruin were second for the best couple of unentered bitches.

Albert, Dancer, Nailer, and Traverser won for the best two couples of entered hounds.

Dancer, Traverser, Sailor, Dominic, Tancred, and Nailer won the cup given by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales for the best three couples of entered dog hounds of any age.

Dorcas, Needful, Nimble, and Seamstress were second for the best two couples of entered bitches, and Seamstress won the cup for the best bitch hound of any age.

† Tancred and Woodman took first prize at Peterborough this year for best couple of unentered hounds. Tancred also won for the best single hound in this class.

hounds, I have always endeavoured to do my duty to my employer, and to you all, and if I have succeeded in pleasing you, that would have been quite sufficient recompense for me. I am sure that that splendid testimonial is far more than I deserve, or even could desire. I am glad to say that I have received a hearty welcome from the subscribers and farmers in Cheshire, and I mean to do my level best to do my duty to my new master and to them all. But, of course, old friends are better than new ones, and kindly as I have been received by all classes in Cheshire, I hope I shall never forget my old friends in Warwickshire. (Applause.) The many kindnesses I have received from the good old Warwickshire farmers will for ever dwell in my memory. My lords, ladies, and gentlemen, it is impossible for me to find words to express my gratitude for what you have done for me to-day, but I assure you I shall never forget it, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart. (Applause.) Captain Alfrey, who has been most indefatigable in bringing the matter of the testimonial to so successful an issue, had the cup filled with champagne and replenished, and not a few drank to Boore's good health.

Carew's wild scream, so clear and shrill,  
Startles the moorcock on the hill.

*George Templar's Poems.*

We have unfortunately only just received the late Sir Walter Carew's diary. It would have helped to fill a gap at the time Jones hunted the hounds, though Sir Walter saw most of his hunting in the Shires from Scraftoft, where he went first in 1841; from Lowesby Hall, where he went in 1843; from Baggrave, and from Melton. He was at Leamington in March, 1838, where he appears to have hunted nearly every day except Sundays. We note that on the 3rd of March they had a very fast burst, and that the Farnborough Brook was full of horses. "Panic," he says, "jumped it well."

On Monday, March 5th, they had a very long run from Ufton Wood, by Compton Verney, over Edge Hill, back to Gaydon, and stopped the hounds. This must have been the celebrated run of which we give the map. Sir Walter rode Ashburton and General Arthur Taylor Redshank. [I have often heard him speak of this horse as a most determined puller.—W. R. V.]

On March 28th, Sir Walter met the Pytchley at Misterton, had a very good run from Hillmorton, by Crick, to Winwick Warren—earthed, dug, and killed. In December, 1843, he hunted ten times with the Warwick-

shire before he went to Leicestershire, but does not appear to have seen much sport, though he had a good day on the 27th at Midford Bridge on Mr. Barnard's Toby. In 1845 he hunted entirely in Devonshire with Squire Trelawny, Mr. Lane, the Tiverton, "Jack Russell," and Mr. Newton Fellowes; but in 1846 he was at Baggrave, in Leicestershire again; and in 1846-47 he had four days in Warwickshire at the close of the season, which included a very good run from Pillerton Gorse on the 16th of March, when they killed beyond Lord Northampton's.

On Saturday, December 18th, 1847, the diary reads: "I arrived at Melton," but he did not hunt with the Warwickshire this season. On Thursday, February 8th, 1849, he met the Warwickshire at Dunchurch, found in Coles' Gorse, ran fast, and killed, but he was back at Little Dalby the next morning to meet the Cottesmore, when he rode his favourite horse Harborough. In this season Sir Walter hunted 103 times, from October 15th to April 26th—viz., seventeen days in Devonshire, five days with the Duke of Beaufort, seventy-nine days in Leicestershire, and twice in Warwickshire. He rode the Barber fourteen times, Harborough eighteen times, Translation once, Hungerford eleven times, Sampson twenty-three times, Rocket seventeen times, Rufus eleven times, Nobleman fifteen times, and Old England twice. Saw six foxes killed in Devon, five with the Duke of Beaufort, twenty-three in Leicestershire (a small proportion out of seventy-nine days), and two in Warwickshire. It may interest some of our readers to know that in Leicestershire he hunted twenty-nine times with Sir Richard Sutton, twenty-eight times with the Cottesmore, and twenty-two times with Lord Forrester. The best day seems to have been with Lord Forrester's, when they met at Piper Hole on the 29th of January, 1849. "Found in Clawson Thorns, ran very fast—lost. Found again in Melton Spinney, ran by Thorpe Arnold, Freeby, Garthorpe, &c., to Stapleford Park, back by Thorpe Arnold, by Melton, to Ashfordby, &c. Lost the hounds at dark. A very hard day." On

October 30th, 1848, he met the staghounds on Exmoor, at Simmond's bath: "Found in the South Forest, ran very fast to Long Wood, then turned to Sandyway, over Withypool Common to Lanacre Bridge, back over the moor to Simmond's bath, and killed in the river near Cox Castle. Good run, *but not foxhunting*." They were stopped hunting in Leicestershire this season for ten days, from the 2nd to the 10th of January, 1849. In 1849-50 he did not hunt with the Warwickshire, but in 1850-51 he had twelve days with them, from March 10th to April 4th. In 1851-52 we expect Sir Walter's nerve was *not quite* what it was in his bruising days, for we find him with the Duke of Beaufort on thirty-two days, hunting, I think, from Cirencester. In 1852-53 he did not come up from Devonshire to Kineton House till March 1st or 2nd, but from that date to the 14th of April he put in twenty-one days with the Warwickshire, two days with Squire Drake, one day with Lord Fitzharding, and one day with the Duke of Beaufort. In 1853-54 he had twenty-two days in Warwickshire from Kineton House, beginning on February 6th, and ending on the 14th of March, and one good day with Squire Drake from Boddington. He seems to have had very good sport. On Friday, 10th of February, the Warwickshire met at Broughton Castle, found at Gulliver's Gorse, and ran to Wiggington Heath—earthed.

Another fox went away, and they had a very good run to Worton Heath, in the Heythrop country, and earthed. On Friday, February 24th, they met at Wroxton; found, ran fast to a drain, bolted, and killed. Found again in Upton Gorse, ran fast, and lost; a good day. In 1854-55 he began at Wolford Wood on February 25th, and hunted twenty days with the Warwickshire to the 3rd of April, and had good sport, and two days with Squire Drake. On October 6th, 1855, there is a very characteristic entry: "Warwickshire, Farnborough.—Found and lost; found *again and again*. Rode Willoughby's Chandler." [Chandler was a remarkably good horse. A brown horse, perhaps



not very fast, but an extraordinary clever hunter. I remember once, when Mr. Henley Greaves had done hunting, the gentlemen begged for another day in April. He said he would have another day if they would find horses. I remember I was out, and the huntsman rode Chandler. The meet was at Red Hill, and I remember perfectly well his jumping into the road near Billesley Hall, and his telling me what a good hunter he was on. This must have been about six years afterwards, in 1859 or 1860.—W. R. V.] Sir Walter was back in Warwickshire on Friday, January 25th, 1856, at the Sun Rising, and had sixteen days with them, and one with Mr. Anstruther Thompson, who must have had the Bicester then, for they met at the Warden Kennels, and had two good runs. Sir Walter records that on February 7th, 1856, they found at Calcot Spinney, and ran into the North Warwickshire pack, which had run from Dunchurch. Now that the North Warwickshire meet in their swell country on Tuesdays, such a *contreteups* has become impossible. On Monday, the 18th, he had to leave for Cheltenham to attend the marriage of Miss Eliza Taylor to Captain (afterwards Colonel) Portal, of the 5th Lancers. They found their second fox in Brick Hill Gorse, and had a good run, but *Jones broke his leg*. At the end of this season his favourite horse, Harborough, was sent back to Hacombe, in South Devon, to be shot. He was buried, and a tree planted over his grave (a *Pinus gigantea*). Sir Walter adds: "He rests on the slope by the side of the house."

About this time the Misses Carew, who had ridden Devonshire ponies from their earliest years, began to hunt their father's horses, and Little Ben, a bright bay horse, with a good deal of courage—a *Multum-in-parvo*—used to carry Miss Carew regularly.

The summary this year is a varied one—forty-eight days' hunting: ten days in Devon, fourteen with the Duke of Beaufort, six with the Vale of White Horse, three with Lord Fitzharding, one with the Heythrop, eleven with the Warwickshire, one with Mr. Anstruther

Thompson, and two with Squire Trelawny in Cornwall. In 1857-58 Sir Walter only had twenty-five days' hunting, seven being with the Warwickshire. He seems to have paid a brief visit to Leicestershire, hunting three times with the Quorn, and once with the Duke of Rutland. In 1858-59 he had forty-three days' hunting, twenty-one of which were with the Warwickshire, commencing on Friday, January 7th, 1859, at Wroxton New Inn. The best day seems to have been on Monday, January 24th, when they met at Long Itchington, found at Debdale, and killed at Grandborough—a good thing of thirty-two minutes. Found again at Ufton Wood, and ran to Ladbroke to a drain under the railroad (*sic*). On Tuesday, the 25th, they had also a capital day from Brailes. In 1859-60 he had three days in Devonshire, eight with the Warwickshire, and nineteen in Leicestershire, where he had very bad sport. In 1860 the diary closes, and seems to have been put away when Lady Carew died; and when Sir Walter laid down the hunting whip and took up the oak stick, when he doffed the leathers and top boots for the corduroy trousers, he seems to have thought it not worth while to keep up his record of sport. All the same, he hunted for many years more, both in Devonshire and Warwickshire. Considering the many years that he hunted, and how hard he rode at one time, it is wonderful to see how few horses he owned. He was a very heavy man, but he would have bone and substance *with breeding*. He gave, of course, long prices, but considering the way he galloped his horses he could not have been with hounds, and have ridden the same horses for so many years without a combination of both. Of course, he never sold a good horse, but kept him through to the end.

On what we have termed "the Empress of Austria's Day" (see poem, "Shuckburgh Hill"), in January, 1878, there were only two other ladies out, Miss Ashton and Miss Davy. Miss Ashton, with her father, the late Colonel Ashton, of Leamington, was a most constant attendant of the Warwickshire Hounds until she married

Mr. T. H. Ashton, the Master of the North Warwickshire after Mr. Lort Phillips. Mr. Ashton, in a few seasons, by successful breeding, brought up the standard of the North Warwickshire hounds to such a pitch of improvement that, though only a bitch pack, they were valued by Lord Willoughby, and sold to the Hunt, at a very high figure.

Miss Davy, perhaps better known with the Pytchley, was a very determined rider. She had not perhaps the most graceful of seats, but she would be with hounds, and few spring captains ever rode straighter over a stiff country than she did for many seasons.

A gentleman who was much given to tangle his tongue in conversation, when asked to sing a song at a hunting dinner, replied that he only knew two tunes, and those were "Pop goes the Queen" and "God save the Weasel."—C. M.

#### SEASON 1895-96.

We are sorry that we cannot give a full account of this excellent season. We hope in fifty years' time, though not many of us will live to see it, someone will take up our task where we left it, and publish a third volume to our book, beginning with this year. It was a season *par excellence*. There was scarcely any frost, and although foxes were fewer, on account of the mange, the survivors ran free and far.

Jack Boore had gone to the Cheshire, but Jem Cooper hunted the hounds efficiently when Lord Willoughby was laid up, as happened twice, once with a broken collar-bone, and secondly from a bad throat. For the benefit of him who we trust will publish another record in 1935, we will mention that though we scarcely ever went out without sport of some kind, yet a few days stand out in memory at the top of the list, notably the brilliant gallop from Oxhill to Kineton Gorse on Tuesday, November 12th, with which we couple another excellent day on January 14th, 1896, when we ran the first fox from Bricklin Gorse, by

Lower and Upper Pillerton, over the Oxhill Brook, through Oxhill Gorse, and killed at Pillerton ; and the second fox from Idlicote, over the Brailes Valley and Brailes Hill, by Traitor's Ford, straight to Hooknorton Village. We were very short of foxes in the centre of the country, but in the Thursday country the sport was first rate, and those who were out will never forget the two remarkable days Lord Willoughby showed the Meltonians on Thursday, January 30th, and Thursday, February 19th. The meet each time was at Shuckburgh, and in the first run, on January 30th, Lord Willoughby unfortunately killed his good black horse. They found at the Hill, and ran by Helidon and Charwelton, nearly to Badby Wood, to ground. Jem Cooper tells us that as he came on with some hounds there were people down, and loose horses in nearly every field. In the second run they found at the Welsh Road, which served us well this season, as before, and ran by Radbourne nearly to Watergall, round Hodnell into Ladbroke, where they scarcely dwelt, and out by the Welsh Road, across that beautiful flat country to Hardwick Hill, where the huntsman got a false holloa, and the fox escaped. It was in this run that Mrs. Arthur Byass had her very bad fall, through being crossed at some rails, which laid her up for the rest of the season. February 19th was an extraordinary day's sport. We ran the first fox from Shuckburgh Hill, thirty-five minutes, to ground at Arbury Hill ; the second fox over a stiff line, with a lot of fencing, from Calcote nearly to Southam ; and the third from the Welsh Road, through Shuckburgh, nearly to Flecknoe, and back by Newbold Grounds and Helidon, nearly to Byfield Reservoir, over Hardwick Hill, and back towards Priors Marston, when hounds were stopped, all the horses being beat. Lady Warwick rode well nearly, if not quite, to the end, and Miss Naylor held a prominent position throughout. Mr. Arthur Thursby's hospitality was never more welcome or required.

The Friday country also maintained its ancient *prestige*,

and the two runs from Wiggington Heath (on January 24th and February 14th), with probably the same fox, within three weeks of one another, the first time to ground close to Weston House, and the second time to ground in Swerford Park (the respective lines having diverged right and left after passing Hooknorton), were as good as could be wished for; while an extraordinary day's sport was shown on Friday, the 7th of February, when the first fox was found at Page's Gorse, and, passing to Warmington, was raced from thence up the Cherwell Valley, to ground near Bourton, *within three or four miles of Banbury*; while the second fox was found at Gaydon Hill, and pursued through Itchington Holt and Chesterton Wood, over Bransdown Hill, by Hogbrook, Highdown, and Tachbrook, Scotch Fir Spinney, through the cemetery *at Leamington*, over the Whitnash Brook, through Radford Hall Gardens, nearly to Ufton Wood, and finally killed in the canal between Ufton Wood and Offchurch. A real old-fashioned day's sport, and after a good deal of trouble, and some amateur diving on the part of Mr. Brown, a pupil of Mr. Thornley, of Radford, who joined in, the Master was able "to show a bit of fur." On the Tuesdays, on the Oxhill and Wolford Wood and Weston side of the country, the sport was good, though, perhaps, not so out of the way; but we record Tuesday, December 17th, when they had two runs—one from Oxhill, and killed, and another from Idlicote Grove, and killed, all in the Vale—and Tuesday, January 21st, from Weston House, as two excellent days. They also ran twice from Wolford to beyond Spring Hill Lodges, in the North Cotswold country, both of them hunting runs. Altogether it was a marvellous season, and even this very brief summary makes a capital finish to our book.

The present staff is James Cooper, first whip and kennel huntsman; Tom Wetherall, second whip; Willie Boore, third whip and second horseman; J. Brooks, master's second horseman; feeder, Fred Battine; stud-groom, Mr. Ivens.

“ FAREWELL.”

Know ye the land where the elm in its bounty  
 Grows free as the weed\* in a less favoured clime;  
 Where the chase is the greatest of sports in a county  
 Of happy content amid pastures sublime ?  
 Know ye the land of the huntsman and hound,  
 Where good sportsmen are plenty and foxes abound ?  
 And the blackthorn, and privet, and gorse evergreen,  
 Call to memory many a run we have seen.  
 Where the hunter well bred has a famous repute,  
 And the voice of the hunting horn never is mute ;  
 Where the best pack in England the kennels adorn,  
 And their blood is from Brocklesby, Belvoir, and Quorn.  
 Where after a hard day we talk of the run  
 Of the season that's past, and of deeds that were done ;  
 Of the find, and the full cry, and field getting thinnish,  
 Of the favourite horse, and the glorious finish.  
 'Tis the county of Warwick, the shire we love best ;  
 Though the season is past, and our horses need rest,  
 We hope that when drinking good wine you will still  
 Tell of gallops from Ladbroke and Shuckburgh Hill.

C. M.

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\* The elm is called the Warwickshire weed.



FINIS CORONAT OPUS.

(Drawn by Capt. Arthur Smith, late 6th Dragoon Guards.)

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